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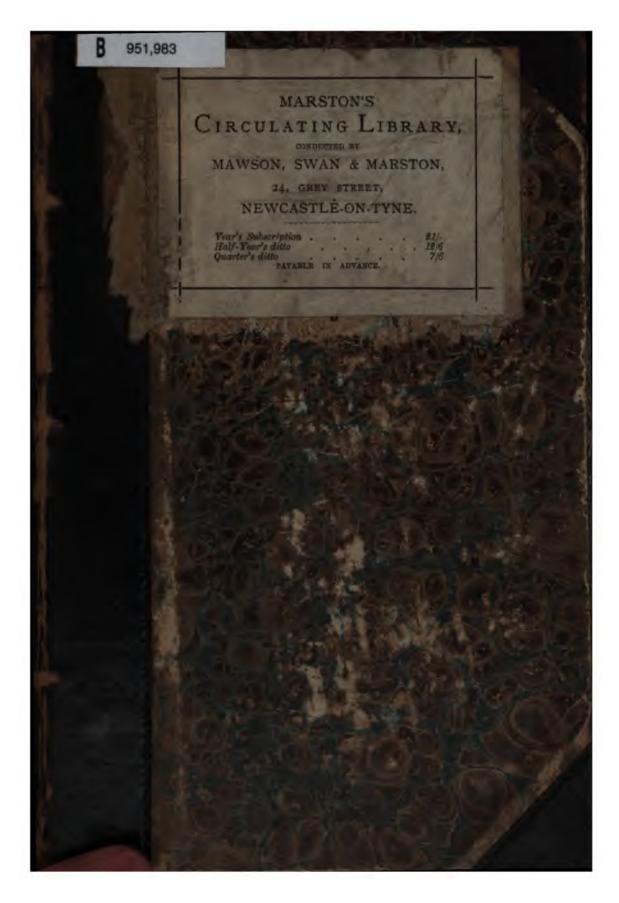
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Vol. LXV.

GENTLEMEN, PAST AND PRESENT.

In some of the most ancient of our chronicles, the authors make sorrowing record of the fact that when the Romans were well established in Britain, the sons of the native chiefs carried anguish to the hearts of their fathers, by adopting the habits, manners, morals, vices, and language of the conquerors. Simplicity and virtue suffered accordingly: young fellows who had known no liquid more potent than spring water, took to drinking Falernian; they made love in a loose way, and in still looser Latin, and they were the original "fine gentlemen" of these islands, deriving all the worst qualities of that brotherhood from willing teachers from beyond the Alps. The British paterfamilias, however, had no reasonable grounds of complaint, for he never admitted his son to companionship with him till the lad was sixteen or eighteen years old, and then only to bear arms in the field. It was just at that age that the young Britons found Roman temptation so seductive that they flung off their bracce, donned the graceful tunic, cut and curled their hair, and looked almost like genuine Italian dandies!

All powerful fashion as fully asserted its potentiality after the arrival of the Saxons. The young gentlemen took kindly to hard drinking, and that curious custom of tattooing which so astonished and disgusted the Normans, who, in the latter respect worked a speedy reformation. That the Saxon lord or heir of land

despised trade, and that his inferiors, who did not possess land either in hope or in hand, suffered by an affectation of similar contempt, is manifest by the law of Athelstan, which ennobled trade by enacting that he who had made three voyages for commercial purposes should ipso facto take rank as a gentleman. But then your fine people laughed at these mercantile thanes. A shopkeeper, dubbed a knight, is hardly an object of severer satire, particularly on the part of those good-natured people who are not likely to be invited within the pale of chivalry.

What Athelstan was unable to effect, the Normans did not pretend to accomplish. The latter brought in few new fashions, for the Saxons had learnt to import them. But the companions of the Conquestor, as William styled himself, introduced a few new vices, followed by extraordinary fashions in dress, to imitate which, to shuffle in long peaked shoes, to wear sleeves which covered the fingers, and to swear as boldly and blasphemously as the king, for the time being, was to do, and to be, the right thing! The Norman era was the true era of the "Goddems." The practice which procured for our ancestors so unpleasant a title was said to be purely English; but profane swearing was a Norman luxury, and a gentleman of that period aired l maledictions, if it were only to that he was in the new fashion, and must be r

VOL. LXV.-NO. CCCLXXXV

ingly. The "Goodems" had a long, but intermittent life. They came in with William the Fiest, and deslout with William the Fourth, since whose period out is have consent to be part of the indispensable outil et a gentleman.

Throughout the Plantagenet can, perhaps the mest remarkable circane. stance was the readine's with when noblemen, who affected to be beened by the laws of chivalry, violated tiem whenever they were called upon to do so for a "consideration." The seventy Lord of Berke evelett his eastle for the kilding of Kang Edward. The knightly Brokenbury quetly withdrew from his post in the tower, and fished in the most of his pictry house it is still pretty at L. Hamiwhile a very good genterman, according to the obline the late stands and a rected to maider of the verice princes The uncle, who profited by ters much der, if murder their were, was not at all given to determined it is not a fact he had an abest maters in Joseph et Gloupester, who was highers, on his day, for his gentlemancy on a factor so that is to say, for his story first limb, his Pace of a tone and the absents with which he ethaged it . and lettilish a said father to settle The bar

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night constable that has name was Willington

Despete the troubles, any class, and uncermitties of the Term era, there was no lack of came, and a control garger was hot in the metal socialis roysteters. They who be on od to the brotherhood of sweets, and weshad been to France, extension tree to harry, and soft the dear personals a Parallel great by well no rate of me tion canso are now then the the Length At that same a confirm had of the langer forces, to Marguess Walleng was a long manage sum districts a factors we can be and the are the well except a Bukeny His hadan are well were him at Baroley Carry, a server vanta "the he have done in a propey says I show an a but reserved in Value of the State of the West of the Contre the ending formerst and be the Herry the Telling copy (A) Oxford was as for efforces to see the second of the water second of the water second that the property of the second of the seco This are highly from a start will be the second and the second of the three second of the X of the second of the se Tremended it into a comment who down strained to decide and in Fourier and the Continuous transfer for the Continu they were not be a relative expects May be that the area

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touching the one great fault, the consequences of which we all feel, the shabby father of mankind threw the whole of the blame upon Eve!

The very fast gentleman of Queen Mary's days bore a title which is familiar to us through the poets of the Tudor period. The author cuts him short of a syllable, and writes such fast fellow down as a "royster." a lyocates intense severity of discipline to be applied to boys. Anything short of that will, he is quite sure, convert them, as they grow up, into roysters; and a "royster," he adds, "cannot do the office of a gentleman, so long, I mean, as a roysterian he doth continue." There was another term, now familiar to us, which was also coined in Mary's reign, and which was applicable to the foolish persons who aped the follies of their foolish betters. "These gentlemen," he says, "are now called upstarts -a term lately invented by such as pondered not the grounds of honest means of rising or coming to promotion.' It is a ngular that the prevalence of gentlemen lacking gentlemanlike manners is ascribed by the author to "the putting down of abbeys, which time is within my remembrance. Not less singular is his hypothesis to account for the failure of the Cruso les namely, that there was a want of gentlemanlike principle in the knightly warriors. At this period, as now, "arms" seemed to be the favourite vocation of gentlemen whose heads were not likely to help them to distinction. They here themselves in the field like brave men; but at the butts or out sporting they were not distinguished, if we may trust the contemporary proverb, which said, "He shooteth like a gentleman, fair and fur off;" and this was aprailed not only to the missing at a vack, but to foolishly aimed remarks in ordinary conversation. In fact, there were Lord Dundrearys in the Tador times; and the author describes such men as indelently complaining , that "they do not understand the ink horn terms that are lately crept into our language." What else was to be expected of men who had abaudoned the practice of the long-bow for the throwing of dice !

During the reign of Elizabeth, however, there was something superior to the upstarts of Mary's days, in the persons and purposes of the Euphuists. There was much roystering and ruinous extravagance, and gambling, and pretty hard drinking about St. Paul's and in the taverns of Eastcheap; but there was also a fashion for higher pursuits. Society began to be sensible of a growing refinement in language and manners; but therewith came an excessive affectation in dress and speech, which rendered them alike grotesque. The Euphuists in costume, if we may so call them, wore the highest of high hats, the loftiest of feathers, the longest of swords, the most capacious of mantles, the widest of trunk-hose, and the heaviest and noisiest of spurs. So the Euphuists, who affected to refine the language, missed their aim through their very affectation of being the finest of fine gentlemen, if in no other parts, at least in their parts of speech.

The man who stands out beyond all others for his extravagance in the early part of the Stuart era is the Earl of Carlisle, who, in a very jovial life, as it was called, spent above £ 100,000, and "left not a house nor an acre of land to be remembered by." At a later period of that era, the precedency in infamy belonged to Rochester, one of whose fits of drunkenness lasted five years, with brief intermission. But then, and indeed under every dynasty, there were gentlemen-blackguards and gentlemen-exquisites; the first, like Sedley, violated every law in public, and were under no more constraint than beasts; the latter are portrayed in Sir Courtly Nice, who sent his linen to Holland to be washed by laundresses who dipped their fingers in rose-water before they presumed to

teuch it! One of the distinctions of the last century is to be found in its clubs, which then flourished, though their origin is of carlier date, and which ui derwent much needed improvement before the century had closed. Some idea of the ruffianly quality of the worst of them may be formed from a knowledge of its name, the Hell pireClub; and that small respect was rendered to those who affected a certain propriety may be seen in a remark of Foote's, to this effect: "The Christian Club." he says, "may

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they dep't value damnation a for thing? There were not not difference be-

Theo wise is the redifference between the Haline most in the total stands the weather the Molacks and the warranteer to the term where the warranteer to the form where the warranteer to the desired and the construction to the collaboration of the warranteer to the molack the collaboration of the warranteer to the molack the collaboration of th

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through the whole of to then for Pothry purposes; but there have one of the of table stories that we also be acres so the light. It never occurred to Vealth leg that there was anyth a objectionable in them; and yet it is not too strong a term to say the month of hell to no constitutions. en la la confinatione de la mande In d. More where to place y Williams southly a random value of the control of the South and the world the cool from writer we will now taken their heard has were well die eof a relation to distribute the to some of the last of the following soll. 1 -1 . . . and heart of the old

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him in a pamphlet, in which he set up a parallel between Lord Sandwich and the Redeemer, and found a superiority of character in the former! All the "gentlemen" in all the coffeehouses enjoyed both the joke and its

horrible blasphemy.

Of the class which combined within itself the maccaroni, ruffian, and a dash of the gentleman, perhaps young Lord Camelford was the most remarkable. He belongs to the close of the last, and the beginning of the present century. He had no fellow-feeling, and set no value on human life. When he was a subordinate in the navy, he was refractory; when he became a commander, he was intolerant; and he once shot a lieutenant dead for delaying to obey orders. It was his pleasure to read infidel books, that he might perplex poor naval chap-lains with difficulties which they were not learned enough to explain away. He made war against society; but often came shattered out of the contest, particularly when he made onslaught on the passengers in the public streets. There was rank cowardice in the fact of his depending on his strength as the motive for quarrelling and fighting with the weak; and he provoked men to challenge him, simply because he felt sure that his skill would enable him to slay or maim his adversary, and save his own life. His reliance failed him, of coarse, at last. Between two opposite assertions made by a painted harlot and one of his own intimate friends, Mr. Best, he professed to believe that of the "devium scortum," though he knew she had lied. A duel ensued, in which Lord Camelford was killed, to the satisfaction of all men, except those who used to eat devilled-turkey with him, for the preparation of which dish he was unrivalled. Lord Cameltord lingered for some days after he was shot, and he slowly died after the manner of the gentlemanruffian of his evil days. He boldly hoped that the agonies he endured might expiate or atone for the sins he had committed! He had so little Love for the native land in which he lived so ill, that he left strict orders that his body should be buried in Switzerland. The example of his ruffianism, 4 sconsequences, was ali th**e**a equeathed to his young!

When Lord Camelford was at the head of the fashionable ruffianism of the last year of the last century, there was born the second legitimate son of the Earl and Countess of Berkeley—Mr. Grantley Berkeley. This gentleman has recently published a book entitled "My Life and Recollections," from the pages of which may be gathered many samples of the sayings, doings, morals, and maxims of a race of men who were born in a transition period between two epochs—the epoch of rampant blackguardism and that of a silly but better-toned dandyism. Of the men so born, some united the crimes of one period with the follies of that which succeeded; others remained under the influences of the earlier period; many passed from the ruffian to the dandy, under impulse of fashion; a few, unaffected by any fashion, followed a good principle to righteous purposes, and lived and died honest men and gentlemen.

As far as descent is concerned, the Berkeleys are of the noblest. Twentyfour of them, from father to son, have been peers of England, by tenure or by writ, since Fitzhardinge came over with Norman William. But the oldest nobles are those whose ances tors were settled on their own estates, and previous to the Norman Invasion. This was the case with an ancestress of this house, who wedded with the stranger from beyond sea. Such a descent is warrant, perhaps, for a little pride. But there are few of the Lords of Berkeley who have been remarkable for exemplary deeds. Selfishness, haughtiness, contempt for law, readiness to commit crime for the sake of serving a king, cowardly cruelty to inferior men, and a restless desire to have precedence of better men than themselves, are among the characteristics of those who belong to history. Some of the bombist and burlesque of the old pride lingers in Mr. Grantley Berkeley, who, all unconscious of the sillines. of his assertion, informs us that the body of King Edward, so inhumanly muidered in Berkeley Castle, "was carried with due respect and attention to his last resting-place, in our carriage !" The Berkeleys seem to have had all the arrogance of the Napiers, with none of the great merits of the latter, which constituted their warrant or applogy. Mr. Grantley

Berkeley, ec. tainly, connot rank with the Napiers in a knowledge of English history; for this ex-legislator gravely teds his readers that his ancestor who came over with Wittenin, quarrelied so ficiely with the Berkeleys' Saxon ancestor, settled at Dursley, that, "to end the hostility of the two families, King Edward the Contissor caused the eider son of Fitzhardinge to marry the daughter and heiress of the Sayon Berkeley." It is said that the author does not know the difference between a goshawk and a henharder; he appears to be equally contased between William and Eawner, though nemost have studied the racine tive instones, for he deservice the royal Confescor as "plons bal weak?

It is not in the history of a remote period, however, with wirely we wish machine comserves. Our court is to trace so has history as it is incemagnification in the late of actions to gent emph. We are, indeed, turted at the out of by a time which have fan y singase Victor per its wild Level of few ends to south in society, and who know it is more shape of a to by that there is the riwas and the fi wor and Mr. Leave ex writes of his process in a way teat will home his ion is to believe that are one was no a way syntante, at the end therwise. ing a swinging distribution the six that so was in the war so Validation is a selected by the direct process to process a secondary condition to Post translation of essential Fig. 1 to 1 as A 1 of 1 sec. A Web to a control of the sec. I also a control of the sec. A sec. I also a control of the sec. A A contract that parameters are considered by a Trace resemble The state of the s Contract to the second والمنافع المواجع المهامي transfer of the total and the or the second of But we brack to be a first lante for However to conver-Las legitimate a consecutive

gameliceners, took a little learning relie tantly, from a tutor by day; watched verman in the fields by night, and were taught boxing by the most gentlemanlike of the blackguards of pugilism. Not all enjoyed this curriculum; the illegitimates seem to have been more accomplished than their better born brethren; and the above was only a portion of the course which helped to make a man and a senator of the author in whose record it is written.

The Berkeley family, as that au ther further recents, were never slow in "advancing their own interests, and Mr. Berkeley succeeds in showing that he had as much sense in that matter as any of his family. At Sandhurst a whole class membed para binent through an offer cowe. he had commetted, but which had been not the requisite panek to avow. His gradian and briefly ming resitation, the Prince of Works, presented him. in due time, with a commerce on in the Court com Guards. The years offer cere and a gradientially referend as applied. On one occasion, when in command of a guard, at Depended Doks, his term of outs, "no coled that, to me, level day, the 1st of September, I went off to Chant a lon the exerting of the mit day of Aland Inthomascoff cievatrooping advantage a set at the artifaction of to accept that is a described but with the report for all two with the factors. graphs to more than to a section of the se-Mr. Berkery reported that a max in the case the secural that exist is distribution, "about the continua-M. Personal System of the H. I. M. Personal System of the total streets of the st to be purposed, the world start y exervity test of the country, the first purpose say defrected that he move the assistance of the first term to the the following the talking Charles as a characteristic has

A division to the of London. in tray of etations, to discuss the second attention and attention to the second attentio in the drawn from the active and had to one readily we were the consequence of the consequence in the weather that gettinate is a consequence of the in Fraser's Magazine, on the publisher of which a cruel and unjustifiable assault was made, because he declined to give up the name of the writer. Maginn accepted the responsibility of his too slashing criticism, and he and Mr. Berkeley fought that celebrated duel in which, according to the report here made, Maginn bore himself more creditably than his antagonist. We set aside the ridicule, disparagement, or contempt which Mr. Berkeley heaps upon his adversary, the greatest and most unfortunate scholar of his day; we allude to Mr. Berkeley's account of his own conduct. He was a crack shot, and boasts that with certain pistols he could have hit any one of Maginn's buttons he chose. However this may be, the parties were bound by the regulations made known to them, to fire without taking any aim whatever. Now Mr. Ber-keley confesses that he took "a hasty at Dr. Maginn's leg; and had that hasty aim proved fatal, it would have been wilful murder, and the heir of a long line might have ended his career ignobly. He tells us that the purpose of duelling should be "the maintenance of a chivalrous sense of honour, not the mean exhibition of blood-thirsty courage." And yet, we find him exclaiming to the "friend" of a man named Barker, on a later occasion, "I will meet Mr. Barker on this quarrel, and by Heaven, I will, at least, try to shoot him, in defence of the little honour his wife has left. Try to shoot him! when to take aim is forbidden by the rules of this mock chivalry, the code of which, as Mr. Berkeley more correctly explains, "ought to be governed by a spirit of humanity, and not by a desire for murder. But, to take hasty aim with a loaded pistol at a man, has not much of the spirit of humanity in it; and to try to shoot him has more in it of an implied intention to commit murder than of a desire to confer a favour. Mr. Berkeley states that Dr. Magien subsequently addressed a note to him, in which the critic offered to give a favourable review of a new work by the former, if Mr. Berkeley "would confer on him a small sum of money.' No doubt, Mr. Berkeley possesses a note in which there appears to him to be such offer; but he should have published it, in order that the public might see whether Mr. Berkeley had rightly or wrongly construed Dr. Maginn's letter.

From the former gentleman's enemies let us now take a glance at the gentleman's friends, associates, and acquaintances. The most ruthlessly shown up is Lord William Lennox. Mr. Berkeley depicts him as a cavalry officer, unable to ride; and he more than hints that all Lord William's books about his sporting adventures are fictions; it is even said of my lord that he once received from Lord Segrave, with whom he had been dining, money to pay the bill and settle with the waiters, and that he put a portion of the reward intended for those men into his own pocket-a "trick," says the author, "solely intended for our amusement; but it was a dangerous joke." Anon, we come upon this merry lord letting, for money, the opera boxes which his noble friend placed at his disposal for the enjoyment of himself and his intimate associates! Finally, "Willox," as Lord Segrave called him, "offcred to bring the celebrated Miss Paton down, if he (Lord Segrave) would do the thing handsome, and stand the money for the post-horses to the car-A handsome sum was given riage. for the purpose, and "he brought her down," growled my brother, "by the pair-horse coach, and put the posting money in his pocket." This sort of thing is commented on as Lord William's "reckless determination to have his fun;" but honest vulgar people would certainly call such practice by a more disagreeable name.

Besides Willox, we have among the fine gentlemen of a past generation, Dalrymple, Earl of Stair. He was lame, and his courteous friend, therefore, called him "Limping Dal! He had another nickname, which his surviving friend delicately assures us "referred more particularly to his adherence or otherwise to the truth!" However, he was good enough for Crockford's Hell, which locality Mr. Berkeley describes as a place frequented by "gentlemen," where "nothing that is dishonest could be done," and which he defends on the ground that rich gamblers "will frequent some place or other where they can follow the bent of their ruling inclination." But the ociety"

at the Port I does not begin it, a will have gett a anything by it, strong to the section of the latter than the horse and amount of a consequence of a section of the section of adversary. We have that, a mild to met state, is left in the old days to "honoral was "Ourshorte in a left to be only before and for on trose versions of appropriate to be only before obstant. Perhaps to Totalve any of your made the gentle of the managed in two cases courted the amount continuent, but is stanthe district Oracle blockman, as a control who are specified such that the district of the blockman, as a control of which per persons in the way, with both that Leid Wireld H. Hyre Calk I being count, at res read more from each to Or take each not role. He was evidently a 19 18 11 1 . 1 ٠.

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who is the heir?

CHAPTER VI.

"O Star of the morning! O Telegraph mild! Dismay with canards every weakminded gaper: On Bright and his Gladstone good fortune has smiled, And there's plenty of paper, there's plenty of paper. Press, June 8, 1861.

THERE was a great gathering at the Mitre Tavern. Toryism had determined to start a new journal of the highest class; and Tory writers of were convened on When Guy Luttrel many sorts the occasion. and Harry Mauleverer reached the Mitre, they found presiding a venerable gentleman, grey-haired but fluent of speech, who received them with such an inimitable mixture of fluency and courtesy as could only emanate from

"The first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.'

Charles O'Leary was a fluent and courteous Irishman, and one of the best Irishmen I have ever known. At this time he was recognised univerrally as the Father of the Press. He was almost as old as Lord Palmerston. He did his paternal duty admirably, and was reverenced by wild reporters and wilder penny-a-liners, as a feudal baron was reverenced by his retainers.

When Guy and his companion entered adairs were becoming serious. The punch-bowl, that delight of the journalist, had appeared. The whole assemblage was engaged in discussing the name of the new periodical.

"I say the Flag" exclaimed a vociterous Scotenman. "That's the

sort of name."

"Wouldn't the Rapies be a good name!" asked Charley Xebbel, the lightest of light writers. "The rapier is a gent chean's verpon, and Tories are geatlemen.

" Devilish good," granted the octo-

genarian president.

"Call it England," said Frank d'Orville, the most miraculous of foreign correspondents, hand in-glove with all the leading diplomatists of "That's a good represen-Enrope. tative name.

a yellow-haired patrician poet, smoothing a sitky beard, and rolling a cigarette.

"By Zeus the Thunderer," groaned an enormously deep-chested man with a voice that would have made Lablache unhappy for life; "you had better call it the Devil!"

After this fashion were suggestions made, none of which caught the sympathy of the audience. At length Guy Luttrel, whom everybody seemed to know, and who had taken a seat near the chairman, said-

"Suppose we call it the Londoner?" This felicitous proposition was at once accepted universally, and Mr. O'Leary, who was in a state of patriarchal inebricty, and looked as the Venerable Bede might have looked after twenty tumblers of whiskypunch, enthusiastically proposed Mr. Luttrel's health.

This being drunk with great unanimity and enthusiasm, there came another great question - Who should be elitor t

The vociferous Scotchman immediately quoted Catullus, to prove that he (the Scot, not the Roman) was the right man; he also maintained that an editor ought not to be a "cad."

Charles Kebbel remarked that the editor of a first-class journal ought to know something about Bolingbroke and he was the only man in England who did.

Frank d'Orville wished merely to observe that the editor ought to be an accompli hed linguist and practiced diplomatist.

The patrician poet thought it would be a bore; but if he were well paid he wouldn't much mind; but he'd rather some other fellow of inferior calibre and lower connexions would do it.

Whereupon Guy Luttrel got up "Petter call it the R alm," said and made a speech - rather astenishing Harry Man's for a nor Harry only, but most of the men present. For Gay, who knew well the schishtiess and shallowness and jerionsy which are persented accompanion ats of note in positivel is universing gave nis a resince a ti sosazio o curgation in these points. He showed how the solut and vigour of any new enterto be sufficed any to maintain it in a ext startery state for a bijet period, to an extremient expect upon it were hoved a tracity in carnest. He pointed to railing after journal, but-Land once, now affects entire. "Peers of the region were their proprietors. are at state sme towards for them I now along a cowned by advertigers and elifed by ear wemen. In bindant est a female Gay west on to deto a cetted at featfold recty, temof the day, comparing it who the escape, at sometimes produced, Tory on this part "No servicine to probable from secretory, to the and one of the late of the ed Lawrence Memory of the 12 a well for verticing to the experi process to an analysis of the The second section of the second second second section is a second secon atase fitations of Children Start Education to Start at an term of astronound execu- $\begin{array}{lll} & & & \\ & & \\ & & \\ & & \\ & & \\ & & \\ & & \\ & & \\ & & \\ & & \\ & & \\ & & \\ & \\ & & \\ &$ to two transfer of a track 5 V. V. ٠. : 115 ١. 1 . . out that a mewspoder page tor W.

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getting Topy in that Tree expects, prices of malk punch and here's new.

"Exactly," said Luttrel, "so su perior that mobely will read it They'll take it for a joke. The first is, we are dying in quieter times than these of the Anti-Lie bon and the John Bull. Society is famed, per haps improved. Nobely drives tom in taiorup a staucescert deriks theo bottos of part Salody arythrig would foce a man to fight a due. Late your grave and revenered transf, Leid Statey, junging on a club table at a harat guing the room, as the Rubert of delate once dot. Tre can is of a god to act off. Its stripms steam in a transition of Horizo, I can farey him syn petition i with Activities as the Treese Painter to test the normalist Properties and the explorer the scientific and bear a system. Legender, ette Wrighted es n social style. However, I don't will to take were a winterestable exterport But hay I am weeks you dept to self the self-combine

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 I transcolling a first orders, and five the production of the design of the production of that will give us about six months' life. A short life, and a merry one."

Soon after this, the party broke

up. "So you don't think it will answer," said Mauleverer, as they finished the evening with a cigar.

"Certainly not. A journal of that kind has no chance in London now. As I said, society is too heavy and flat for such enterprises."

"Then I wonder you connect your-

self with it.

"So do I, at this moment. I am too much given to acting from impulse. But it struck me that several fellows there would be none the worse for a share in poor Tracy's ten thousand pounds—and that by a little occasional guidance I could keep the ship afloat somewhat longer than if they were left to themselves."

"And Tracy?"

"Well, Tracy's a man who must spend his money somehow, and might spend it in a worse way. I know him well enough to be able to tell him that he is sure to lose every farthing in about a year. If, after that warning, he perseveres, I think you will admit that I have done all that is necessary.

"But do you really think," urged Harry, "that high-class journalism has ceased to be possible!

"I do. The appreciation of real wit, of close logic, is always confined to a few. The knowledge requisite to judge whether a political article is written by a person who understands his subject is rarer still. The men who possess these qualities see so much dulness and ignorance in the numberless journals issuing from London steam-presses, that they cannot believe in anything new. The most successful of contemporary enterprises is supported chiefly by ladies and the clergy. In fact, the prodigeous expansion of publicity is forcing us back upon manuscript, the best epigrams of the day are never printed; men are returning to the good old habit of writing letters; and those who mix in society find it every day less necessary to read anything except the telegrams posted by Reuter.'

"So we may perhaps come to the time when a great poet may imitate Gongora, and allow none but his intimate friends to have copies of his

verses."

"I think it likely enough," said Luttrel. "And you must admit that the present system leads to a very The public wearisome diffuseness. demand is for quantity. Whether in novel, or poem, or essay, there must be plenty to read. So the poor author is obliged to spread himself over the paper to an immense extent. Did you ever read a leading article which wasn't twice as long as it ought to have been !'

"I don't think I ever read one through in my life."

"Then don't begin. And now, Harry, before we part, let me ask if you really are very much in love with

Helen Fitzmaurice ?

Guy Luttrel had for some time been hesitating to put this question, for he knew well that it would rouse Harry to a state of excitement. He was not wrong. The young man sprang from his easy chair, threw away the regalia he had just lighted, and exclaimed—

"Confound it, YES!"
"Well," said Guy, "you and I are old friends, and need not quarrel; but I may tell you that there are two reasons, either of which alone would suffice to render your marrying her impossible.'

What are they ?" said Harry. "Ladies' secrets, my dear boy."

"I suppose the fact is that you and she are privately married."

Luttrel could not help laughing heartily.

"Do I look as if I was married ?" asked he.

"Well, hang it," said Harry Mau-leverer, moodily, lighting another cigar in sulky fashion, "I don't think either you or Helen treat me fairly. I believe she likes me; but she says she can't marry me, and won't tell me why; and you're in exactly the same story. friendly, Guy." It isn't

"It is friendly, Harry, I assure you—though I can hardly expect you to see it. You would not have me divulge the secrets of a lady l"

The two men sat for some time in silence. At last Guy said :-

"And if there were no secrets, Harry, do you think Mrs. Fitzmaurice just the sort of person to choose for a wife? You don't know her."

"You do, it seems."

"Well, not very much

widow. What would be a firmer

"See" whe he divisions the every Maneyerer radio accorded the materials. Why the large is and I be said a agh a family habit to

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her father, who generally spent one Sunday in each month at Cedar Cot-

tage.

What had Lily to occupy her the Well, her studies, of course; her readings in history and poetry, her music and painting; a choice novel occasionally, sent down by her father. Then she had her birds and flowers; her pony, a frisky little fellow, but quite safe either to ride or drive. She had no companions except Mrs. Herbert, a stately, thoughtful lady, on whom the shadow of a great melancholy seemed to have fallen. She knew nothing of the world, except from books; she had never seen a newspaper; she dwelt in utter ignorance in this happy valley by the Thames.

Is it wise, we may ask, to isolate a young creature in this fashion? Lily was joyous enough for many a day together, flitting about that quaint-garden, "a phantom of delight;" but there came times when she longed to see something of that outer world in which her father dwelt. She idolized her father, in whom she thought she saw a superior being. Even Mrs. Herbert was enthusiastic in his praise. But then this beloved father was her gaoler too; he would not let her leave her pretty prison. She grew discontented amid thoughts like these. Besides, she was seventeen; at that age the girl's heart is a rosebud, but a rosebud ready to open to its blushing core. So there were days when Lily yearned, and pouted, and grew dis-contented, and even thought of runuing away, only she was afraid. And then she scolded herself for being so wicked, and wished papa would come, that she might confess her naughtiness; for the child used always to confess, whereupon Mr. Grey was won't to laugh pleasantly, and tell her that if she ran away she would soon be brought back, and sent to bed in disgrace. Mr. Grey knew human nature pretty well, yet he did not quite understand his daughter. How should be ?

The tinkle of the breakfast-room bell caused Lily to spring from her scat, dropping Tennyson on the grass, of course, and trip gaily into the house. She brought a healthy girlish appetite to her wholesome country breakfast. It was not till after the

consumption of much coffee and bread and butter that she said—

"When do you expect papa, Mrs.

Herbert T

"He may come to-morrow, Lily."
"I hope he will. I want him so to take me to see something new. I'm tired of this horrid river and garden."

The elder lady sighed.

"I know what you'll tell me," con-nued Lily, impetuously. "You'll tinued Lily, impetuously. say that you have tried it all, and don't like it a bit; that balls, and plays, and parties are all wearisome and stupid; that to live in a quiet cottage by one's self is the nicest thing in the world. O yes, you have tried it, and got tired of it; one tires of everything, I suppose. Besides, I'm young, you know; didn't you enjoy such things when you were young! I dare say when I'm twice as old I shall be telling somebody else just what you tell me. Poor young thing, how I pity her.

Lily stopped, breathless, and Mrs. Herbert smiled at her impetuosity.

"Well, Lily," she said, "I am glad you have some one else to pity besides yourself."

"I certainly will tell papa that I shall run away unless he takes me to London. Why, I could take the beat and row down to Lendon Bridge by myself."

myself."
"They'd think you were the Lady
of Shalott come again," said Mrs.

Herbert.

"I am half-sick of shadows," replied Lily; "I want to see the world. I dare say I shall be very glad to get back again, but I must get out."

After which she walked out of the open window to the lawn, and commenced feeding her pigcons with bread. Very pretty she looked there; her fair hair fluttered by the breeze from the river, while the birds, innumerable of hue, flashed down from chimney and roof. "Why should that child be unhappy?" thought Mrs. Herbert, as she watched her from the window. "It is right that I should be unhappy; I have made my own misery; but poor Lily deserves a better destiny."

About noon an event happened. Lily was on the Thames in her boat, its keel crushing the wide flat leaves of the yellow water-lily. A messenger from the Ferry Inn reached M1s. Habert, and asked her whether she rad any openin in the house. This ir anstroguest was xplleable enough; Mrs. Her sert often gave medicine, as So II as tool, to trappor of the neightour a st. It a suiden demand aro e for any unusual drug it was naturally cargested that she pathaps in ght have it. Now, there had come up the river from Madenia of that Sa turiay morning a nacty of Lond ners, one of whom, eld, but here, felt on landing at Medicenham Aids varsud den famtness. It was om vener die mend Charles O Leary, who, against in- polynout, hel allowed the exto me beauty of the summer day at 1 the high smalls of his companyons to tempt also to treasurer. Fig years be had been salpect to sight attacks of fainthess, which opening releve it and on this case, in he bound himself of Modern and very tant, and I eval 2 lett his pell lox bound. Of this 2 const epopul. Threed was to we call of the December of the con-Liberation, training to annual He-Hellert, a skill a lead of they of mediate, and as that lidy was to parallel to give away open a waterest know to write was to be discount. it, she went to tro Perry Inn Laborit

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with that unac u forced caress. Hers was a strong nature, perhaps a stern ere. She restrained herself, and was Silent.

"You are not happy?" said the old

"I have for glago resigned all horse of Lyppingss, she ar swered.

"Why don't you return home?" he

asked. "Home" she exclaimed excitedly,

"you kie w. I have no house. "How leng is this to last? How long dayon intend to lead this life of

color a tuelat.

²⁶ White he lives, father—while he lives."

"And suppose I should die; what will harpen them?

"Or, all is safe," she said, has elv.

"Thave been well advised. Thave made all things sate."
"But, lishific, went on O Leary, in a

kinder tone, "why to t come and live with rest. I could be time habitger. It's a matter of months, I expect, with no strates and the Styx."

"One store has mashing a "I dual not Difference

"Why, join storageter you by this tree. Take temperate be no diets y maxistense. Die automatent whom keeps you from your confastreademic cortours

"You don't know it not the Lyen de tardeol. Heep cate distant . . I should be go into the real Ho cared to a me observation of per-tension is with hates no fight with the Fig. If it found has row has been ٠., te out of not. Alle as fixte as

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whom he was almost always gay as a boy, though the eldest of them were

mere boys to him.

"By Jove, Frank," said Fitzheron to d'Orville, as they got into a han-som at Paddington that night, "I hope old Charley isn't going to hook it.

It was a serious remark for Fitz-

Whether Edith Herbert, in the solitude of her chamber, wept over that vision of the past so unexpectedly brought before her, is beyond this chronicler's knowledge; but when she and her young ward met at dinner, she was as composed and serene as usual. In the evening a crescent moon rose bright above the beech woods, silvering sinuous Thames; and they wandered on the lawn in the freshening air; and Lily, whose clear soprano voice was one of her father's chief delights in his rare visits, sang sweetly, yet sadly-

"O that I were where I would be! Then I should be where I am not; But where I am, there I must be, And where I would be I can not.

"You have not forgotten your foolish fancies, then, Lily," said Mrs. Herbert.

"Is it likely?" she said. "No, no, no. But papa will come to-morrow -papa will come; and I shall tell him I mean to run away, and won't he be sorry?

And thereupon she began defiantly carolling

"Over the water to Charlie."

Even while she sang the Jacobite ballad, the plash of oars was heard in the water, and Mr. Grey's voice followed. He had got away earlier than usual, and taken a boat from Henley, so as to have two nights instead of one at home. It was a pleasant surprise to Lily, whose discontent disappeared when her father came home.

"So you want to be 'over the water,' Lily, do you?" said he, as he sipped his coffee. "Is there any particular Charlie in the case ?"

"Oh, papa, you know there isn't; but I'm very tired of this place when

you are not here."

"And you really mean to run away? Mount your Exmoor and ride in quest of adventures? My dear VOL. LXV.-NO. CCCLXXXV.

child, there are no adventures in these times of railway and telegraph. would be very humiliating to be stopped by the county pelice and brought home.'

"Well, papa, you need not laugh at me. But tell me, when are you going to take me out somewhere?" "Take you to London, you mean,

Lily. As to taking you out, why I'll row you up to Henley to-morrow, if you like, and we'll lunch at the Red Lion, and talk about Dr. Johnson.

"But, London, papa, London!" she

said, eagerly.

"You must be patient, Lily, if you can; just a little longer. The time must soon come; sooner than I like.

"I see how it is," said Lily, sorrowfully; "you are ashamed of me."
"Not exactly, child. Perhaps, be-

ing your father, I have even a higher opinion than you deserve of you. I think you rather pretty, and rather intellectual, and very tolerably behaved, and altogether a nice littleparty. No, Lily, I'm not at all ashamed of you."

Nor, indeed, was there any reason. A prettier creature never played those pretty tricks wherewith a loving daughter delights the paternal heart. He was a handsome man; she bore his beauty in a soft and piquant fashion. And as she sat on his knee and pulled his long moustache, they made a very pretty fireside group. Mrs. Herbert thought so, and sighed.

"Rise early, Lily," said Mr. Grey, when bedtime came. "We'll pull up to Henley after church; lunch is ordered."

Mrs. Herbert returned to the room after Lily had left.

"I saw him to-day," she said.
"Him! Whom?" asked he, with an amused face. "You have so many.

"Mr. O'Leary," she answered, sink-

ing into a chair.
"Oh, only your father. Well, my dear Mrs. Herbert, you might have seen him without danger any time these twenty years.'

"You are wrong—I am sure you

are wrong.

"It is uscless to argue with you, I know. If you hadn't seen the old gentleman to-day, I should have had to tell you that I saw him not long ago, and thought him uncommonly well for his years.

"He is felling, I fear."

"The new reason for you to go and have with them. I think it's your deta. You as a 1 ve always said

son "The inert do Di" she answered. "There is a " Soussed by the sound to be a Lily

"Dovorty Stwie to keep Lily ship in

"Doyer, 'k me that seriously i" hereto bila eti v. "Dolahak it wiser. I know its confoundedly foolish. But what am I to be?

"The a house mear London. Or if that wort do, come down offener, and a metallic territoria frond-

"A von Blackmapes, to teach her flut string it lank you. I can mug be treets, ow say, is to his acquaintances, *Gov to A me down to his place the other day a trotted out his daughter,

nice little filly, but quite unformed; by the way, has Grey got any money?

"We l," persisted Mrs. Herbert, "she ough: to have friends of her own

"And how is she to get them! I don't want to get into intercourse with the people about here, you know. Passies, it is too late. No, let Lily grow up a little farther into we man-hood, and then I'll take a house in town, and make her its mistress. There's no help for it. I dare say the poor child will get tired of that

"Then she can come back here,"

said Mrs. Herbert.

"To spend her honeymoon, I suppese you mean, said Mr. Grey with a rather melancholy smile.

CHAPTER VIII.

"O ay for so can quarters As I gat yesternaght!" King James V.

HALF A DOZIN years eather than the events a ready marries has ger theman who had be one rather took of solver transited on a pedestrian tour tree rates the of United Es west ernors as all westerns a rates. He called incredit A that I strain on the same that device is try, and a knapsa ka and was to I will by a government wetter. They are the synthesis of a positive sould be the synthesis of a by with some uses state of the synthesis may be at your many and year of the synthesis 35. He was a non-what each of a sign hand text with atsimilities of motor Topinster along the world ple to who also tend in the tends remain west charach ache at he de la federación de an ant Remark to stawns by the verse a Perk. arte different to by the 6 - N 51:1 article in their Park Mall are Property. He traget Stone have quite after the Hamiltonia. He to the killing ł'. and the thirty of the table to table t 131 to bulling ending to the case. He had not noty the an elections, but one he hol, was a weather

It was in Wiltshire. This county has an uv brantitul spots and many antique monuments, but its trocless, chall whate reads across the downs are very wear isome. Fitzmaurice had even of Salisbary Plain, looked once again at the mystic rugged grandeur of Stehelouge, and, leaving Ames-bury on his lett, had reached a hamlet lying beside the little river Avon. For John fifteen males he and his d 2s lod had soon a drop of water. The descripted into the stream, bath or and drankling doughtedly; at I I , after open largely thirst from the same some, looked vailely are to life a ways do that or publichave The tomothad as such estol colment. It was atterneous. Fitzmaker is was tood as I handry, and to first and y dische location charward. Soft induted at the value slop where he could get a bed

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"As wood seep smal all the

ghostesses, I should like to know?" retorted the old woman.

"If you think this Mr. Withers will take me in," said the pedestrian, "I should like to try him. I am not

afraid of a ghost or two.

Fitzmaurice accordingly started for the Grange, a queer, old, rambling edifice, about a mile up the Avon, which ran at the foot of one of its walls. The beauty of the river had not tempted the architect to make a single window in this tall, black wall —the only opening being a water-gate, barred by a portcullis. The whole building formed an irregular pentagon, and was surrounded by a moat. It was of considerable extent; and Fitzmaurice, when admitted, which took some little time, found that the central space was occupied by haystacks, barns, and straw-yard, and the other appurtenances of a large farm. Originally a fortified house, the Grange had come a farmstead. The result was describably picturesque. A paint would have delighted to render t at strange interior. The house itself vas most irregular in all its developments. Along one side, looking down upon the enclosures, was a quaint old wooden gallery, which looked as if the lightest step must bring it down.

Fitzmauricesoon found Mr. Withers, a fine old gentleman of between sixty and seventy, middle-sized, upright as a bolt, ruddy as a well-kept apple,

garrulous as a magpie.

"You're just in time for supper," he said; (it was then six o'clock).
"As for a bed, why you could have a dozen if you wanted them; but there are some people that don't like sleeping in my house."
"Why not?" asked Fitzmaurice.

"Oh, they talk about ghosts. never saw a ghost, and don't care whether I do or not. You don't look as if you cared much about 'em. Never saw one, I dare say. Come along-let's have supper."

He led the way into a great hall, the whole height of the building, rafter-roofed. Though it was a warm summer evening, a wood fire was burning in the enormous hearth. long wooden table ran up the centre of the hall; and a penny-a-liner would tell us that it groaned with the cold rounds and sirloins of beef, the mighty bowls of steaming potatoes, the huge double Gloucester cheeses, which stood upon it. At the upper end only there was a white

As they entered, a bell rang without, and in an instant the servants of the house and farm, male and female, were seated at the table. Farmer Withers led his guest to the upper end, where a dainty young damsel of seventeen or eighteen was shyly standing.

"That's my granddaughter, Nelly, Mr. Fitzmaurice. A good wench enough, but not much use in a house. Ah, you should have known her mother; she was a woman. When

my poor boy Dick -

The old gentleman might have gone on for a week, but the girl touched him, and said-

"Grandfather, grace!"

For the whole of his dependents, hungrily eyeing the cold beef and steaming potatoes, were waiting for this ceremony. Farmer Withers said. a grace of prodigious length, after which the assembly set to with a will.

Fitzmaurice found the cold sirloin delicious and the strong ale unsurpassable. He thought himself in luck. Miss Nelly would hardly exchange a word with him, though she glanced at him furtively now and then. She had probably never seen an English gentleman before: Old Withers, however, talked enough for a whole

family. "You like the beef, do ye? Shows your taste. Loin out o' one o' the best shorthorn oxen I ever killed—and that's saying something, as they'll tell you in Sarum. And the ale's none so bad. Why, I've been brewing ale this fifty year at the Oak at Westbury: kept the Oak till the old man died, vour years ago last Candlemas. He used to say he didn't want a young vullow caddling about here all day. Called me a young vullow: ha. ha, ha! Why they do call me young Mister Harry, down to Westbury,

And the old gentleman went off into a roar of laughter, which his servants heartily joined. It was a standing joke, doubtless, this about "young Mister Harry."

Supper over, and the great hall cleared, Farmer Withers invited his guest to the settle, which was placed within the hearth. You might have

ha hell a lorled eart into that vast an other. Hell above his head, Fitte miner will see suspend have a described in the mesting that ground by Theywheng visit tham a flavor many conservers. Pipes were produced as a conserver of the miners and the the order and dampher.

facine is controlled an addainable in the transition of the ed. which The gent of a man delight manage some today and a take.

And they was at about half post seven on a fine summer evening. Firmum ewas perfectly amazed at a style of life somework below. Here were posterwhen thally went to buljust when he was won't out he.

Troy had both toddy out a talk. do ing we ch Farmer Withers con trivol to tel his great of his fairly a bars, so that I dynamice became que headowide the lives of alothe Witherses for several generations, As the haller, keepink near the old taches at tage year of tremendously, and it the way towards the ledpolice. In five minutes, Estamantice had sank douply into a bed of at wit, frag a tof lay toler, in five more he was for tasses possible saw more an stresses of under late, which was the discount of all thoughts the late late and a late of one, virtual teach the functs, and he for int was to a consecutive he remain on I that the Grange break for was at his . "

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y a way, a literary transfer Theory works are seal No y soften to the object to Alice by a fall transopport in the literary worths in expantion of the protty indemned herself, and we have a largest an old woman

who, with yoke on shoulder, was carrying two onekets of wash to the pigs. Farmer Withers burst into a fit of langiater which had not terminated when they sat down to breakfast. Notify was laughing too: I dare say her tayourite Alderney was in the habit of kicking her over occasionally. At broakfast the whole establishment mustered, as at supper; and Fitzmentric they called the right cream, the yealow butter, the hot cakes baked upon the hearth.

Then Wathers and his guest turned out to see the farm a large one, much of it downland, devoted to shorp. The farmer used to boast that he could beat the Southdowns. The two acquaintances trudged for some hours over the undulating ridges, classic ground for those who deight in King Alfred the Truthteller. At twe ve, they were back to dinner, but meanwhile the farmer had induced Fitzmaurice nothing both to stay with Limiat least a week. As for the dirner, it was colossal. The lange rounds and suloms were het, row, here and there a leg of man architervened, the great wooden lowls of potatoes were supplemented by sinclar tansses of cabbage and turneps. Above the salt a couple of rea * carons did honour to the guest.

That evening, after supper, the femor talked about the glosts of the Grange

"There be two or three," he said.
"The e's one in the old loft that used to be best bedrooms a man wit his threat cut, standing at the wide. And a woman that walks about these id half of nights: they say she started one of her own halfsters to de the Ard there's a test-step walks inpland down you old galley ourside where you sleep; but nebely ears in where you sleep; but nebely ears is started one of her you sheep; but nebely ears in where you sleep; but nebely ears in the transplacement. But you know I don't beneve a world of such stuff."

And, to change the subject, the off man would up the evening by significant right history a song with this of this

"Notice me, florer as part, the location in the part wood ster"

Permittine fell asleep easily enough, but we've to find the moon-light flooring his room. The turret clock was striking tweive. Perfect

silence followed: but suddenly he fancied that he heard a footstep on the gallery. He laughed at the idea, as a trick of the imagination. But the sound continued; and he saw, or thought he saw, a form pass his Certainly some kind of window. shadow crossed the curtain—a cloud crossing the moon, perhaps. He rose, drew the curtains aside, and returned to his bed. Again the sound—again the form—a woman, in her night dress. Fitzmaurice immediately sus-

pected a practical joke.

But, then, he reflected on the wellknown antiquity of the balcony. Would any of the maid-servants venture on that ricketty old gallery just for the sake of frightening a stranger? All at once it occurred to him that it might just possibly be a case of sleepwalking. Upon this, with as little dressing as possible, he very quietly opened the old door, and stood in the shade to watch for the apparition. It came, slowly and demurely; the face was visible in the clear moonlight, with unconscious eyes wide open: it was Nelly Withers, taking a stroll in her sleep, while the old gallery trembled under her trifling weight.

What was he to do? The balcony was evidently in most perilous plight. Should he stop her as she passed, and drag her into the room? Should he try to take her to her own? He would have to guess at its position; but he assumed that the door to the gallery would probably be open. He decided on this as the best course, and when next she passed, caught her in his arms, strode rapidly along the creaking woodwork, and sprang with her into the first open door he reached. Hardly had his foot left the gallery, when, with a mighty crash, the rotten structure fell into the yard below.

But the girl did not wake.

Fitzmaurice placed her on her bed, and went to the other door. It was locked, and the key gone. Here was a position! The moonlight was not bright enough for him to search the young lady's chamber for the key; and the whole establishment was already aroused by the tremendous crash caused by the fallen gallery. Fitzmaurice was looking downwards, to see if it were practicable to drop into the yard, when there came a tre-

mendous knocking at the door, and old Withers exclaimed-

"Let me in, will you?"

"Can't find the key," said Fitzmaurice.

The noise woke Nelly, who, seeing a man in her room, burst into a passion of tears. The old farmer gave the door a kick, which broke its fastenings, and appeared before Fitzmaurice, fiery and indignant, in shirtsleeves and knee-breeches, with a huge lantern in his hand.

"So, sir, here you are! I thought you were a gentleman. What are you

doing with my little girl?"

Behind the fiery little farmer Fitzmaurice could see a crowd of half-dressed girls and slouching la-bourers, all in the highest state of excitement. And Nelly was weeping as if her heart would break.

Now to be found locked into a lady's room at midnight, in an undignified state of dishabille, is rather trying; and it is awkward to have nothing except a somewhat improbable story to offer against a circumstantial array of probabilities. But Fitzmaurice was extremely cool; and he made his statement in so straightforward and truthful a manner that old Withers could not help being con-

"Well," he said, "to think of the wench walking in her sleep. She got it from that flighty mother of hers, I'll warrant. She was the ghost on the gallery all the time, I'll be

bound.

The next morning at breakfast Miss Nelly was hardly so composed as when she had been upset by her Alderney. So Fitzmaurice set to work to make her feel more at her ease; and the result was, that he found the little girl, her shyness conquered, extremely interesting and naire. To him, accustomed to the belles of the ball-room, this unspoilt child of the wild Wilts wold seemed perfectly charming. Thus it happened that, before he left the Grange, he fancied himself a little in love with her. She, poor child, was madly in love with him.

But Fitzmaurice went away, finished his tour, returned to his old society, his old pursuits, and thought very little more about Nelly. She, after a month or two's vain longing

altogether, and tried to ferget him. The child had become a woman when love was been in her breast, impossible to recross that fatal stream which divides the fairyland of childhood from the world.

About a year had passed when Fitzmanrice had one night a very vivid aream. He fancied he was again traversing that wooden galiery, with the pretty somnambulist in his arms. It recalled so strongly his Wilt-hire adventures that he said to him wit

"I wonder how old Withers is getting on, and the little weach of his. I think I'll go down and see,

He went by ral to Salisbury, hired a horse, and a sie over. As he came to the Grange, a me urnful procession was leaving its absorbed gateway. "Young Mister Henry" was being carried to the churchyard and foremost among the mounters at is a rural custom was poor Neily, under an immense black clock, butterly Westerland 2

The e were various relations and official persons in the house; but Fitzmannee contrived to have an in-

for some news of him, gave him up terview with Nelly alone. He had ascertained from a shrewd old lawver that she was wholly unprovided for. The estate was entailed on the male descendants; and old Withers, always intending to put something by for his grand-hughter, had never done it.

"She II have to go to service," said a rugged old relation who steed by; "she baint fit for nought else, that

weuch.

"Well, Miss Withers, said Fitzmaurice, as he entered a mouldy parlour in which she sat alone, I am truly sorry for your great less. Is there anything I can do for you?"

She was seated on a huge chintzcovered sofa, her elbows on her knees, her pretty head buried in her clasped hands. She solbed, but made no

teply.
"Nelly," said Fitzmaurice, coming nearer, "tell me-I cannot remain here long what can I do for you t''

She tell suddenly at his feet, embracing his kilo s, as Lycaon did the knees of Acindes, exclaiming

"I thought you loved me! I

thought you loved me! That finished him.

CHAPTER IX.

22 Pioro are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. "- Skukespeore.

"THE Earl of Revendale and Ludy Vivian Asidoigh are at the Beliford Hotes, Br., i to in

"Mr. Larrel, Mr., is at Pegg's Reval York Herel, Blighton

Such were two of the only fashions able amount coments wherewith the Lordon regarded as to be of any bright career, la eretes the beart of the our tor of the M. some Post

For it was O tober, and the Brighton season about a hod its zen ith. The Kingshood was truer than Regert street. The longing-The rain 2 to other command y find enough a visit on associants to take charge on the courty puries. The Boths hads not the case decay the ings were all to be. Giptus turn t and lebeters, and red multitum the Arun estates, also dealy in par-Land its began, to foot year the South downs should be exhausted. Hairs

Pegg, and Brill, and Harrison, all thought of reting on their fortunes. The Grand Hetel was fud.

Loiy Vivian did not much like Brighton In her judgment there were very few holes, in the highest sense of the word, among the dashing horseworn it of the King's road. Sile interests disaked the crowded afternoon promenade, in which everyholy diseases to death, and where year allow a mobert men and women of every concervable class. But the Ear, had taken a fancy for just one week at Brighton, as a so his dutiful daugeter as wed rain to come. It would puzzle a purilit to say why Guy Little I was there I be certainly doing to whine it Being there. however, he was wont to take a boat every is an extand go out for a depos the cary man in Brighton, 1 ch 18, who worstopped Possiden in October.

One after to he Luttrel was later-

ing along the promenade, when a garrulous acquaintance joined him. As he is a minor personage in this epos, let me call him Smith, though I firmly believe Guy would not have condescended to know any man named Smith, unless he were an elector of

Riverdale.
"I wish you'd come to my rooms this evening," said the pseudo Smith: "Professor Odysseus is to be there."

"Who the deuce is Professor Odvsseus? Man who wrote the Odyssey?"

"He's a wonderful spiritualist—a

Greek, from Naxos.

"Ariadne's island. Pshaw, my dear fellow, you don't expect me to

believe in such nonscuse.'

"Well, I wish you'd come. I hold out at --- Mansion, you know, and so does he. We are all of us going to meet this evening to see what he can do. He's going to dine with me first. Come and dine."

"Can't, my boy.
'all of us'?" But who are

"Oh, there's a lot of families living in the house, and we're going to have a reunion.

"Well, it will be amusing," said uttrel. "I tell you what. I'll Luttrel. come in and have a cup of coffee with you and the Greek about nine.'

He came. Professor Odysseus was a Lilliputian man, who might be any His hair was very light and very long. He wore a black velvet suit, lace ruffles, knee-breeches, white silk stockings, diamond-buckled shoes. Behind his chair stood his page, a blooming beardless boy, dressed as if he had just stepped out of a picture by Watteau. As they sat over their coffee and chasse, he lectured a little.
"All I can do," said the Professor,

"is to magnetize the atmosphere. This enables any spirit which comes into the circle to manifest itself. is an error to suppose that only the spirits of the dead may arise; perhaps more frequently the spirits of the living visit us. It depends chiefly on the will of the audience especially of the female audience. Men seldom concentrate their wishes; but there is scarcely a woman living who has not some single wish which she wishes intensely and always. So, at what we call a scance, the spirits summoned are generally those whom the women present desire to

see. I am not at all responsible for the results which follow. And those results are often peculiar; for a spirit, divested of its flesh and blood, utterly irresponsible, plays pranks which in its human form it would not dare to play. If a séance is full of foolish manifestations-of silly tricks with ropes and musical instruments-it simply shows that the acquaintances, dead or alive, of the persons present,

are chiefly fools."
"Very philosophical, Professor," "Do you work in the said Guy.

dark ?"

Who is the Heir?

"By no means. Spiridion, bring the lamp.

And the page placed on the table an elegant bronze lamp, which, by the uncoiling of a watch spring, was fed regularly with magnesium wire, whence a light almost equal to Phœbus Apollo's own.

"Fortunate," said the pseudo Smith, " for the gas in Brighton is abomin-

able."

"Do any of your questionable visitors pretend to divine the future?" asked Guy.

"If you could call up Cassandra," said Odysseus, "or Mademoiselle le Normand, you might get a reply. If there is any question you want answered, dwell upon it with a strong effort of will. An answer may, perhaps, be written."
"Séances differ widely in character you say ?"
"Yes; they are sometimes foolish

and frivolous, sometimes almost sublime. I was once asked by a lady, a collateral descendant of the poet Milton, to come to her house. She has devoted herself to his memory; has written out the whole of his works on vellum, with superb illuminations. Of course, when the atmosphere was magnetized, she eagerly and earnestly wished for his coming. He came. The vellum volume lay open on the table; it was turned back to the fly leaf, and a pen wrote his name upon the white paper. There was an organ in the room, on which a soft sad voluntary was played. And when this was over, the lady felt a hand passed slowly over her hair, and the pressure of lips upon her brow."

"Well," said Guy, inwardly incredulous, "we shall see what happens

to-night."

Wherewith they possed into a larger room, where already the tussy mistass of the "mobile Bright of trevers, a long of house had reserved that contact ground of had es and gentouen in full dress, The Probessor same into an easy chair in the corner. Spiration brought to his sale a sme, teac, on which he placed the magnesium lamp and a saver o user. Then the Grock com-men ed to tell the associated but especially the labor that to could not be responsible for the character of the senses, that it must entirely dependage in them, that if they were nervous they had better go away. that whatever happens have could not step the precessings till they came to another compact constitutal end.

"Now, makes, the score by way of peroration, "are you attack! Shall

Wer 2 From

The vate being unan mausly aftern ative, he book from a sepector a gold look, and from the look a sarge past, let Thus he genter a tron, feering back in Listenberg to de-ofhis ey scattle search to seep. To young page stood behind him, unmoved is a statue.

There was shound for about five minutes. Then a gravel past cwan hi steed in the room was third speciand one of Mercie societies easy water at words was played in masterly to which Goy Lotter, but on that two or theoly magnetics evelonged glasses, very majores it they knew the players type. He was been vell that the conserved species yearly should

But he the time he was shown training from the property of the many and to have observed to

Property any are before to in herenaming began to water but the same as if without have a chartter, to preside the property of the mass. The process was the section, Built or peer 200 Was to 24 or you he up which somethings of the feet of the south

Arrest and a to you and their young Lity was a contract to the mental by the was to suffer to a contract to be a light

a transaction transfer There is a fileded grace any gost ling on all for tray to a mile by symmetry at 4114

"The wast specifical at the control of the Little L Carl Courses to distring but

The next manife-tation was prodigious. Halt a or zen heltes were raises from the floor about half way towards the colling, and there, hand in hand, they were while editioned in a vertigie als dance, their ample clothing producing a macidure burrs and,

Next, a protty if the gad was seen to walk up the wall like a fly, and walk across the central from one end of the saloon to the other; the attraction of gravitation being so completely sustended that her long hair hung

upwards toward the ceiling.

I need not multiply phenomena, for which I am dependent on Guy Luttices testamony. The masterappet among the unseen visitors became rather rough towards the end of the some, kissed two or three young lades of the party with considerates otheron, and would up the proceed has by taking the mistress of the Lorse, a stout andy of about litteen stone, up to the ceiling, and keeping her the eschool that she exclaimed "Oh, let i le d wn' let me down'

P. 5 so: Ourseins subsequently inforced Guy Lattrel that the invisible in this use, was a vening gentleman mu higavin to music and flutation, who had tropped a manerch, and was very popular there; and who are yould shad the diponante ser-Ago, a stracke at Copenhagen.

When the charivan had ceased, Lattices on to the Professor

"There seems no reply to my ques-

"Let us see, "said Odyssens,

Sorts of paper, with quills and ink, fiel been placed on a centre tares, in case the visitors should be with the instead of wallying, spirits, Lowing and the these they found a seater out temmine mandwriting, the ina str. wet

"Is at Cas andra or Le Normand t"

Roke & Chicken the

This was the sentence, four words only, with in answered the question tion is no year this I attrel—

"SHO WHILKIE HIM.

"Excitations the "that would be outsing the Greaten knot

If any reader thanks this chapter "of organization on. I begin say that it is word what they Lattre, teld Lady Vivan next in the may a they were maying to the Devilla Done To had her gone to much with M. More

CHAPTER X.

"The man who drinks beer, thinks beer. -Dr. Johnson.

Copse Hill is a small scattered village, a few miles from Riverdale. It takes its name from its common, which rises in its midst, a very respectable hill, crowned with two groups of trees. From this hill you can see a good many miles every way: Riverdale, smoke-veiled, with the ruined castle rising above it-the court, amid its mighty oak-trees---the great house of Mauleverer, high above the surrounding plain—are all visible from Copse Hill. The village contains the houses of a few retired doctors and tradesmen; the best waggon-builder in the county lives there, bearing the appropriate name of Wainwright — his forefathers having doubtless built waggons from time immemorial; there are two or three shops, and almost as many beer-houses as shops; and next in importance to the little district church is the chief hostelry, the Seven Stars, pleasantly situate at the foot of the hill. Its landlord is the chief carrier from Riverdale to towns and villages untouched by the railway. Curiously enough, he is a tectotaler, not by choice, but of necessity.

An English wayside inn is very picturesque. The Seven Stars had been a coaching-house, had a good farm attached to it, and was well provided with stabling. Any hour of the day it was astir. Great waggons loading and unloading; farmers on horseback or in fast traps, stopping for a glass of strong ale; Romany chals with their nomad tents upon wheels, going to or from Riverdale's numerous fairs; all the multifarious traffic of a great road leading to London. Any artist who wanted fresh studies of human nature might do worse than take up his quarters at the Seven Stars, Copse Hill.

In an upper room of this inn, bowwindowed, with a pleasant view both up and down the road, two men were sitting. One was a Frenchman, evidently. He sipped some weak brandy and water, and smoked cigarettes, which he made with great rapidity and skill. A plausible, cunning face had this man: the most elementary of physiognomists would look upon

him with suspicion. The other was a curious mixture of lout and knave; a fellow dressed in a smock frock, with corduroys and leather gaiters; in whose eye craft and imbecility seemed to hold a perpetual struggle for the mastery. A pint mug of fourpenny ale stood before him, and he was smoking vile tobacco from a long clay pipe.

Both these men were discharged servants from Mauleverer. Louis Chartier had been Hugh the younger's valet; Giles Spindlo had been an under-keeper. Hugh had found each of them out in some misdemeanor at about the same time, and had sum-

marily turned them off.

Now Spindlo fancied himself the possessor of a great secret. Of course the terms on which Mauleverer was held by its present owner were well known through the county; but among servants and labourers such a story has always its added circumstances of romance: they imagine things which have no existence, and impute motives which educated minds perceive to be absurd. Giles Spindlo, however, had some foundation for his theories; his mother, old Betty, now almost imbecile and wholly deaf, had told a few people that "she seen Miss Edith run away"—that "she weren't drownded, she knew." The discharged keeper and valet were drawn together by community of hatred to the man who had discharged them. Giles revealed his suspicions to Lewis; and the astute Frenchman jumped to the conclusion that the true heir to Mauleverer was ignorant of his or her rights, and would gladly give a noble reward to any one who brought the important information. But how to find that heir?

Giles had just lighted another pipe and commenced another mug of fourpenny. Charlie was looking at him

with ill-concealed disgust.

"The brute, with his beer and coarse tobacco! And such a fool, too. What am I to do with such a fool?"

"She weren't drowned, she weren't," Spindlo broke out. "Old Betty had her eyes about her. She seen Miss Edith go down to the

river, and throw down her hat and cloak, and stop a minute, like as though she meant drownding herself. And old Betty nearly shricked out, so they tells L"
"Well, what next?" asked the

Frenchman.

"Whoy, she jumped up, and runned And Betty that's the old woman, you know she were a girl Yes then, I suppose. he continued, shaking his head with half intoxicated wisdom, "the old woman must have been a girl then. Well, she runned after

she, and she jumped through a gap into the road, and there a gentleman came up to she and talked to she."

"And what did your mother do !" "My mother! Oh, old Betty? Whoy, she hid herself behind the hedge, and tried to listen but couldn't hear, and then the gentleman and Miss Edith they walked off arm in arm so thick as thieves."

" Bah," said Louis Chartier to himself. "What am I to do with this gross man's stupid story! It must be almost fifty years ago. That old Betty is as deaf as a corpse; but, if not, she has told all she knows. She did not know the man who took the girl away. There is no trace l"

And he muttered beneath his breath a string of these curious executions in which Frenchmen delight.

Spindlo called for more beer.

"I am a fool-a fool," soliloquized the Frenchman. "Why am I wasting time here, and giving this but beer and tobacco for no use at all I I hate that Hugh Mauleverer, but I can't harm him. I hate him.

He uttered the last words aloud. "Hate un" said the ex-keeper. "Ay, and so I hate un. He half broke my arm wi' thik stone he flung at me from the terrace; but what a the good ! -us can't harm 'un

At this moment the two men were aroused by the clatter of heafe. They looked out, and behold, a gay amemblage of scarlet coats and black thickening before the Seven Stark

Lord Riverdale's hounds met at this point this morning. The thorough sportsman on his handsome thoroughbred; the retired doctor or lawyer, who wanted to be considered a country gentleman, and rode all day in a funk; the fast shopkeeper from Riverdale, on a hired back; the young farmer on a clever half-bred; the old farmer on a cob. These, and many other classes, were represented. Presently come the hounds - a lady pack; and the Earl on his favourite dark chesnut, Sultan; and others of the Earl's set, among whom Chartier and Spindlo recognized the object of their hatred, Hugh Mauleverer.

The budy tectotal landlord and carrier was very busy, bringing to various horsemen small glasses of some alcoholic fluid. Unwise are they who warm their blood in this fashion before following the fox. A rump steak, a single cup of tea, these form the best preparation for a hard day's hunting. Hugh Mauleverer was not thus imprudent, but he rode up to speak to the landlord.

"Wickens," he said, "there are two chests of plate to be carried from Mauleverer to Coutts's. Take them up to-morrow, if possible. A couple of my men will go with the waggon in case of accidenta."

"Grerrer -," snarled Chartier. "Now if this Spindlo were not a drunken fool; or if my old friend, Tessier-Achille Tessier-were in Leicester-square. O Achille! Achille the fearless! where are you! I will go to London at once. I will seek Achille. If only he should be there.

Spindlo had fallen asleep. Chartier ran down stairs, sneaked out of the front door, and hurried off towards Riverdale to catch the train. Hugh Manleverer's quick eye caught the expression of his countenance, which was villanous enough.

"What a scoundrel that is," thought Hugh. "I wonder I ever employed him."

LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.*

A COUPLE of years have elapsed since Professor Muller published his first volume on Language-a work which amplifying the advanced views contained in his previous essays, formed the first popular treatise on the Science in English or any language. Until the last century, as is well known, most philologists attempted to derive all languages from the Hebrew, at which period the discovery of the fossil tongue of Northern India, the Sanscrit, affording as it did a means of tracing and classifying the groups of languages now denominated Indo-European, completely revolutionized the views of philologists. Somewhat later several books appeared which contributed largely to stimulate the study and place it on a more general basis-books such as those of Adelung and Hervas, Klaproth, Bopp, &c., in the first of which many of the European and Oriental languages; and in the second, many of the American and other tongues were vocabularized, and grammars of several of them attached. While forming materials, however, they made no pretension to place this branch of learning on a scientific basis, as they merely arranged languages geographically, instead of identifying their groups on the ground of grammatical similarity; for however a language may become changed by dialectical regeneration or phonetic decay—and this is one of the fundamental principles of the science—its grammatical forms remain intact. The Sanscrit grammar of Pranioni -- a miracle of research, and analogical and analytical skill-cleared the way toward comprehending the original source whence the successive waves of European speech issued; and the comparative grammar of Bopp raised the first superstructure of the science, to which the labours of Muller have so largely contributed.

Muller's first volume—embodying and illustrating the principles of thee in the centres of European civilizascience of language—was more interesting than the present, as therein

dealing chiefly with the generalities and philosophy of the subject, he found it necessary to omit much of the elementary details of the subject now expounded, so that in the order of study his last lectures should be read before his first issue. Language is a young and crescent science, like geology, of which the entire world is the domain; while its principles and dialectical varieties may be brought under survey in any village visited by the student; while the more amply the idioms of the most remote and barbarous races are examined, the greater will be the light thrown on all civilized languages, classic or current, as by their means will be elicited those general laws governing their formation, whose discovery would elude the efforts of the scholar who limited his studies to the classic alone. Thus every new contributionfrom a vocabulary and phrase-book of the tongue of the Hawaian islanders to the deciphering of the rock inscriptions of Persia, the brick writing of Babylon, or hieroglyphics of Egypt, to the idioms of the Samoides, or Pacific islanders—affords materials for examining the genius and development of human speech. Hitherto the scientific domain of the study resembled—now a map of the world of Homer, in which all beyond a district of the Mediterranean and Aegean was doubtful or blank—now like that of the Roman Empire, confined to Europe, Asia, and a part of Africa; but in which the remote east and west was a cloudland or region unrecognised. At present, however, it embraces the globe, and every year some voyager makes public his discoveries in the most distant points—north, south, east, west—and printing presses are active in Polynesia, Greenland, and Kaffirland in fixing the forms of the respective tongues, and tracing the grammatical construction of speech for the generalizing, scientific minds

Even new theories, subversive of

the importance of Sanscrit, as the original of the we team ton her, ate springing up. Thus an essay has anpearon pointed at Hos common win h an attempt is made test a citize India European angula est etaell'evnesian, which the water Dr Rie teneves "gives the key to the original bane tion and who so may be shall among eye itself. Another writer has lately discovered that the great or extensel African langua > s range under two divisions, the Kathi and Hestenfol, and is of opinion "that while opin results would attend their study as arose from the may startion of Satiscrit, that the or ain of grammeteal forms, gender and pumiter, etvicelogy of pronouns, Asi, and many other questions of highest interest, was find their true sount, in in South Amea.

The first part of Protesser Mallets Lectures repose charles to the outside of language, mots, word, and their changes, as the second roll deals with their canson car to units. The of the most interesting charters is that on Etyme 192y Many weaters before Voltage, who so get a v called Cymon by the species power or the your second that during on the constructs for majory matrix (2, f. of.) nevertible association policy by the following Blood at the court of the first fact relations of the constances of his dem Europe to the Latin and the latin We have the strength with we see that a constant meaning make the property of the second seco so it Silve to the strict Silve A content to the Sanserit and current of the tract of the silve to the plan to green where told present active to the tract of the track which health good in sometimes to the silve Sans it is not taken the Gook, we

and sumfarity of sound and meaning in words is no proof of their featien Whatever, "Sound elymonety, Says Mr. Min. et. "This nothing to do with source, we start now as times to teach, is not that one word is derived from another, back wito prove that one word was regularly and he country changes in a abother. Proceeding then to establish his thesis, le sets himself to pave the following four points framely, that the same word takes daterent forms in different languages, and sufferent forms in the same language, that different words take the same form in dislerent languages, and different words the same form in the same to read.

Scientificacy viewed, the diffes ten e lo ween areant and modern languages in appears. At present the principle of distinguishing between and and your griding names becomes as al said as though to tany should place old and young trees in a different classification. The tree, like hus man see all must be studied as a with the desired or toot, upwards. Noticing can be more false them the view which regards modern langrades as exhibiting merely the decay and contribute to the abound. The correct accounts value as the other once was; and can throws a reciproral light upon their respective formation ne i greath. Thus the group of If he are remarked afford, the most they could have a feet an election which exists a evalue in this fe-tratic being without any election spect. In the example, the origin of testors of the metal to a liver new as well or of a grammatical form possess set of the execution against we used distribute the French, it is cleared pair (29), to vice rections and ten, unclose a represent to the Itahan or run into the closest continuous sessions. Someon, whereas in the study of Torsia. For each 19, 200 on the Greek, Lother Sansent, it is only On I and the Post of Living I, we have produce to apply inductive reached the discount of point very set to as set of Trust in nodern ranguages the Latin set of the Court of the need among means exist of positions can be a first as years of the ing from the man country of gut become trem. The man are as of watching handle to be he attended to he to except a swingt new torins. Mo-

or a rise Propose orang the Which it was not been also as a wear of reposed temperating yet it is only necessary to trace the German selecht back some centuries to find that it has changed from its original to a meaning diametrically opposite. Slecht (good) meant formerly right, straight, but also simple, which presently came to mean foolish or useless, and useless, bad. The Latin ingenium, which in Latin signified inborn faculty, became degraded in Italian to ingunnare, to cheat. Selig, in Anglo-Saxon blessed beatus—appears in English as silly.

Highly interesting, indeed, is it to watch the changes in form and meaning displayed by words passing from the Ganges or Tiber to the sea of modern European speech. Latin, it is unnecessary to say, which in the eighth century B.C. was the dialect of a small Italian territory, from becoming the tongue of the conquering Romans not only assumed a dominance in Italy, but being the language of law and government asserted a prominence in a great part of Europe; and when coming in contact with the vigorous idioms of the Teutons, though it could not supplant, it left a layer of its vocabulary on their language, so that common words once spoken by the Italian shepherds are now in use among the philosophers of Germany, the poets of France, and statesmen of England. Take the word palace; one of the seven hills of Rome, the Palatine, was dedicated to the pastoral deity Pales, whose festival, celebrated on the 21st April, commemorated the day on which the wolf-suckled Romulus drew the first furrow for the foundation of Rome. In imperial times Nero built his golden house, which was hence called Palatium, on this hill, and the word thus came to be applied to the palaces of the kings and emperors of Europe. The English word court, French cour, Italian corte, has a similar strange etymology. The enclosures or cattle yards on the hills of Latium were called cohors. a word subsequently applied to the divisions of the Roman army. This word, which was used in Rome in both a pastoral and military sense, with a difference of pronunciation merely, became curtis; and was applied in mediæval Latin to farms and castles of the Roman settlers, which became the cen-tres of villages (hence the modern

names Vrau court, Graincourt, &c.); and lastly, from a fortified place rose to the dignity of a royal residence. Many other words have as long and surprising a pedigree. Thus the English lord, in the sense of nobleman, was in Anglo-Saxon half-ord, the warder of bread; and lady, in A Shkefdige, she who looks after the loaf; earl from the Danish Jarl. elder, hence alderman; count, from comes, a companion; baron, the mediæval baro, man and knight; the German knecht, servant.

Professor Muller reiterates in his first lecture the principle which formed the basal thesis of a department of his previous volumethat thought, in the sense of reasoning is impossible without language. Infants and animals have each memory. sensation, perception, and instinctive judgment, but no trace of the faculty named by the Greeks logos-both ratio and oratio-a word derived from legrin, to gather, collect, and classify ideas, to select the single from the general. The mind would be as incapable of recounting things without words, as of counting quantities without numerals. Man could not give nomenclature to a tree, animal, or river, without discerning in each some general characteristic quality: and though the savage in his earliest state may have named a horse by imitating his neighing, such sounds are not language, nor is it in this way that words are formed. Thus the Arian word for horse has no resemblance to neighing; derived as it is from the root as, it represents the quality peculiarly recognised in the animal. So wheat was not named from its being bearded and waving, &c., but simply white, to distinguish it from other edible productions. Roots are those words in every language which cannot be reduced to a simpler form; constituting the last residuum to which analysis can reduce the dialects of an inflexional tongue, they comprise the original germs of human speech. At the present day the world presents several languages which have remained in this germinal condition. The Chinese, for example, in which a monosyllable is at once noun, verb, and particle, its meaning depending on its place in the sentence; and the same is the case with the Polynesian diabets and with the account Egypthat has proved by Burson, We need not here receptly ate Maller's theory that every conjury hosposed through a radical and agg ut hat we to an inthexamal stage, or that or, rically the constituent elements of words, of which, from the action of phonetic change and dimedical regeneration, often no more than a letter remains, were once the real symbols of thought and speech. The attempt at this period to discover the beginning of language must remain an insoluble problem, as it ustrated from the light thrown upon it by the history of its later changes; though a ded by imagaration, praysto egy may vet indicate the nature of the first seemls spoken by savage man, as derived from the matrices one of the five senses, the mumber of representative words formed mercas by with the progress of the social state. Nothing can be more rational, even though devoid of the absence proof aborded by the tongues of the oldest envirced and existing savage pergoes, however, than the supposition that the earliest cody of all languages consisted of mono syllation, and that the progress to more into a trul systems of expressionresulte fremisiere mount com of races separated by a edity, and the mental meress to and development of 8229 gates in the primary early trans of civing fe.

After all that is formal or the result of grammatic coart tas been removed from a pragette transal element remains, and a total her asserted with respect to the second the Arm begins as the tree has different in sending a cost of ang house in warmer a constitution insylvation of security at Assistance section right white a server contest in Some of an Este port of a few ones possed. Sailt terrive it versally a typical in the and to pends the normal section is a by any near the new print rigor. Even to one set Grouph besegments with the erectfulff of wishing

possible to trace word making to a mere imitation of sounds. Heraclitus, in his enignatic manner, said that words were the shadows of things, meaning that man assigned such names to the objects around him as he considered expressive. Democratus represented language as due to thesis, institution, or convention; he does not regard words as natural integes, but works of ait, "statues of sound." Vague expositains enough, but sufficient to show that the early-t Greeks by no means considered language as an imitation of sounds. Speaking of the formation of language, Muller, adopting the principle of natural selection, proceeds to say that, though a series of sersums impressions produce a ment i in age, and a number of them a general notion expressed in a vocal ery, the faculty of reason in man ultimately resolved such constantly re arrang and most useful sounds into a root expressive of the general notion of their objects. Subsequently new combinations and eliminations occurred, in which process the new word was determined by its appropriateriess and utility.

In proceeding to show that all trances are 20 neral terms, Mulier prodays a number of interesting thustrations from various languages, Some hall dis are without names for the numerals beyond tour, all beyond true being aggregated under the idea of nearly. In the Hawaian dialects there are no terms to express the d fference between black, blue, darkmess, between love, triendship, gratitude, bereavolence, &c. The northern Tur man rams have no word for river, though many for the smallest rapidete no word for tree, but many to bush, tr. ash; but even these see tal manes, are ready general terms. In the South Valuels, when ders were first introduced, the natives e led them brokes, their name for pizs, and the same thing on urred at The winstead of giving them a name to mathemateriking, a singular example

[&]quot;Accidence of a control with the rest of a lights place algography indiged gwar of the rest of the control with respect to the control was approved as the present product of the control was a control with the control with the control was to with the control with the control with the control with the control was to with the Markov December of Westerstein by the languages factor, and current of the peoples of the control with the feet leaf.

of the origin of terms, and quite opposed to the onomatopæic theory. Subsequent observation of the qualities of the animal possibly generated many names, which natural selection finally reduced to one. Thus in Sanscrit there are examples of clusters of roots expressive of a common idea. That selected by the Professor is the root Mar, of whose history in its passage through the world he gives an interesting account, but one too long to enter upon.

In treating of the importance of metaphor in the construction of language, Muller quotes Locke, to the effect that all metaphorical expressions were originally derived from the terms of objects of sense; but shows that his principle of the pri-mary existence of a series of arbitrary articulate sounds to signify definite ideas is unsupported by evidence. Metaphor is the transference of a name from an object to other objects, in which the mind traces some participation of relations attaching thereto. Most roots had a material meaning originally, and one so general as to be applicable to special objects. Thus from those meaning to shine were formed sun, moon, eyes, gold, silver, happiness, love; for those meaning to go-clouds, ivy-creepers, serpents, cattle, cnattle property; for those meaning to crumble—sickness, death, evening and night, old age, the fall of the year. There are two sorts of metaphor—radical and poetical; the first, when a root expressive of shining is made to form names for sun, spring, brightness of thought, &c.; the second, where a noun or verb is transferred to another object or action, as when the sun's rays are called its hands, clouds mountains, lightning an arrow, &c. That there was a mythical period in the history of the human race, when all thoughts that referred to matters beyond the narrow circle of every-day life were expressed in metaphor, is, indeed, not only true, but equally so that the mental relational action, of which the mythologies are an exponent, is one of the phenomena of current existence. Riksha, a Sanscrit word, derived from a root to be bright, and having an homonyme signifying bear, was the name given to the constellation of the ursa major. It meant originally the seven bright ones; and afterwards, by a verbal confusion, came to mean the seven bears, possibly from some resemblance to the animal. Without understanding the origin of the name the Greeks and Romans called the constellation arktos and ursu, and thus the term arctic regions (arctus-ouros) has its rise, from a misunderstanding of a term made ages ago in Central Asia. When the Greeks spoke of the stars as the eyes of the night, of Argus, the all seeing (panoptes), and proceeded to describe his body as covered with stars, we have an example of poetic metaphor, and one of mythological from verbal application.

In a very amusing essay on Popular Etymology, Muller gives many illustrations of the singular and contradictory meanings which have been assigned to words and expressions. From the Anglo-Saxon blot, sacrifice, blotan, to kill for sacrifice, was derived blessian, to consecrate, to bless. The signs of many old taverns are instances of hieroglyphic mythology, such as "A Cat with a Wheel," a cor-ruption of "St. Catherine's Wheel;" the "Bull and Gate," originally a trophy of the taking of Boulogne Gate by Henry VIII.; and the "Goat and Compasses," a corruption of the Puritan signboard, "God encom-passeth us." In Lincon there is an ancient gateway called the Grecian Stairs. These were originally called Greesen, the old English plural of gree stair. When the meaning of greesen was lost, stairs was added thereto, and the title ultimately changed as above. The proverb quoted by Hamlet, "to know a hawk from a handsaw," was originally "to know a bawk from a hernshaw," a sort of heron. The most singular instance of popular etymology adduced, however, is that of the barnacle goose. There is a species of shellfish named barnacle, which attaches it-self to floating timber, and whose neck exhibits some remote resemblance to feathers. There is also a goose called bernicula, common to the north of Scotland and Ireland. The similarity of the name and fancied likeness just referred to, gave rise to the myth that the barnacle goose originated from the mollusc. Several curious passages are adduced from

old writers to show the universal prevalence of the belief on this subjest, among them the expostulation of Garagais Cambrensis to the Irish bishop, for eating the barnacle goose in Lent a practice which those holy men recaucied to their conscience from the supposed marine origin of the bird. The remarks of G. C. respecting the Irish oner, are so strong that we may conclude he left the beshop without one. Again, there is the civic legend of Whittington and his cat, whose popularity in the early state of life continues one of the unaltered facts of national existence. In the fourteenth and lifteenth centuros sed ag at a profit was known by the French name of achor or and, The famous Lord Mayor of London realized a fortune in this way, and the innecent imagination of the people, dealing with the word whose meaning was possibly forgotten, in time supercaded to the brography of this remarkable man that of his feline compani n.

In relation to the principle enunciated, that thought is impossible without language, and that lamen speech constructor have operated, as some transits have supposed, by a conventa di agressioniti. Professor Mu for proceeds to state, to vertheless, that he is far transdenying the possibility of forming an actificial language. This proper that been entertained by many je as phers, among them Lednetz, who, however, dod before to rebused to stape the outlines of his theory, profest was reserved to Beech Wolkins, the brother in law of Cromwell, to work out the product in the pethoday, we be here, than it you that experiment alst, in his "Leave toward a Real Character collar Physoque de Langase, prosted altes. It was not hesterante event asposen alza za-Term the surgerate of the proportion system, we see an organisate I symblancally universely attractive The field spice convoluted and executed treprise to temperate transport all the knowledge correct in his day, comprised in a second symbols, a philosophic zoem czytywa i such ideas and the common trained rate properties to be a common to that they are of the week to to discovere the sections language to include above asserted, with

a series of marks to distinguish each genus. Professor Muller entertains a high opinion of the ability shown in constructing this system; but thinks from the fluctuating state of knowledge, and various ratinsic circumstances, that it never could be rendered universally practical. "There never," he says, "was an independent array of determinate conceptions waiting to be matched with an independent array of articulate sounds."

In the third chapter Professor Muller treats of the physiological alphabet and enters into a lucid and profound investigation of the different vocal sounds in connection with their anatonneal apparatus, which well merits careful perusal, and then proceeds to the phonetic changes to which words in all languages are subject. Small as is the number of alphabetic elements, there are but few pure lan-guages in which they have been utilized, those which possess an ample alray of letters, such as Hindustani and linglish, being heterogeneous foregues. The number of words begiorning with h and gue in French arises from French being Latin spoken by Roman provincials and Franks. In like manner the literal changes and additions present in English, are the result of its being Saxon spoken by Normans, to whom the introduction of the L and , are attributable. There are many languages in which special fetters are cluded which are essential to our utterance. Even the werers for father and mother, which have been supposed to exhibit an universal sinciarity, arising from the e class labad effort and impulse of the infant, are unknown among many North American tribes. The Molowks, for example, have no labials of any with the name by which they are known is not an indigenous but toreign product; and the same pecumarry of abstaining from labeal utterance is found among the Shekas, Onandages, and other tribes a curious fact connected with savage art sulation. Generally the gutturals are present in all languages, and in the School be expected yo. The exceptions to this in each their habitants of the Soconvision distributions, and Hawas its. Delitais are almost universamy found, though a is never used in

Chinese, Mexican, Peruvian, or s in the Australian; even Sanscrit has no f or soft silibants; Greek no y, w, or f; nor Latin soft silibantsor aspirates like the Greek θ , ϕ , χ ; English, no guttural breaths like the German ach, ch. is a letter which some nations find it impossible to pronounce; thus, instead of Christ the Chinese say Ki-li sse-tu; Eulopa for Europe, Ya-me-li-ka for America. L is unknown in Zend, the Cuniform inscriptions, and various American and African tongues. It is curious to consider the absence and presence of certain letters in certain languages, the cause of which forms an interesting pro-blem for the philosopher and phy-siologist, who have yet to deter-mine how far such diversities are the result of structure, climate, or habit. As regards consonant sounds, Hindustani possesses 48; Sanscrit, 37; Turkish and Persian, 32 and 25; Arabic, 23; the Kathir, 26; Hebrew, 23; English, 20; Greek, and Latin, and Mongolian, 17; Finnish, 11; Polynesian, 10; Australian, 8. From this list it is evident that the tendency to pronounce consonants is not dependant on varieties of temperature or social progress among the earth's Of the inability of different people to distinguish between certain consonants many singular examples are given in this lecture.

Professor Muller enters into the question of the changes in the same word which are found in dialects of the same tongue, and regards such phonetic alterations as attributable to the action of a regular law—a fact which he illustrates from what has been observed to occur in the Kaffir dialects; while the excision of letters seen in many English words, compared with the original Anglo-Saxon, such as lord for hlaford, lady for hlæfdyé, he attributes to the effect of laziness, an attempt to economize breath, and want of muscular energy. Other changes of an opposite character, from such phonetic alterations, which manifest an equality of vocal power, he names dialectic growth; and accounts for the literal changes exhibited in the Latin by those formed by the Roman soldiers settled in Dacia and still observable in the modern Wallachians, such as p for q, on the supposition that the original colonizers were Oscans and Umbrians, this peculiarity being seen in their inscriptions.

The fifth lecture is devoted to an exposition of the famous law of Grimm-a discovery which enthusiastic philologists have placed on an equality with those of Kepler-a law which illustrates the fact, that similar roots are found in the Indo-European group of languages. Wherever the Hindus and Greeks pro-nounce an aspirate, the Gotns, Low Germans, Saxons, Anglo-Saxons, Frisians pronounce the corresponding soft check; in other words, that the Greek and Sanscrit kh, th, ph, becomes a, b in Gothic; and k, t, b in old high German. This phonetic law is only discoverable in highly developed languages, and is not referable to those in a primitive or secondary condition - monosyllabic or agglutinative.

One of the most valuable disquisitions in the volume is on the mythology of the Greeks, lecture 9. The acceptance of a mythology so monstrous as that of the Greeks, by a people possessed of such supreme intellectual gifts, has long remained one of the speculative puzzles of history. The perfection of the Deity formed the conceptive basis of his existence with the earliest thinkers, as with us; yet the stories of Kronos. Demeter, Tantalus, &c., would hardly be accepted into the pantheon of the lowest savage. Zenophanes, the precursor of Pythagoras, remarked that man had created his gods in his own image; and Heraclitus laughed at the Homeric theology. Anaxagoras interpreted the legends of the gods allegorically. Socrates was a sceptic, and many of the poets and philosophers of a later period exposed the inconsistency involved in such dei-tific ideals. To a logical being like tific ideals. To a logical being like the Greek such conceptions must have been utterly irrational; and those, indeed, who occupied themselves with their mythology gave it three interpretations- namely, ethical, or that which supposed the tales of the gods, their power of rewarding and punishing, was an invention of the wise of old; physical, such as that of Epicharnus, who declared that the gods were the clements; and historical, like that of Euphemerus, who resolved such myths back to the lives and actions of ancient kings. The extensive work of the Abbe Banier is entirely founded on this latter principle; and to the same school beauty licebart, who recognizes under the names of the old Greek dettes many of the personages of the Old Testament. Though, how ever, scholars perceived the made quacy of those three explanations, they admitted that some parts of the tireek invilonegy inight process a moral, some a physical, some an I istoriese meaning; and it was not until the discovery of Sanserit that a new and truer hight was thrown upon the question,-the ascertained analogy existing between the year mary and grammar of the It do Lurepean group of languages having a reflective action on the ancient nathology impossible even to the ance ats ticked live. To understand the meaning of the names of the Greek gods it is necessary that the spirit of invest, atom so and not be Lunted to Green, but embrace the Innabages, of resemble o tank "No sound scholar, moved, says Professor Mulier, "would ever think of briver; any Grock of Lattice of from Sars bit. Sat. of its hid the mother of Greek and Letin, to Letin is of French and Ita and Survit, Greek, and Latin are a fet available of one and the same type. They point to some carnot stage when to y were less of the out from each of er than they are now, but no new One of the great costs, by when has existed in tracing mythologies to their same has absent tions our guerance of the Veds saterative the Verre, which stands in the same reads in to the early. Arom mythobery as Hoper to that at Green, tomains as yet untranslated. An acgrant rice, as we have said, with the original no policy of the former of the 2 december of the week with a and to the ear out most the oter the 2 test over that established his project depositive and have so easy cones. Thus Alexander tree as the enteresting the control of Annual Con-Province carte. Someone we we In the products of these Professor Maller showed that north Labour d to a form the vision affects in or 4 kilose order of activities, at its transpoont herette statue, vince the end out of

A tread calculate from more the strong factored the relation of the architecture through the relation could call the sun and moon gods. they must have formed in their uptods some abstract idea of a god. The fort phase was religion; the second, a which adoration was paid to tiphysical representation idelatry. That conceptions of a higher cide. unconnected with mythology, were general, is evident from many of the old Greek and other poets; and though Hoper, as Herodotus say . made the history of the gods for the Greeks the devine ideal of Deity, asthe Omnissient and Omnipotent Being is expressed several places in his verses. Alluding to the general existence of a higher dertific concepts n among the ancients than would appear to these who judge merely by their mythology, Professor Muller in stataces the words of St. Paul, at Athens: "For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an artar with the inscription, 'To the Unknown God. Whom, therefore, ve ignorantly worship, bim I declare unto you. And it is in this Christhan spirit he goes on to say that we say to say it to say it the anester of the last of the world, not us independent of God, as the work of eval sports, as the early Caristian writers look asmere idolary, devil wership, er tarrey, for as a preputation in the equilation of the human race, to who ex-"a fulless of their was to come The further back in time our inveto itiens reach, the purer, be thulbs, conceptions of Derty become partition listory of religion and imprige borig intimately connected, i.e. proceeds to enter upon a plate e cal maly-is er the early Indian, Greek, Renew, and to the names for God, in which be shows that the Sansont Dyons, the Arther god the area samely day, fr bearieff, and morely mentalive of natige weedings, became sometimes at ong the Jows and the Greeks we by this name understood the Surveyo Better in to the sky, visites or per-Section 1

In the confidence, on the Meris of the II, and a subject they considered to the years of the standard by Professor Merican one of the essays, he are the I where, put the formal result in which is an inversion for a standard pointies in a sough of distances, as, for example, when he attempts to reache the sough of I, y to the energy India, then y of the

siege of the East by the Solar Powers, he has been hurried too far by his

philological enthusiasm.

The conclusion of the volume is devoted to the examination of the influence of words on thoughts-a theme of many metaphysicians, and in indicating the manner in which he believes the science of language may Much be useful to philosophers. acumen is displayed in his inquiry into the meaning of knowing and believing. Knowledge is either the result of sensuous impression, as in the case of a dog knowing its master, or of general relational conceptions, as when we recognise the form of a triangle, or of faith, as when man says he knows God. The latter, though neither furnished by impressions of sense or the deductions of reason, possesses an inner ground of evidence superior to both. Terms like those of infinite and finite are essentially negative, though the true idea which is positive appreciable by faith merely. Atoms, imponderable bodies, or other words used in science, are similarly devoid of philosophical accuracy. Until a late period caloric was used to express real matter; but this idea is now exploded, heat being recognised as molecular and ethereal vibrations; in the same way ether is still spoken of as an elastic medium, though in reality an abstraction-a quality changed into a substance—a myth. While used in the latter sense for purposes of philosophic speculation, little harm can result, the error will begin when language mistakes a word for a thing, and as in the case of the heaven being called Zeus, God, the nomen for its numen.

To Professor Müller belongs the high merit of having elevated philology into the region of science. A

vast amount of materials indeed previously existed, constituting a subtratum for the structure, but lying about in an incohate and disorderly condition. To the investigations of the professor are due the discoveries on which this initiatory science now rests-namely, that the growth of language is of an organic nature, the result of physical laws, that its primitive elements are monosyllabic roots, of two orders—the one embodying general ideas, the other relative; that as such idea - representative roots multiply, new modifications and combinations are formed by laws special to each family of language, each group of which, however mixed in their vocabulary, are capable of being relegated on the unalterable basis of grammatical structure. To originate a system, distinguished by subtlety, comprehensiveness, truth, with respect to any of the leading subjects of human thought, requires the highest order of genius, and especially in the case of one of so complex a nature as language—a science, which, as it develops in the hands of its originator and his succeedents, seems calculated, while throwing a valuable illustrative light on several of the physical sciences, and that of history, to advance still more than several of the former, the progress of national intercommunication, and its results, civilization. As Professor Müller's late series of lectures is exclusively devoted to the Aryan, we may anticipate an equal interest attaching to those which may follow, treating of the Semitic and Turanian languages, as his investigations will thus reach up to the more primitive condition of man-the earlier forms of human speech.

GUY DEVERELL.

CHAPTER I.

AIR JEENT WARROWS AT THE PROCESSING

The pretty little posting station, known as the Piough Inn, on the Old London road, where the Sterndage road crosses it, was in a state of fuse and awe, at about five o clock on a fine sharp October evening, for Sir Jekyl Marlows, a man of many thousand acres, and M.P. for the county, was standing with his back to the fire, in the parlour, whose bow-window bocks out on the ancient theroughfate I have mentioned, ever the row of searlet geramiums which beautify the window stone.

"Hollor" eried the barenet, as the beil rope came down in answer to an energetic but not angry perl", and he received Mrs. Jones, les testess, who entered at the moment, with the distributed to he hande still in his hand. "At not old tricks, you see. I we been do not you a mischief, bey but we don't re't it in the bell, you know. How down ish we i you bed, "wonder tull gall, by dove?" Come in, my dear, and shift the door. Not attack of me. I want to take of due is and mutten energy. Eve had no lanches me, and ha awtully hangry. So of the comely bar each in a we fit to be 1. Inches.

The batenet was, by that awail red tested wentered dates, which is one of the meanth of dates, which is one of the meanth of which then, and by a whom it is git between assortion we for the meanth of the meanth o

Howas so, 12, with your winterteeth, will a ray out on poetry Mrs. Joros, at 101 total, with the excess real tosses, at 101 to 8 clocks, who he countries at 100 try verses own? at 100 to 8 feeth of the war further The scatting and make some because her, and some some except on total and the state of the test of the day

"Well, varieties the devil, what can voice before they to You know we had been so to you What have you will be a first you bear to

don't stand at the door there, hang it come in, can't you't and let me hear what you say.

So Mrs. Jores, with a simpering bashfulness, deavered her bill of fare off book.

The baronet was a galant English gentleman, and come of a healthy race, though there were a "beau" and an archbishop in the family he could rough it good hungeredly on becisteak and port, and had an accommodating appetite as to hours.

"That will do very mody, my dear, thank you. You're just the same dear hespitable little regue I remember you how long is it, by Jove, since I stopped here that day, and the awful tilu deisterm at right, don't you recolect! and the whole house in such a devil of a row, e.ad." And the baronet cauckled at dicered, with his hands in his peakets.

"Three years, by dove, I think -

"Four years in August last, Sir Jokyi, "she arswered, with a little toss of for head and a courtesy."

"Four years, my dear tour devils' Is it possible, wry men my life it has positively improved you". And be tapped her chesk, playtoily, with Issuage. "And what of lock is it!" he continued, locking at his watch, went five. Well, I supplies you'll be ready in hait achour ch, my deat."

"Somer, if you wild , Sir Jokyl."

"No, to ok you don't full will do you needly or listly, he added, with a park k at he park roller, as she is to do it. Will so, no devide good post here, an essential and post here, and see its an essential do it.

""M retrotiva sezenlett.Sudekyl,

would von proper some c

"Yeave notes, we worked little consider a fetter and level and wen finish gave me a few in backer after context, and a complete of the and the news of the

The bar notist and no outlieff rends burn to othering to a new agreet wine

it were through the panels of the shut door, after the fluttering cap of his pretty landlady. Then he turned about and reviewed himself in the seagreen mirror over the chimney-piece, adjusted his curls and whiskers with a touch or two of his fingers' ends. and plucked a little at his ample silk necktie, and shook out his tresses, with his chin a little up, and a saucy

But a man tires even of that prospect; and he turned on his heel, and · whistled at the smoky mezzotint of George III. on the opposite wall. Then he turned his head, and looked out through the bow-window, and his whistling, stopped in the middle of a bar, at sight of a young man whom he espied, only a yard or two before the covered porch of the little iun.

This young gentleman was, it seemed, giving a parting direction to some one in the door-way. He was tall, slender, rather dark, and decidedly handsome. There were, indeed, in his air, face, and costume, that indescribable elegance and superiority which constitute a man "distinguish-

ed looking. When Sir Jekyl beheld this particularly handsome young man, it was with a disagreeable shock, like the tap on a big drum, upon his diaphragm. If any one had been there he would have witnessed an odd and grizzly change in the pleasant baronet's countenance. For a few seconds he did not move. Then he drew back a pace or two, and stood at the further side of the fire, with the mantel-piece partially between him and the young gentleman who spoke his parting directions, all unconscious of the haggard stare which made Sir Jekyl look a great deal less young and goodnatured than was his wont.

This handsome young stranger, smiling, signalled with his cane, as it seemed, to a companion, who had preceded him, and ran in pursuit.

For a time Sir Jekyl did not move a muscle, and then, with a sudden pound on the chimney-piece, and a

great oath, he exclaimed—
"I could not have believed it! What the devil can it mean?"

Then the baronet bethought him-"What confounded stuff one does talk and think, sometimes! Half the matter dropt out of my mind. Twenty

years ago, by Jove, too. How could I be such an ass?

And he counter-marched, and twirled on his heel into his old place, with his back to the fire, and chuckled and asked again-

"How the plague could I be such a fool?'

And after some more of this sort of catechism be began to ruminate oddly once more, and said he-

"It's plaguy odd, for all that." And he walked to the window, and with his face close to the glass, tried in vain to see the gay stranger again. The bow-window did not command the road far enough to enable him to see any distance; and he stuck his hat on his head, and marched by the bar, through the porch, and, standing upon the road itself, looked shrewdly in the same direction.

But the road makes a bend about there, and between the hedge-rows of that wooded country the vista was

With a cheerful air of carelessness Sir Jekyl returned and tapped on the bar window.

"I say, Mrs. Jones, who's that good-looking young fellow that went

out just now l"

"The gentleman in the low-crowned hat, sir, with the gold-headed cane, please ?

"Yes, a tall young fellow, with large dark eyes, and brown hair."
"That will be Mr. Strangers, Sir

Jekyl.'

"Does he sleep here to-night?"

"Yes, sir, please."

"And what's his business?"

"Oh, dear! No business, Sir Jekyl, please. He's a real gentleman, and no end of money."

"I mean, how does he amuse himself ?"

"A looking after prospects, and old places, and such like, Sir Jekyl. Sometimes riding and sometimes a fly. Every day some place or other."
"Oh! pencils and paint-boxes—

eh?"

"I aven't seen none, sir. I can't

say how that will be."
"Well, and what is he about;
where is he gone; where is he now?"

demanded the baronet. "What way did Mr. Strangers go,

Bill, just now?" the lady demanded of boots, who appeared at the moment.

"The Abbey, ma'am."

- " The Abbey, please, Sir Jekyl."
- "The Abbey that's Wail Abbey -eh t How far is it !"
 - " How far will it be, Bill ("
 - " Taint a mile all out, ma'am." "Not quite a mile, Sir Jekyl.
- "A good ruin isn't it f' asked the barenet.

"Well, they do say it's very much out of repair, but I never saw it my-self, Sar Jekyl."

"Neither did I," said Sir Jekyl. "I say, my good fellow, you can point it out. I dare say, from the steps here!

Av. please, Sir Jokyl.

"You i, have dinner put back, Sir -please, Sir Jeky, Casked Mrs. Jones. "Back or forward, and way, my dear child. Only I flib are my walk first.

And kissing and waving the tire of his tregers, with a smale to Mrs. Jones, who courtes ed and suppored, though her heart was perplexed with enterpy schedules "how to keep the water from getting into the their, and provert the dacks of overrousting, the worthy burdet, tel-lowed by Ball, stept through the people, and on the ridge of the old highe old has own boat bong oddly disturbed with out an earlie will hi it of given him as borg to state a there. Learn well by a subjett has as to the restricted $\Lambda^{1,0}(y)$

It was no seed by evening. The reliminal suply to the a mear the borzon, ledge to of a talonomen the commit of the western has might have the held's engewith his fit reis. The baronet had on the defining bine nervies by a dietail has been e at across at the at, till receives were a region for the time all the time of the log but that hands one voing may be valked on thought toward. The Alleys he saw 100 and some organisms the resoluted with ever cose has ever ware through

"I have the fellow face to face, and this of a water term. I date say time with that his hit at all so we It to develob odd treath, twenty his years and not a relate nonearth and head bang him! Egad, at while the Wan terms dow, and the what do you can 'em, cost. Ay, i ere .1.15

He paused for a moment looking at the pretty style which led a little 1 4.1.5 15

wooded hollow by the river, where the ruin stands. Two old white stone, fluted piers, once a doorway, now tufted with grass, and stained and worn by time, and the style built up between.

" I know, of course, there's nothing in it; but it's so odd it is so deretish odd. I'dlike to knowaliabout it," the barenet, picking the dust from the fluteing with the point of his walking cane. "Where has he got, I wonder, by this time f" So he mounted the style, and paused near the summit to obtain a commanding

"Well, I suppose he's got among the old walls and rubbish by this time. I'll make him out; he'll break

cover.

And he skipped down the style on the other side, and whistled a little, cutting gaily in the air with his cane as he went.

But for all he could do the same intensely uncomfortable curiosity pressed upon him as he advanced. The sun sank behind the distant hills leaving the heavens flooded with a discoleured emission, and the faint silver of the moon in the eastern sky glimmered coldly over the faling landscape, as he suddenly emerged from the hedged withway on the ach no above level by the slow river's Link, on which, surrounded by letty times to the run of Abbey stands

The Unds had come forme. Their vestor song had sunk with the setting sun, and in the sad solumber of two light the gray runs tosedimiv before

"A devill-h good spot for a pro-nio". said he, making an oil at the recover his usual agreeable year of thought and speats.

So he I sked up and about him, and may tay man had ever the swand, at I wanted at my the line of the gray walls until he found a decreas, and

begin his explorations

Through dark passages, up broken statis, over grass grown pass of rule lesh, he peopled into all a its of roof less chambers. Everything was shent and settlery down into night. At list, by that narrow degrees which mench buildings so ostaly gives entrance here and there into vast apartments, he turned into that grand chamber, whose stone theorrests on the the fields to the vanishments and there the bare not paused for a moment with a little start, for at the far end, looking towards him, but a little upward, with the faint reflected glow that entered through the tall row of windows, on the side of his face and figure, stood the handsome young man of whom he was in pursuit.

The baronet being himself only a step or two from the screw stairs, and still under the shadow of the overhanging arch in the corner, the stranger saw nothing of him, and to announce his approach, though not much of a musician, he humined a

bar or two briskly as he entered, and marched across and about as if thinking of nothing but architecture or the picturescene

the picturesque.

"Charming ruin this, sir," exclaimed he, raising his hat, so soon as he had approached the stranger sufficiently near to make the address natural. "Although I'm a resident of this country, I'm aslamed to say I have never seen it before."

The young man raised his hat too, and bowed with a ceremonious grace, which, as well as his accent, had something of the foreigner in it.

"While I, though a stranger, have been unable to resist its fascination, and have already visited it three times. You have reason to be proud

of your country, sir, it is full of beauties."

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The stranger's sweet, but peculiar, voice thrilled the baronet with a recollection as vivid and detested. In fact this well-seasoned man of the world was so much shocked that he answered only with a bow, and cleared his voice, and chuckled after his fashion, but all the time felt a chill creeping over his back.

There was a broad bar of a foggy red light falling through the ivy-girt window, but the young man happened to stand at that moment in the shadow beside it, and when the baronet's quick glance, instead of detecting some reassuring distinction of feature or expression, encountered only the ambiguous and obscure, he recoiled inwardly as from something abominable.

"Beautiful effect—beautiful sky!" exclaimed Sir Jekyl, not knowing very well what he was saying, and waving his cane upwards towards the fading tints of the sky.

The stranger emerged from his shadow, and stood beside him, and such light as there was fell full upon his features, and as the baronet beheld he felt as if he were in a dream.

CHAPTER II.

THE BARONET VISITS WARDLOCK MANOR.

In fact Sir Jekyl would have been puzzled to know exactly what to say next, so odd were his sensations, and his mind so pre-occupied with a chain of extremely uncomfortable conjecture, had not the handsome young gentleman who stood beside him at the gaping window with its melancholy fringe of ivy, said—

"I have often tried to analyse the peculiar interest of ruins like these—the mixture of melancholy and curiosity. I have seen very many monasteries abroad—perhaps as old as this, even older—still peopled with their monks, with very little interest indeed, and no sympathy; and yet here I feel a yearning after the bygone age of English monasticism, an anxiety to learn all about their ways and doings, and a sort of reverence and sadness I can't account for, un-

less it be an expression of that profound sympathy which mortals feel with every expression of decay and dissolution."

The baronet fancied that he saw a lurking smile in the young man's face, and recoiled from psychologic talk about mortality.

"I dare say you're right, sir, but I am the worst metaphysician in the world."

He thought the young man smiled again.

"In your liking for the picturesque, however, I quite go with you. Do you intend extending your tour to Wales and Scotland?"

"I can hardly call this little excursion a tour. The fact is my curiosity is pretty much limited to this country; there are old reasons which make me feel a very particu-

n in, with a very pointed carelessness and a smile, which caused the baronet inwardly to wince,

"I srould be very happy," said Sir Jokyl, "if you would take Marlowe in your way; there are some photores there, as well as some views you might like to see. I am Sir. Jekvi Marlowe, and own two or three places in this county, which are thought pretty -- and, may I give you my card '

The snowy parallelogram was here pre- ntod and a cepted with a mutual bow. The stranger was sincling oddly as Sir Jeky, introduced immedf, with an expression which he fanced he cuil read in spite of the dark, as negoving "rather old news you tell

"And and what was I going to say to oh 'yes if I can be of any use to you in promiting access to any house of pace you wish to see, I slar, be very happy. You are at present stayary at my or isomal question, the "Pleng". This allow Vol. to the me very importment and in this year in it. I seemed like to be as a to ment only in figure to some of my friends, whilether his relay allow attingers to see their juniors

This was more a ke Anadi an than True is posterioss; but the bareret was detailed to ke was about to stringer, connecting with the tions, and the laws of good brown mathematics because the growth on your work. to the transport of the first and s and appeared to tell Jack Commission of the St. of the Commission of

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the A company of the month and

the very man was in the the back, in Jekel time means insurfered Sir

But trees a dot was in chien. He wartest at Last open witness, whistwinglet, country hug out up-

lar interest in it," said the young till the edges of the ivy began to glitter in the moonleams, and the buts to trace their zig zag lines in the air; and at last he gave over expecting.

He looked back into the gloomy void of that great chamber, and listened, and felt rather angry at his queer sensations. He had not turned about when the stranger withdrew, and did not know the process of his vanishing, and for the first time it struck him. "who the plague could the feliow who called him be!"

On the whole he wished himself away, and he lighted a cigar for the sake of its vulgar associations, and made his way out of the runs, and swiftly through darkened fields toward the O.d London road; and was more comfortable than he cared to say, when he stepped through the perch into the open hall of the "Plaugh," and stopped before the light at the bar, to ask his hostess once more, quite in his old way, whether Mr. Strangways had returned.

" No, not yet; always uncertain; his come; most v overdone.

"H - is a triend with him !"

"Yes, sir, sure.

" And what is Le I ke?"

"Of ter man, Sir Jekyl, a long way than young Mr. Gny Strangways, but some relation I do think.

" When no they leave you?"

" To morrow evening, with a chaise and pass for Answorth."

"Answorth "way, that's another of my properties being has has by Jove! D is he know the abbey here is

"I rayther think not, Sir Jekyl. $\mathbf{W} \simeq \pi \mathbf{v}$ is to ease to wish dinner.

"Tyres of you don't the quiz, of the styling means, and let them Let a volumes to an intam lour; ar a f Mr. St. o zwosa she shi return ter of the Torona to see him, and search to, to at me know do ye

Directions and went, but Mr. Strongway or a not return, was h rather vexes Sir dekyr, who, how ever, left a so my for that gottleman, togetion with an extremely people note, with he wrote at the our with his featien, inviting him and his companien to Marlowe, where he would be at home any time for the next two months, and trusted they would give him a week before they left the

It was now dark, and Sir Jekyl loitered under the lamplight of his chaise for a while, in the hope that Mr. Strangways would turn up. But he did not; and the baronet jumped into the vehicle, which was forthwith

in motion.

He sat in the corner, with one foot on the cushion, and lighted a cigar. His chuckling was all over, and his quizzing, for the present. Mrs. Jones had not a notion that he was in the least uneasy, or on any but hospitable thoughts intent. But any one who now looked in his face would have seen at a glance how suddenly it had

become overcast with black care.

"Guy Strangways." he thought;

"those two names, and his wonderful likeness! Prowling about this county! Why this more than another ? He seemed to take a triumphant pleasure in telling me of his special And his fancy for this county. voice—a tenor they call it—I hate that sweet sort of voice. Those - singing fellows. I dare say he sings. They never do a bit of good. It's very odd. It's the same voice. I forgot that odd silvery sound. The same, by Jove! I'll come to the bottom of the whole thing. D- me, I will !"

Then the Baronet puffed away fast and earnestly at his cigar, and then lighted another, and after that a They steadied him, I dare say, and helped to oil the mechanism of thought. But he had not recovered his wonted cheer of mind when the chaise drew up at a pair of time-worn fluted piers, with the gable of an oldfushioned dwelling-house overlooking the road at one side. An iron gate admitted to a court-yard, and the hall door of the old gray house was opened by an old-fashioned footman with some flower on the top of his head.

Sir Jekyl jumped down.

"Your mistress quite well, hey? My daughter ready l" inquired the "Where are they? No, baronet. I'll not go up, thank you; I'll stay here," and he entered the parlour. "And, do you see, you just go up and ask your mistress if she wishes to see me."

By this time Sir Jekyl was poking up the fire and frowning down on the bars, with the flickering glare shooting over his face.

"Can the old woman have any-

thing to do with it?" Pooh! no. I'd like to see her. But who knows what sort of a temper she's in !

As he thus ruminated, the domestic with the old-fashioned livery and flowered head returned to say that his mistress would be happy to see him.

The servant conducted him up a broad stair with a great oak banister, and opening a drawingroom door, announced

"Sir Jekyl Marlowe."

He was instantly in the room, and a tall, thin old lady, with a sad and stately mien, rose up to greet him.

"How is little mamma?" cried the baronet, with his old chuckle. "An age since we met, hey? How well you

look !"

The old lady gave her thin mittened hand to her son-in-law, and looked a grim and dubious sort of welcome upon him.

"Yes, Jekyl, an age; and only that Beatrix is here, I suppose another age would have passed without my seeing you. And an old woman at my years has not many ages between her and the grave."

The old lady spoke not playfully, but sternly, like one who had suffered long and horribly, and who associated her sufferings with her visiter; and in her oblique glance was something

of profound antipathy.

Egad! you're younger than I, though you count more years. You live by clock and rule, and you show it. You're as fresh as that bunch of flowers there; while I am literally knocking myself to pieces-and I know it-by late hours, and all sorts of nonsense. So you must not be coming the old woman over me, you know, unless you want to frighten me. And how is Beatrix? How do, Beatrix? All ready, I see. Good child.

Beatrix at this moment was entering. She was tall and slightly formed, with large dark eyes, hair of soft shadowy black, and those tints of pure white and rich clear blush, scarlet lips, and pearly teeth, and long eyelashes, which are so beautiful in contrast and in harmony. She had the prettiest little white nose, and her face was formed in that decided oval which so heightens the charm of the features. She was not a tragic heroine. Her smile was girlish and natural—and the little ring of pearls between her lips longhed beautifully and very deaples played on char and case a asste surfed.

Her father kissed her, and looked at a r with a cook of that heating as he might on a good porture that be ongot to han, and turning her scaling tace, with his finger and theralenson her little dumped char,

tower Lety Adee, he said "Protty well, this girl, key f"

"The esay, dokyl, she if do very wear, she's not formed yet, you know" was stately hely Albee's qualited assent. She was one of that she dwhe he more more attailed of special term by a furner. "She to make to be like for during instead and that is a transfer dy set meter that that is a transfer eyes, to yet, another to me, and, of corresponding to yet. You'd have some tandels."

The baronet was standing, has in hand, with his consider nation, and his mark to the fire, and a cosmic or north classical at 1 starout.

"Well, as it is note, I den't

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"Show a you man, of a urse, to the late of You may have them

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W. Green with weather to the same year left. Per sales at the conflictive gradient of Detect Int. That was very wrong?

Hat you know to see were my han days, and I detest writing, and y a know I could take care of investig, and with seeing to be care of investig, and it is seeing to be territored one's adventures than to put them into letters, if no you tank to

"If one could tell them all in five minutes," replied the old lady, draly, "Well, but you'll come over to Marlowe you really must and I'll tell you everything there—the truth, the whole truth, and as much more as you like."

This invitation was repeated every year, but, like Don Juan's to the statue, was not expected to lead to a

literal visit.

"You have haunted rooms there, Jekyl," she said, with an impleasant smile and a ned. "You have not kept house in Mailowe for ten years, I think. Why do you go there now f."

"Caprine, whim, what you will," said the burenet, combing out his favourate winsker with the tips of his fingers, while be smiled on himself in the glass upon the chimneypure, "I wish a mid-tell me, for I really don't know, except that I in the dof Warton and Dartbroke, as I am of all monotony. This change, you know."

"Yes, yea the change," said the old hely with a degrated scarcasm, "The attent research below ad-

mitted Sir dekyl with a chuckle, "So you'd come to Marlowe and see us there, went you!"
"No, dekyl cortainly not," said

"No, Josyl certainty not, said the old hely with intense emphasis.

A little parse casued, during which the barries twicehed at his whosker, and a stranged to smale amusedly at him altern the glass.

"I wonder we resuld thank of asking one to Mariowe, considering all that has burge northere. I sometimes were for at moselit that I can ensure to see yet at all, doyal Mariowe, and I does thank if it were not for that does give who is so like for switted metric, I should ever set eyes on yet asome.

"The glod we have that link. You make me love Beatrix, better," be replied. He was few a ranging the cuberate breast parw in as truly which, which was at that date in volume.

"And so you are geing to keep house at Markova." responditionals stally, not recover the sentiment of his otherwise h

"Wed, a Lpa poss"

"I don't like that a use" aid the old lady with a sub-lada to be ness.

"Serry it does not pease you, little

"You know I don't like it," she

repeated.
"In that case you need not have

told me," he said.

"I choose to tell you. I'll say so as often as I see you-as often as I like.

It was an odd conference—back to back-the old lady stiff and highstaring pale and grimly at the opposite wall. The baronet looking with a quizzical smile on his handsome face in the mirror-now plucking at a whisker-now poking at a curl with his finger-tip-and now in the same light way arranging the silken fall of his neck-tie.

"There's nothing my dear little mamma can say, I'll not listen to with

pleasure."

"There is much I might say you could not listen to with pleasure. The cold was growing more intense, and bitter in tone and emphasis, as she addressed the Italian picture of Adonis and his two dogs hanging on the distant wall.

"Well, with respect, not with pleasure—no," said he, and tapped his white upper teeth with the nail of

his middle finger.

"Assuming then that you speak truth, it is high time Jekyl Marlowe that you should alter your courseshere's your daughter, just come out. It is ridiculous, your affecting the vices of youth. Make up as you will -you're past the middle age-you're an elderly man now."

"You can't vex me that way, you dear old mamma," he said with a chuckle, which looked for the first time a little vicious in the glass. "We baronets you know are all booked, and all the world can read our ages; but you women manage better—you and your two dear sisters, Winifred and Georgiana."

"They are dead," interrupted Lady Alice, with more asperity than pathos. "Yes, I know, poor old souls—to be sure, peers' daughters die like other

people, I'm afraid.

And when they do, are mentioned, if not with sorrow, at least with decent respect, by persons, that is, who know how to behave themselves."

There was a slight quiver in Lady Alice's lofty tone that pleased Sir Jekyl, as you might have remarked had you looked over his shoulder into

the glass.

"Well, you know, I was speaking not of deaths but births, and only going to say if you look in the peerage you'll find all the men, poor devils, pinned to their birth-days, and the women left at large, to exercise their veracity on the point; but you need not care—you have not pretended to youth for the last ten years I think. "You are excessively impertinent,

"I know it," answered Sir Jekyl,

with a jubilant chuckle.

A very little more, the baronet knew, and Lady Alice Redeliffe would have risen gray and grim, and sailed out of the room. Their partings were often after this sort.

But he did not wish matters to go quite that length at present. So he said, in a sprightly way, as if a sudden

thought had struck him,

"By Jove, I believe I am devilish impertinent, without knowing it though—and you have forgiven me so often, I'm sure you will once more, and I am really so much obliged for your kindness to Beatrix. I am, indeed.

So he took her hand, and kissed

CHAPTER III.

CONCERNING TWO REMARKABLE PERSONS WHO APPEARED IN WARDLOCK CHURCH.

LADY Alice carried her thin Roman nose some degrees higher; but she said-

"If I say anything disagreeable, it is not for the pleasure of giving you pain, Jekyl Marlowe; but I understand that you mean to have old General Lennox and his artful wife to stay at your house, and if so,

I think it an arrangement that had better be dispensed with. I don't think him an eligible acquaintance for Beatrix, and you know very well she's not-and it is not a respectable or creditable kind of thing."

"Now, what d—d fool. I beg pardon—but who the plague has been filling your mind with those ridicalonist meson hards of the equation You we will an tradeless, Note in 1997, at least of Theory of econy tring and Lagrangian was Lie of withing from Siles 2001 booking 1 knows. Fat so a confit y postures and states I've seen to be out pieces

"Then its true, the general and has with the group on a visit to Mar lower the stell Law Ance dray.

" Note by each to Decomes I in not transplay at the general and his wife, for or any such of all their pervection give sometimes to know whether devils from a trees dead of attention With the Color of the

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"I woner, Jokyl, you ask for them, in the first place.

"We we got course, but what next in a narroot the Laronet, eager-

iy . " way is it westrange."

"Only to this live been thinking of them, sa great deal, for the last few days, and it some lavely odd your costings, and, in fact, I takey the same the principal constants.

"Were tarble, but what is it dentabled the baronet, with a shaster

"They been started, most pain fally extrement any affected. Playe soon the most extracolanary tesome bearing to my beautiful, murder d Gil

She rose, and wept presimately stated by, with her face based in fact

Landon Cost

Su dekely weed well about over and appears I to e. We be like a graphed to a post to so that for the ereber of the time week he had continues New restain west at court in some and a toll to a bw no bearing of the state of

" L .w : of the Barrell Marine Commence the Steady was a second of the Free set has to be a set of a transfer of the second of the mask varieties of the Schrift of the whole the second of y new terms in the period of

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" Visit Lines No. of the second .. 1 and I was now

condition of the exand I have been the self-the self-the per in hear new years to the processing

thing; and I thought that you, perhaps, had heard something of their movements."

"Nothing—what could they have done, or why should they have sought to make any such impression ! I don't understand it. It is very extraordinary. But the likeness in church amazed and shocked me, and made me ill."

me ill."
"In church, you say," repeated Sir Jekyl.

"Yes, in church," and she told him, in her own way, what I shall tell in mine, as follows:—

Last Sunday she had driven in her accustomed state, with Beatrix, to Wardlock church. The church was hardly five hundred yards away, and the day bright and dry. But Lady Alice always arrived and departed in the coach, and sat in the Redcliffe seat in the centre of the gallery. She and Beatrix sat face to face at opposite sides of the pew.

As Lady Alice looked with her cold and steady glance over the congregation in the aisle, during the interval of silence that precedes the commencement of the service, a tall and graceful young man, with an air of semi-foreign fashion, entered the clurch, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, of whom she took comparatively little note.

The young man and his friend were ushered into a seat confronting the gallery. Lady Alice gazed and gazed transfixed with astonishment and horror. The enamelled miniature on her bosom was like; but there, in that clear melancholy face, with its large eyes and wavy hair, was a resurrection! In that animated sculpture were delicate tracings and touches of nature's chisel, which the artist had failed to represent, which even memory had neglected to fix, but which all now returned with the startling sense of identity in a moment.

She had put on her gold spectacles, as she always did on taking her seat, and opening her "Morning Service," bound in purple Russia, with its golden clasp and long ribbons fringed with the same precious metal, with the intent to mark the proper psalms and lessons at her haughty leisure. She therefore saw the moving image of her dead son before her, with an agonizing distinctness that told like a blight of palsy on her face.

She saw his elderly companion also distinctly. A round-shouldered man with his short caped cloak still on. A grave man with a large, high, bald forehead, a thin, hooked nose, and great hanging moustache and beard. A dead and ominous face enough, except for the piercing glance of his gray eyes, under very thick brows, and just the one you would have chosen out of a thousand portraits, for a plotting high-priest or an old magician.

45

This magus fixed his gaze on Lady Alice, not with an ostentation of staring, but sternly from behind the dark embrasure of his brows; and leaning a little sideways, whispered something in the ear of his young companion, whose glance at the same moment was turned with a dark and fixed interest upon the old lady.

It was a very determined stare on both sides, and of course ill-bred. but mellowed by distance. The congregation were otherwise like other country congregations, awaiting the offices of their pastor, decent, listless, while this great stare was going on, so little becoming the higher associations and solemn aspect of the place. It was, with all its conventional screening, a fierce desperate scrutiny, cutting the dim air with a steady congreve fire that crossed and glared unintermittent by the ears of deceased gentlemen in ruffs and grimy doublets, at their posthumous devotions, and brazen knights praying on their backs, and under the eyes of all the gorgeous saints with glories round their foreheads in attitudes of benediction or meekness, who edified believers from the eastern window.

Lady Alice drew back in her pew. Beatrix was in a young-lady reverie, and did not observe what was going on. There was nothing indeed to make it very conspicuous. But when she looked at Lady Alice, she was shocked at her appearance, and instantly crossed and said—

"I am afraid you are ill, grandmamma; shall we come away?"

The old lady made no answer, but got up and took the girl's arm, and left the seat very quietly. She got down the gallery stairs, and halted at the old window on the landing, and sate there a little, ghastly and still mute.

The cold air circulating upward from the porch revived her.

"I m better, child," said she faintly,
"Thank God," said the girl, whose
terror at her state proved how in
tensely agitated the old lady must
have been."

Mrs. Wratties, the sextoness, emerging at that moment, with repeated courtesies, and whispered condocnee and inquiries; Lady Alice, with a still condescension, prayed her to call her woman, Mason, to her

So Lady Alice, leaning slenderly on Mason's stout arm, insisted that Beatrix should return and sit out the service; and she herself, for the first time within the memory of man, returned from Warollock church on foot, instead of inher coach. Beatrix waited until the congregation had nearly dispersed it est and dispersed, before making her soutary dispersed.

When Beatrix came down, without a chap-ron, at the close of the rector's discourse, the flowered for tman in livery, with his gold-headed came, stood as usual at the coach door only to receive her, and convey the order to the coachman, "Leone,"

The churchyard gate, as is usual, I believe, in old places of that kind, opens at the south side, and the road to Wardiock manor leads along the churchyard wait and round the corner of it at a sharp angle just at the point where the claimsy old stone manodoum or visit of the Deveroll family overlooks the road, with its worm plasters and beetle browed corners.

Now that was a Sunday of wonders. It had with said Loby Addes pedestrian return from church, an act of humanators, a most of became, such as the mem ty of Wardisk could farmish to pure the and now it was to see an ther perfent, for her lady-hip-cown gray recess fat and transpire to sets, who has pulsed for to and trem of mole to: I know not how many years, under the four strathen of the arethermed to dr. with exemplaty sodate to se, on this and offering Sabbert took toget at a notice asper formance of two boys, one polyn gifts Jew a harp and the other dimmering tandeurine wise on his hat, and anistente dutter and retotth, est off at a gailor, to the terror of all concerned, toward fone. Making treshort turn of the road, where the tomb of the Deverells everlangs it from the churchyard, the near gray came down, and his off-neighbour reared and plunged frightfully.

The young lady did not scream, but, very much terrified, she made voluble inquiries of the air and hedges from the window, while the purple coachman pulled hard from the box, and spoke confortably to his horses, and the footman, standing out of reach of danger, talked also in his own yein.

Simultaneously with all this, as if emerging from the ebl mansoleum, there sprung over the churchyard fence, exactly under its shadow, that young man who had excited emotions a various in the baronet and in Lady Alice, and seized the horse by the head with both bands, and so corporated that in less than a minute the two horses were removed from the carriage, and he standing, hat in hand, before the wardow, to assure the young haly that an was quite safe new.

So she descended, and the grave footman, with the hibbe and prayer book, forlowed her steps with his gold-headed rod of office, while the ithe and handsome youth, his hat still in air winch styred less rich curls, walked beside her with some thingof that ron ant edeterance which in one so elegant and handsome has an incorposable sentinent of the tender up it.

He wasked to the door of Wardlock mater, and I purposely omit alhe said, because I doubt whether it would look as well in this moxecutionicle, type, as it sounded from his ages in Beatrix Mariowe's pretty

It the steaker succeed with his audictice, we've it be can oratory determined in Peatr vs car a music, in her takey it beaven loke image, a combination of thit, and outline, and eligatice, which toads every room and some without it lifeless, and every other elegatic beaven to fix any. These lift unteld inners one are of course his blocks to a sixt van superty quick's in abstract, and to be supersided even some. Therefore it would be unwarranted to say that she was in love, with ugh I can to eve that she was hunted by that lightly to each young gentle man.

This latter portion of the adventure was not divulged by old Lady Alice, because Beatrix, I suppose, forgot to tell her, and she really knew nothing about it. All the rest, her own observation and experience, she related with a grim and candid particularity.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREEN CHAMBER AT MARLOWS.

So the baronet, with a rather dreary chuckle, said:

"I don't think, to say truth, there is anything in it. I really can't see why the plague I should bore myself about it. You know your pew in the middle of the gallery, with that painted natchment thing, you know"

"Respect the dead," said Lady Alice, looking down with a dry seve-

rity on the table.
"Well, yes; I mean, you know, it is so confoundedly conspicuous, I can't wonder at the two fellows, the old and young, staring a bit at it, and, perhaps, at you, you know," said Sir Jekyl, in his impertinent vein. "But I agree with you, they are no ghosts, and I really shan't trouble my head about them any more. I wonder I was such a fool—hey? But, as you say, you know, it is unpleasant to be reminded of-of those things; it can't be helped now though.

"Now, nor ever," said Lady Alice

grimly.
"Exactly; neither now, nor ever," repeated Sir Jekyl; "and we both know it can't possibly be poor-I mean any one concerned in that transaction, so the likeness must be accidental, and therefore of no earthly significance—eh l'

Lady Alice, with elevated brows. fiddled in silence with some crumbs on the table with the tip of her thin

finger.
"I suppose Beatrix is ready; may

I ring the bell?

"Oh! here she is. Now, bid grand-mamma good night," said the baronet.

So, slim and pretty Beatrix, in her cloak, stooped down and placed her arms about the neck of the old lady, over whose face came a faint flush of tender sunset, and her old gray eyes looked very kindly on the beautiful young face that stooped over her, as she said, in a tone that, however, was stately-

"Good-bye, my dear child; you are warm enough-you are certain f"

"Oh! yes, dear grandmamma—my cloak, and this Cashinere thing.

"Well, darling, good night. You'll not forget to write—you'll not fail ! Good night, Beatrix, dear-good-bye.' "Good night," said the baronet, taking the tips of her cold fingers together, and addressing himself to kiss her check, but she drew back, in one of her whims, and said, stiffly—"There—not to-night. Good-bye,

Jekyl."
"Well," chuckled he after his wont, "another time; but mind, you're to

come to Marlowe."

He did not care to listen to what she replied, but he called from the stairs, as he ran down after his daughter-

"Now, mind, I won't let you off this time; you really must come. Good night, au revoir-good night."

I really think that exemplary old lady hated the baronet, who called her "little mamma," and invited her every year, without meaning it, most good-naturedly, to join his party under the ancestral roof-tree. He took a perverse sort of pleasure in these affectionate interviews, in fretting her not very placed temper—in patting her, as it were, wherever there was a raw, and in fondling her against the grain, so that his caresses were cruel, and their harmony, such as it was, amounted to no more than a flimsy deference to the scandalous world.

But Sir Jekyl knew that there was nothing in this quarter to be gained in love by a different tactique; there was a dreadful remembrance, which no poor lady has ostrich power to digest, in the way; it lay there, hard, cold, and irreducible; and the morbid sensation it produced was hatred. He knew that "little mamma," humanly speaking, ought to hate him. His mother indeed she was not; but only the step-mother of his deceased wife. Mother-in-law is not always a very sweet relation, but with the prefix "step" the chances are worse.

There was, however, as you will by and by see, a terrible accident, or something, niways remembered, glid-ing in and cut of Wardlock mainer like the barone's double, waiking in behind min when he visited her, like his evil gen us, and when they met affectionately, standing between them, black and seewing, with cleenical fits.

Now, pretty Beatrix sat in the right corner of the entitet, and Sir Jeayl, her father, in the left. The lamps were lighted, and though there was moonlight, for they had a long stretch of read, always dark, because densely embowered in the forest of Peniake. There over tier, file behind five, hodding together, the great trees bent over like gigantic warriors plannes, and made a solemn shadow always between their ranks.

Marlowe was quite new to Beatrix; but still too distant, two we unless away, to tempt for to look out and make observations as she would on a nearer approach.

"You don't orbest to my smoking a cigar. Beating to The smoke goes out of the wind wy you know," said the basen't after they had driven about a mile in scene.

What young lady, so appealed to by a parent, ever old object to The fact is, Sir Jokyl did not give himself the trouble to a sten to her answer, but was rectainst y that king of something quite different, as he lighted his mater.

When he threw his last stump out of the wireless they were driving through Percece Freet, and the language through the end on tooken rows of wringed true so and two

"I supersecte that you all about it the of the southern pursuing his own train of the east

"We to man not Beating.

"Theory was a period array single of here y place by granding thous I have to Social estate, we have be or old with the Architecture of this estate of the control of the c

Sir Joky 1, a Collafter his wont, as it were retween the tars of this restation in literasked .

following the partengers of the

adventure on Sunday that young fellow, you know f

Miss Beatrix had heard no such interrogatory from her grandinamus, whose observations in the clurch aisie were quite as unknown to her; and thus far the question of Sir Jekyl was a shock.

"Dul not grandmamma tell you

about it C be pursued.

"About what, papa !" asked Beatrix, who was glad that it was dark.

"About her illness a young tellow in a pew down in the as a staring at her. By Jove 'one would have fancied that sort of thing pretty well over. Tell me all about it."

The fact was that this was the first she had leard of it.

"Grandmamma tool me nothing of it," said she.

"And old not you see what occurred to Did not you see him strong to asked he.

Beatrix truly denied.

"You young hairs are always thinking of yourserves. So you saw nothing, and have nothing to tell the that will do!" said Sir Jekyl, dryly; and saone is turned.

Beatrex was relieved on discovering that her little adventure was unsuspected. Very little was there in it, and nething to reflect blame upon her. From her exaggeration of its importance, and her quining as she fame of her tather was approaching it, I conclude that the young gentleman had interested her a attic.

And now, as Sir dekyi in one corner of the tolong chariot brooded in the dark ever his disappointed cornectures, so del pretty Featry, in the other speculate on the sentences when had just failen from his lips, and longed to dopine some further parter ars, but, somehow, dared not

Could that tall and hardsome young non, who had come to be results on a necessity the gent of many to the second to the second to the second to the early because the terms—have teen the indivious whose gaze had see my-terminal and could be gradenecement. What could the gradenecement to the could have been that were perfect to the man for the exception of the man for Was he a resistant for Was he another of that provide family to the wisteness, that the yawking sea or gray will

sometimes yield up to plague the

guilty or the usurper?

For all or any of these parts he seemed too young. Yet Beatrix fancied instinctively that he could be no other than the basilisk who had exercised so strange a spell over her grim, but withal kind old kinswoman.

Was there not, she thought, something peculiar in the look he threw across the windows of old stonefronted Wardlock manor-reserved, curious, half smiling-as if he looked on an object which he had often heard described, and had somehow, from personal associations or otherwise, an interest in? It was but a momentary glance just as he took his leave; but there was, she thought, that odd character in it.

By this time the lamps were flashing on the village windows and shopfronts; and at the end of the corner and gabled street, under a canopy of dark trees, stood the great iron gate

of Marlowe.

Sir Jekyl rubbed the glass and looked out when they halted at the gate. The structures of his fancy had amused him, rather fearfully indeed, and he was surprised to find that they were entering the grounds of Marlowe so soon.

He did not mind looking out, or speaking to the old gatekeeper, who pulled open the great barriers, but lay back in his corner sullenly, in the attitude of a gentleman taking a nap.

Beatrix, however, looked out inquisitively, and saw by the misty moonlight a broad level studded with majestic timber—singly, in clumps, and here and there in solemn masses and soon rose the broad-fronted gabled house before them, with its steep roofs and its hospitable clumps of twisted chimneys showing black against the dim sky.

Miss Marlowe's maid, to whom the scene was quite as new as to her mistress, descended from the back seat, in cloaks and mufflers, and stood by the hall-door steps, that shone white in the moonlight, before their

summons had been answered.

Committing his daughter to her care, the baronet—who was of a bustling temperament, and never drank tea except from motives of gallantry—called for Mrs. Gwynn, the housekeeper, who presently appeared.

She was an odd-looking woman -VOL LXV.-NO. CCCLXXXV.

some years turned of fifty, thin, with a longish face and a fine, white, glazed There was something queer about her eyes; you soon discovered it to arise from their light colour and something that did not quite match in their pupils.

On entering the hall, where the baronet had lighted a candle, having thrown his hat on the table, and merely loosed his muffler and one or two buttons of his outside coat, she smiled a chill glance of welcome with her pale lips, and dropped two sharp

little courtesies.

"Well, old Donica, and how do ye do?" said the baronet, smiling, with a hand on each thin grey silk shoulder. "Long time since I saw you. But, egad, you grow younger and younger, you pretty old rogue;" and he gave her pale, thin cheek a playful tap with his fingers.

"Pretty well, please, Sir Jekyl, thank ye," she replied, receding a little with dry dignity. "Very wel-come, sir, to Marlowe. Miss Beatrix looks very well, I am happy to see; and you, sir, also."

"And you're glad to see us, I

know ?"

"Certainly, sir, glad to see you," said Mrs. Gwynn, with another short

courtesy. "The servants not all come ? No. nor Ridley with the plate. He'll arrive to-morrow; and—and we shall have the house full in little more than a week. Let us go up and look at the rooms; I forget them almost, by Jove—I really do—it's so long since. Light you another, and we'll do very well."

"You'll see them better by daylight, sir. I kept every thing well aired and clean. The house looks wonderful—it do," replied Mrs. Gwynn, accompanying the baronet up the

broad oak stairs.

"If it looks as fresh as you, Donica, it's a miracle of a house—egad! you're a wonder. How you skip by my side, with your little taper, like a

sylph in a ballet, egad !"

"You wear pretty well yourself, Sir Jekyl," drily remarked the whitefaced sylph, who had a sharp perpendicular line between her eyebrows, indicative of temper.

"So they tell me, by Jove. We're pretty well on through, Donnie-eh? Every one knows my age—printed you know in the red book. You've the advantage of me there eh. Don!

"I'm inst fifty four, sir, and I don't care it all the world knowd it.

"All the world's curious, I dure say on the point; but I shau't tell them, old Gwynn," said Sir Jekyl.

"Curious or no, sir, its just the truth, and I don't care to hide it. Past that folly now, sir, and I don't care if I wor seventy, and a steppin' like a--

" A sylph," supplied he.

"Yes a sylph into my grave. It's a bad world, and them that's suffered in it, soon tires on it, sir.

" You have not had a great deal to trouble you. Notiner chick, nor child, nor husband, egad! So here West and the

They were now standing on the gallery at the head of the great stair-

"These are the rooms your letter says are not turnished out. Let us come to the front gallery.

So, first walking down the gallery in which they were, to the right, and then entering a passage by a turn on the left, they received the front gailery which tuns paradel to that at the head of the stats.

"Where have you put Postrix (

"She wished the room next mine, please, sir, up stairs, answered the housekeeper.

" Near the front which

- "The left side, please, sir, as you
- look from the front, replied she, "From the front," he repeated, "Trom the front," say to territed.
- "Over there, then to be said, to diting unward to the left.
- "That will be about it, sir, she Buswered.

" How many rooms have we here in a row (" he asked, facing down the gallery, with its pile of doors at each

"Four bed-rooms and three dressing rooms at each side."

" Av, well now, I'll tell you who's coming, and how to dispose of them.

S Sir Jekyl quartered his friends, as he listed, and then said he

" And the large room at the other end, here to the right come along."

And Sir Jekyl marched briskly in

the direction indicated.

"Thouse, sir," said the slim, pale housekeeper, with the odd leer in her eye, overtaking him quietly.

" Ay, here it is, said he, not minding her, and busing open the door of a dressing room at the end of the gallery. Inside this, I remember.

"But that's the green chamber, sir," continued Mis. Gwynn, girling lesde him as he traversed the floor.

"The room we call Sir Harry's room, I know capital room chif "I don't suppose," began the pale lady, with a same ter sharpness,

"Well " he demanded, looking down in her tage a little granty.

" It's the green chamber, sir," she said, with a lead emphalis,

"Yest said to before, chif" he rephot.

" Vol I del not suppose, sir, you'd think of parting any one there, "she coathrod.

"Then you rejust as green as the chardend said Sir Jekyl, with a يظم اللث

And no obtained the room, holding be a come in the main, and looking are it a maxinto currently, the light tree hard sharp pelial tage of Donica Gwynn i llowing lain.

CHAPTER V.

P. R. PERS PERSONNEL COM CERTS COM AND CROOK P.

The i ground held I so well help in and a linear school of trival Line impositively. The transfer of keeper with the real cities of their her oud as a dropped a cotacy to ward the floor, at the content of the room, held networking electricity and finger and them's her none tenne , 7. -- -- ·· 1.

The room was large, and the light insufficient. Stal you could not be per-

used that a platfor that it must be, in stay, 200, a to a show of cortal one. It was in the aid any, with a great how with war kind to the front of the business of which it compared the extreme with resolute about ten feet Long the level of the more ancient trentage of the lause. The walls were covered with stanced leather. electly green and gold, and the whole all of the foom, even in its unarranged

state, though somewhat quaint and faded, was wonderfully gay and cozy.

"This is the green chamber, sir," she repeated, with her brows raised and her eyes still lowered askance, and some queer wrinkles on her forehead, as she nodded a sharp bitter emphasis.

"To be sure it is, damme!—why not?" he said, testily, and then burst

into a short laugh.

"You're not a going, I suppose, Sir Jekyl, to put any one into it i" said she.

"I don't see, for the life of me, why I should not—eh? a devilish comfortable room."

"Hem! I can't but suppose you are a joking me, Sir Jekyl," persisted

the gray silk phantom.

"Egad! you forget how old we're growing; why the plague should I quiz you? I want the room for old General Lennox, that's all—though I'm not bound to tell you for whom I want it—am I?"

"There's a plenty o' rooms without this one, Sir Jekyl," persevered the

lady, sternly.

"Plenty, of course; but none so good," said he, carelessly.

"No one ever had luck that slept in it," answered the oracle, lifting her odd eyes and fixing them on Sir Jekyl.

"I don't put them here for luck. We want to make them comfortable, answered Sir Jekyl, poking at the furniture as he spoke.

"You know what was your father's wish about it, sir ?" she insisted.

"My father's wish—egad he did not leave many of his wishes unsatisfied—eh?" he answered, with anther chuckle.

"And your poor lady's wish," she said, a good deal more sharply.

"I don't know why the devil I'm talking to you, old Gwynn," said the baronet, turning a little fiercely about. "Dying wishes," emphasized she.

"It is time, heaven knows, all that stuff should stop. You slept in it yourself, in my father's time. I remember you, here, Donica, and I don't think I ever heard that you saw a ghost-did I?" he said, with a sarcastic chuckle.

She darted a ghastly look to the far end of the chamber, and then with a strange half-frozen fury, she said-

"I wish you good-night, Sir Jekyl." And glided like a shadow out of the

"Saucy as ever, by Jupiter," he

ejaculated, following her with his glance, and trying to smile; and as the door shut, he looked again down the long apartment as she had just done, raising the candle again.

The light was not improved of course by the disappearance of Mrs. Gywnn's candle, and the end of the room was dim and unsatisfactory. The great four-poster, with dark curtains, and a plume at each corner, threw a vague shadow on the back wall and up to the ceiling, as he moved his candle, which at the distance gave him an uncomfortable sensation, and he stood for a few seconds sternly there, and then turned on his heel and quitted the room, saying aloud as he did so-

"What a d-d fool that old wo-

man is—always was !"

If there was a ghost there, the baronet plainly did not wish it to make its exit from the green chamber by the door, for he locked it on the outside, and put the key in his pocket. Then, crossing the dressing-room I have mentioned, he entered the passage which crosses the gallery in which he and Mrs. Gwynn, a few minutes before, had planned their dispositions. The dressing-room door is placed close to the window which opens at the end of the corridor in the front of the house. Standing with his back to this he looked down the long passage, and smiled.

For a man so little given to the melodramatic, it was a very well expressed smile of mystery. The smile of a man who knows something which others don't suspect, and would be

surprised to learn.

It was the baronet's fancy, as it had been his father's and his grandfather's before him, to occupy very remote quarters in this old house. Solitary birds, their roost was alone.

Candle in hand, Sir Jekyl marched down this long gaunt passage, which strikes rearward so inflexibly; crossing the gallery he had just visited, and then the second great gallery which runs parallel to the first, and at last reaching the head of a back staircase after a march of a hundred and forty feet, which I have measured.

Here was a door at his left which he opened, and found himself in his

own bed-room.

You would have said on looking about you that it was the bed-room of an old conquigner or of a natty. ganokeeper a follow who rather liked reagaing it, and had formed tastes in the matter like the great Dake of Well hat on. The furniture was sould and prove and looked like varus > localita Frees in bed, narrow, with countrient and a pagin white coverlet, like what one might expect in a bit, excitanatory or an n spiral, a bittle stup of careet lying by the body and a small soyune of Turkey super under the table by the the, burly back the shaning nor formity of the dark cakethor, a care of spectrizing to the decorated the sides. of the chimicay poore, and an oil pertract of a grey launter lang in the in delice. There were fishing rods and a processes, I digree say the keys were I stort many, they is hear so old and

The barenet's luggage, relieved of its the kyapanto reasons layen the then, with restrictions and traveling desk. A possible the furth in the gave, and a crisis a undate of was lights, with at which Sindaksh, such was his to all arity, could not ex produce of the chalifier.

As to prote ris touch at his honely little or essag table, the both eacht Leaving your branches of mais " My there.

" Y

with letter a people by the news-papers, st. If some and sees As a to. Mas Bratia I in 27 have

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dispensed the inestimable treasures of his eigar-case.

Now, the baronet stood over his table, with a weed between his lips, tale in his flowered silk dressinggown, his open hands shoving apart the pile of atters, as a conjurer at an exhibition spicials his pack of cards. "Ha" poor little thing?" he min-

"Ha poor little thing! mured, with a sly simper, in a petting tone, as he plucked an envelope, addiesed in a lasty's hand, between two fingers, care-su 2ly, from the miscel lancous assecting i.t.

He looked at it, but reserved it as a bon bookle in his waistout pecket, and parsued his examination.

There were several from invited guests, who were either coming or not, with the customary expressions, and were tossed together in a little isolated litter for conference with Mrs. Gwynn in the morning.

"Not a line from Pelter and Crowe! the ded tellows don't waste their ink upon me except when they furnish their costs. It's a farce paying fellows to look after one's business and one ever does it but vourself. If those fellows were worth their bread and buttor they disaye known all about thes thing, whatever it is, and I'd have had it al. book do so it, to night,

Sac Jokyl, it must be centessed, was not quite expessent about this affair of the mysterious young gentleman, As I was cause a selver we libber of reasons have seen, he homeelf had and zen times protested chainst the possess by of there being anything in the factor how he was sometical comto yet the same zhronespectable Landon atter-oted and a move than them share har with the soid offer of the "will bag

The two sonly I stake to a was as a second within the century Aim effect to now is a second of a second to rest of 18 fest soing the young The second of the second of the perfect of a second of the perfect of the second wavelength the second of the seco from grade control the stateway under the size of the Whitelett per a consequent of the act of the state of principle to a mode which some one of vicinity control down in the control specific is being the state of the s the second of the second we resulted in that it with the second to make A control of the section of the sect

sport dien they give Sudenyl what evening to Suns enough-

stuff—those fellows have come down here. Bosh! looking after my property. I'd take my oath they are advised by some lawyer; and if Pelter and Crowe were sharp they'd know by whom, and all about it, by Jove!"

Sir Jekyl jerked the stump of his cigar over his shoulder into the grate as he muttered this, looking surlily down on the unprofitable papers that

strewed the table.

He stood thinking, with his back to the fire, and looking rather cross and perplexed, and so he sat down and wrote a short letter. It was to Pelter and Crowe, but he began, as he did not care which got it, in his usual way—

"My Dear Sir,—I have reason to suspect that those ill-disposed people, who have often threatened annoyance, are at last seriously intent You will be good on mischief. enough, therefore, immediately to set on foot inquiries here and at the other side of the water respecting the movements of the Dwho, I fancy, are at the bottom of an absurd though possibly troublesome demonstration. I don't fear them, of course. But I think you will find that some members of that family are at present in this country, and disposed to be troublesome. You will see, therefore, the urgency of the affair, and will better know than I where and how to prosecute the ne-cessary inquiries. I do not, of course, apprehend the least danger from their machinations; but you have always thought annoyance possible; and if any be in store for me, I should rather not have to charge it upon our supineness. You will, therefore, exert your vigilance and activity on my behalf, and be so good as to let me know, at the earliest possible day which, I think, need not be later than Wednesday next—the result of your inquiries through the old channels. I am a little disappointed, in fact, at not having heard from you

before now on the subject.
"Yours, my (sir.

"JELIL

Sir Jekyl 1

and, as a rule, commanded his temper very creditably in that vehicle. But all people who had dealings with him knew very well that the rich baronet was not to be trifled with. So, understanding that it was strong enough, he sealed it up for the postoffice in the morning, and dropped it into the post-bag, and with it the unpleasant subject for the present.

And now, a little brandy and water, and the envelope in the well-known female hand; and he laughed a little over it, and looked at himself in the glass with a vaunting complacency, and shook his head playfully at the envelope. It just crossed his sunshine like the shadow of a flying vapour. "That cross-grained old Gwynn would not venture to meddle?" But the envelope was honestly closed, and showed no signs of having been fiddled with.

He made a luxury of this little letter, and read it in his easy chair, with his left leg over the arm, with the fragrant accompaniment of a

"Jealous, by Jove!" he ejaculated in high glee; "little fool, what's put that in your head?"

"Poor, little, fluttering, foolish thing!" sang the baronet, and then laughed, not cynically but indulgently

"How audacious the little fools are upon paper! Egad it's a wonder there is not twice as much mischief in the world as actually happens. We must positively burn this little extravagance."

But before doing so he read it over again; then smiling still, he gallantly touched it to his lips, and re-perused it as he drew another cigar from the treasury of incense which he carried about him. He lighted the note, but did not apply it to his cigar, I am bound to say—partly from a fine feeling, and partly, I am afraid, because he thought that paper spoiled the flavour of his tobacco. So, with a sentimental smile, a gentle shrug, and a sigh of the Laurence Sterne pattern, he converted that dangerous little scrawl into ashes—and he thought, as he inhaled his weed—

"It is well for you, poor li fanatics, that we men take bet of you than you do of you sometimes!"

No doubt; and Sir Jekyl

he was thinking only of his imprudent been impleasantly compromised also little correspondent, although there was another person in whom he was nearly interested, who might have

if that document had fallen into many hands

CHAPTER VI.

SIR JENYL'S ROOM IS VISITED

IT was near one o'clock. Sir Jekyl yawned and wound up his watch, and looked at his bed as if he would like to be in a wathout the to tible of getting there; and at that moment there came a sharp knock at his door, which startled him, for he theught all his people were a sleep by that time, "Who's there i" he demanded in a

loud key.

"It's me, sir, please," said Donica Gwynn's voice.

"Come in, will you (" cried be; and she entered.

" Are you sick C he asked.

"No, sa, thank you," she replied,

with a sharp courte-y.

"You bok so plazity pale. Well, I'm glad you're not. But what the den e can you want of me at this hour traght to like

"It's only about that room, sir."

"Oh, carse the room" Talk a sat it in the morning. You ought to have been may in believe bear and "So I was, sir, but I could not

sleep, sir, for thinking of it.

"Well, goldack and think of it, if you must. How can I step you? Don't be a full old Gwynn.

"No noted with singularity if I can be test in it. Is we are, the most on us, but I are due t sloop as I said, for timking of coard so I thought I digist plat on my thates agen at leader and try it you, e.r. modified strong.

"Well, who see I'm up; but I want to get to be a towying and not to task bereas at weeting body, and von most hat he me do it that green of culturate violation to mostly like a good of zero, it was don'the more to wast to

Missian water a seried consider a rest in my less but a I said, soon 2 no be a first to seep in the see in it. went rever dec. It went. Tean't stat i it

"Stand what I Egal, it seems to me you're demented, my good old Donica.

"No, Sir Jekyl." She persisted, with a grim resolution, to say out her say. You know very well, sir, what's running in my head. You know it's for no good any one sleeps there. General Lannox, ye say; well an good. You know well what a loss Mr. Guy Redeliffe met with in that room in Sir Harry, your father's time.

"And you slept in it, did not you,

and saw something t | Eh t' | "Yes, I did," she said, in a sudden fury, with a little stamp on the floor, and a pale, staring frown.

After a breatile sepanse of a second

or two she resumed.

"And you know what your poor Laly saw there, and never held up Ler Lead again. And well you know, sir, how your father, Sir Harry, on his death bod, desired it should be walled up, when you were no more than a boy; and your good lady did the same nearly a year after, when the was a dying. And I tell ye, Sir Jekyl, ye il sup serrow yourself yet if you don't. And take a fool's counsel, and shut up that door, and never let trend or for in laman shape sleep there; for well I know it's not ter notice z, with your dead father's dving on mand, and your poor dear lidy's dya 2 entreaty against it, that you just any one to sleep there. I d not have who this General Lannox may be a good gentler an or a bad; i uf I in sure it s for no rightcons reason he's to be there. You would not don't for nothing.

This harangue was uttered with a strange and snarp velubility, which, as the phrase is, took Sir Jokyl abook. He was analy, but he was also per-pected and a little stunned by the imexpected velocities of his old househoper's assault, and he stated at her with a rather bewildered e-WifeLatice

"You're devilish importment," at last he said, with an effort. "You rant there like a madwoman, just

because I like you, and you've been in our family, I believe, since before I was born; you think you may say what you like. The house is mine, I believe, and I rather think I'll do what I think best in it while I'm here."

"And you going to sleep in this room!" she broke in. "What else

can it be !"

"You mean—what the devil do you mean !" stammered the baronet again, unconsciously assuming the defensive.

"I mean you know very well what, Sir Jekyl," she replied.

"It was my father's room, hey? when I was a boy, as you say. It's good enough for his son, I suppose; and I don't ask you to lie in the green chamber.'

"I'll be no party, sir, if you please, to any one lying there," she observed, with a stiff courtesy, and a sudden

hectic in her cheek.

"Perhaps you mean because my door's a hundred and fifty feet away from the front of the house, if any mischief should happen, I'm too far away—as others were before me-to prevent it, eh? said he, with a flurried sneer.

"What I mean, I mean, sir-you ought not; that's all. You won't take it amiss, Sir Jekyl—I'm an old

servant—I'm sorry, sir; but I'a made up my mind what to do."
"You're not thinking of any folly, surely? You seemed to me always too much afraid, or whatever you call it, of the remembrance, you know, of what you saw there—eh? - I don't know, of course, what—to speak of it to me. I never pressed you, because you seemed-you know you did-to have a horror; and surely you're not going now to talk among the servants or other people. You can't be far from five-and-thirty years in the family.'

"Four-and-thirty, Sir Jekyl, next April. It's a good while; but I won't see no more o' that; and unless the green chamber be locked up, at the least, and used no more for a bedroom, I'd rather go, sir. Nothing may happen, of course, Sir Jekylit's a hundred to one nothing would happen; but ye see, sir, I've a feeling about it, sir; and there has been these things ordered by your father that was, and by your poor lady, as makes me feel queer. Nothing being done accordingly, and I could not rest upon it, for sooner or later it would come to this, and stay I could not. I judge no one—Heaven forbid, Sir Jekyl-oh, no! my own conscience is as much as I can look to; so, sir, if you please, so soon as you can suit yourself I'll leave, sir."

"Stuff! old Gwynn; don't mind talking to-night," said the baronet more kindly than he had spoken before; "we'll see about it in the morning. Good night. We must not quarrel about nothing. I was only a schoolboy when you came to us, you

know."

But in the morning "old Gwynn" was resolute. She was actually going, so soon as the master could suit himself. She was not in a passion, nor in a panic, but in a state of gloomy and ominous obstinacy.

"Well, you'll give me a little time, won't you, to look about me?" said

the baronet, peevishly.

"Such is my intention, sir." "And see, Gwynn, not a word about that—that green chamber, you know, to Miss Beatrix.

" As you please, sir.

"Because if you begin to talk, they'll all think we are haunted."

"Whatever you please to order, sir." "And it was not-it was my grandfather, you know, who built it.

"Ah, so it was, sir;" and Gwynn looked astonished and shook her head, as though cowed by the presence of a master-spirit of evil.

"One would fancy you saw his ghost, Gwynn; but he was not such a devil as your looks would make him, only a bit wild, and a favourite with the women, Gwynn-always the best judge of merit- hey? Beau Marlowe they called him—the best dressed man of his day. How the devil could such a fellow have any harm in him ("

There is a fine picture, full length, of Beau Marlowe, over the chimneypiece of the great hall of Marlowe. He has remarkably gentlemanlike hands and legs; the gloss is on his silk stockings still. His features are handsome, of that type which we conventionally term aristocratic; high. and smiling with a Louis Quato insolence. He wears a verv i of cut velvet, of a rich. the technical name of w

He was of the gilded and powdered

youth of his day.

He certainly was a bandsome fellow, this builder of the "green chamber," and he has not placed his candle under a bushel. He shines in many parts of the old house, and has repeated himself in all manner of becoming suits. You see him, three-quarters, in the parlour, in blue and silver; you meet him in crayon, and again in small oil, oval; and you have him in haif a dozen miniatures.

We mention this ancestor chiefly because when his aunt, Ludy Mary, left him a legacy, he added the green

chamber to the house.

It seems odd that Sir Jekyl, not fifty yet, should have had a grandfather who was a fashionable and wicked notoriety of nature years, and who had built an addition to the family mansion so long as a handred and thirty years ago. But this gentleman had married late, as rakes sometimes do, and his son, Sir Harry, married still later—somewhere about seventy; having been roused to this uncomfortable exertion by the proprietorial airs of a nephew who was next in succession. To this matrimonial explosion Sir Jekyl owed his entrance and agreeable sojourn upon the earth.

"I won't ask you to stay now; you're in a state. I'll write to town for Sinnott, as you insist on it; but you won't leave us in confusion, and you'll make her on fait - won't you'l Give her any hints she may require; and I know I shall have you back again when you cool a little, or at all events when we go back to Dartbroke; for I don't think I shall like this place."

So Donica Gwynn declared herself willing to remain till Mrs. Sinnott should arrive from London; and preparations for the reception of guests

proceeded with energy.

THE CRISIS OF BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

Few will deny that the fight time has been chosen by the author of "The Sepoy War in India" for essaying a task which the British nation could not but desire to see well discharged. Six years have elapsed since the events occurred -an interval long enough to produce solerness of judgment, without depriving the occurrences themselves of that fresh and vivid interest which is necessary to animite the writers style and procure for him a ready audience. It was desirable that the history of what is probably to be regarded as the last great Chess of our Rule in India should be written as soon after the controverses of the hour had subsided as the collection of the proper materials, by the proper person, allowed and Mr. Kaye was unquesti rat y fitted by experience and appears these to fail every necessary condition. He had become presented of materials with others could not obtain. Paper-were placed. in his hands of a private character that have materially contributed to the completeness of his narrative. Lord Canning's correspondence, both with his friends and his colleagues, that which was semi-official as well as the ordinary public documents, lay before the historian when he began his work. His account of the rising in the Punjab is derived from the memoranda of Sir John Lawrence and Sir Herbert Edwardes; and similarly, he acknowledges the assistance he received from Sir Charles Wood and other persons, who withheld from him nothing within their reach, throwing light upon the transactions he had set himself to examine. Sir James Outram's letters respecting his operations in Unde would manifestly be ameng the nest valuable of his appliances, and these were given to him by that distinguished servant of the Crown before his death, an act in itself afford ng strong testimony that Mr. Kaye was looked to by the heroes

[&]quot;A History of the Says War in Indan' By John William Kaye, author of "The History of the War in Affahamstan," In Three Volumes, Vol. I. London: W. H. Allen and Co., 1964.

of the Sepoy war as the fittest exponent of its origin, character, course, and effects. Thus equipped, he had to consider whether he would follow the plan pursued in his former historical treatise, and quote freely from the original documents in the text and notes. Finally he decided to assume that his trustworthiness had been established by the scrupulous accuracy then exhibited, and to abstain, in writing the story of the Indian conflict, from substantiating his statements by citing authorities, except in those cases where "the dramatic force and propriety of the words quoted appeared calculated, without impeding the narrative, to give colour and vitality to the story." The dispute that has existed, therefore, as to which is the truer historic style, Mr. Kaye determines in favour of the method that is, at all events, the most pleasing to the reader. His pen gains in freedom, and others than dry and hard students can accompany him in his inquiries with satisfaction.

It is but fair to set forth at the outset what he wishes to say with regard to the opinions which he expresses in so manly a way—always assigning a reason for the faith that is in himon matters of policy. "Those opinions," he states, "whether sound or unsound, are entirely my own personal opinions—opinions in many instances formed long ago, and confirmed by later events and more mature consideration. . . In the wide range of inquiry embraced by the consideration of the manifold causes of the great convulsion of 1857 almost every grave question of Indian government and administration presses forward, with more or less importunity, for notice. Where, on many points, opinions widely differ, and the policy, which is the practical expression of them, takes various shapes, it is a necessity that the writer of contemporary history, in the exercise of independent thought, should find himself dissenting from the doctrines and disapproving the actions of some authorities, living and dead, who are worthy of all admiration and respect. It is fortunate when, as in the present instance, this difference of opinion involves no diminution of esteem, and the historian can discern worthy motives and benevolent designs, and generous

strivings after good, in those whose ways he may think erroneous, and whose course of action he may deem unwise." These sentences au-gur well both for the spirit in which the book they preface is to be written, and for the independence and vigour the author is likely to display in dealing with large questions of statesmanship and administration. We are bound to say at once that Mr. Kaye is as good as his word. He neither extenuates nor sets down aught in malice. He is neither led away by friendship, nor prevented by timidity from taking the clear path of duty and of truth. He speaks plainly with regard to the policy of Lord Dalhousie and its results, and the mistakes of Lord Canning are displayed with equal fidelity, whilst the many great qualities of both Proconsuls are acknowledged, and a comprehensive and generous estimate of their deeds as rulers transmitted to posterity.

Mr. Kaye's work is to be completed in three volumes, and the first, after tracing the principal political events, and the social and material progress, of the ten years preceding the revolt. deals with the formation of the Bengal army, the changes it underwent, and the influences that operated upon it, until the close of the Dalhousie Administration; and lastly, treats of the opening year of Lord Canning's government, the earlier incidents of the Mutiny up to the outbreak at Meerut, and the seizure of Delhi. It is manifest, then, that we are just now, in reviewing the volume be-fore us, concerned rather with the social and political condition of India previous to the Sepoy Mutiny, and the causes of that event, than with the features of the rebellion itself, its suppression, or the measures taken at its close for the reconsolidation of our rule. If the last line of investigation were proper to be pursued, it might be shown that there is the best reason for believing another Mutiny improbable, if only the wisdom gained during the late terrible crisis shall control our conduct towards the native races in future. It was necessary, perhaps, to put them down, once for all, and some time or other, if no Mutiny had occurred, such an exhibition of our power might have become imperative; we have learned,

nevertheless, by bitter experience, that something more is required to keep Indocumn't than the strong arm.

Hol we never departed from the principles of justice, it is probable that he conspiracy against us could have been in resthan a local and comparatively unimportant edulit. It was a widespread sense of wrong which track the treachery of the Native Army motorate usus the signal for mayourd revolute. The flover eager pursuit of luministy and excitzation, are raing to one entropy "be trayed Indian stateshould the New Sold in the track of we will all the been by growers was ten are of the part in a man alto with the sale of the less time, the e-was, or allow a truly has the busty to say of this solven and the rists, him is of that, ar we tay continued to the power and the rathracingles of the rather's which has repeatedly better relative eta Trise positions, and even international to in. It was this experience we even as notate to impoping with the diff cuty. Mr. Kay and Strain. this gety discount as and as super-If all in the attentions of the estimate for the class of the data sign of latreligion and the exemple. It will not de to pass at an with many man, "The assesse we were too Property of the Control of the Contr the at when the best to be to see which has a large is the contract Control of the Land of Fig. 19 of the and the towards of Markov to Little House and the towards of Markov to Little House and additional towards of the words of the control of the sound of the control of the sound of the control of the control of the sound of the control of the control of the sound of the control as stort to the Vistorial Consults say As exactly the first travel of the probability of the first probabilit Title steel 1 is a second · 11: tell - tit i i

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estates, so many votes for troubles. For to think that a Landful of people can, with the greatest ecurage and policy in the world, embrace too large an extent of dominion, it may held for a time, but

it will fall suddenly."

In the instructive rooted of Irolian change for the Ten Years preceding tre Muthy, Henry Lawrence and Lend Da cousa depresent two deposite principles of action. The views of the latter prevaled, and the consequence was want the world knows. Henry Lowicz & thought just on the hest red expand deep and "the cashies try with himself good of himmenty to self-seeking, and tobs temper for then own a car. He would not for fistance, have to one lid to hance f tre consists in or a Japanese city of Is your mind thant, with the flag and remark that "the Western form of cavazation was being trais promoted, or car on that patences for the repetition of the wars, every firsh quarter ending the a 1+w softwice of territory, or the exacting, highway non Lastrem et avectorie de referimay. To that principle of action, in every application of the was averse, me obtains with Hiplanstone, Metcare. Out. it is still be and note expenses of his methods. It is still a system to provide a conformately, and the action may possibly be seen softled acceptant in hera, that the slaver permetten initial ables of two ways we at as a usual, Service of the asset . 1 : • i W 1 3 1 3 1 1 1 1 1. · i . particle of the Supplemental and the second of the A1 1 is been otherwise some frank met.

Henry Lawrence's name was struck out from the list of Punjabee administrators. "It was said that he sympathized over much with the fallen state of Sikhdom, and sacrificed the revenue to an idea—that he was too eager to provide for those who suffered by our usurpation-whilst Dalhousie, deeming that the balancesheet would be regarded as the great test and touchstone of success, was eager to make the Punjah pay." Henry Lawrence was sent to Rajpootana, and his generous system thrown over. This was the beginning of blunders. It was the old plan to associate freely with the people, "with tents open to all points of the compass." Sir John Malcolm used to say, Mr. Kaye reminds us in a note, that the only way to govern the people of a newlyacquired country was by means of char durwash kolah, or "four doors open." The Punjabee officials thoroughly understood this; but under the operation of the Annexation principle all that was gradually changed—though, happily, Lord Dalhousie was unable to counteract in the Punjab what Henry Lawrence had accomplished, and at the supreme moment of trial that province remained faithful when other annexed principalities were the focus of rebelfion

Even if Lord Dalhousie's policy had been sound, he proceeded much too fast in dealing with political adoptions by the "right of lapse." The privilege of adoption was highly prized among the Hindoos, and with it descended all titular dignities and territorial sovereignty. The Governor-General, in default of lawfully-begotten male heirs, by the "right of lapse" absorbed various native principalities in succession. "The opinions, the practical expression of which were subsequently to be called the 'policy of Annexation,' were formed at the very outset of his career, and rigidly maintained to its close." "The Government," wrote Lord Dalhousie in 1848, "is bound in duty, as well as policy, to act with the purest integrity; . . . but where the right to territory by lapse is clear, the Government is bound to take that which is justly and legally its due, and to extend to that territory the benefits of our sovereignty, present and prospective." "In like manner," he

added, "I hold that, on all occasions where heirs natural shall fail, the territory should be made to lapse, and adoption should not be permitted, excepting in those cases in which some strong political reason may render it expedient to depart from this general rule." This Lord Dalhousie called "consolidating our territories' -under which phrase he deceived himself both as to the morality and

polity of those measures.

This fatal policy was sanctioned by Leadenhall-street, but protested against by the most experienced Anglo-Indians. Colonel Low recorded two important Minutes against Annexation, and nothing could be sounder or more statesmanlike than his counsel that, although in the course of time the whole of India would in all probability become one British province, "we ought most carefully to avoid unnecessarily accelerating that change." "It is remarkable," he added, "that every native who ever spoke to me respecting the annexation of Sattarah, asked precisely the same question, 'What crime did the late Rajah commit that his country should be seized by the Company? thus clearly indicating their notions, that if any crime had been committed our act would have been justifiable, and not otherwise." Of course, those opinions were disregarded both in Calcutta and London, and the Dalhousian policy went forward. Nor, in carrying it out did the Company render equal justice to the native princes. Mr. Kaye prints from the manuscript records the Memorial of Nana Sahib, of Bhitoor, forwarded in 1852 to the Court of Directors, a document ably drawn up, in which the treatment given to the memorialist, as the representative of the family of the Peishwah, is pointedly contrasted with that received by other princes. This petition the Company contumeliously rejected, on the ground that the pension of the late Peishwah had been sufficient to enable him to make a provision for his family. Nana Sahib, before this answer was received, had sent, as his agent to England, one Azim-oollah Khan, of whom, and his Mahratta confederate and fellow-conspirator, Mr. Kaye 8ays :--

"Azim-oollah Khan, finding that little or

nothing could be done in the way of busis ness for his employer, devoted his energies to the pursuit of physure on his own account. Passing by reason of his time clothes for a person of high station, he racts has way out spood so city, and is said to have be asted of twomes received from Le Cole Lobos - Outwar fiv he was a 24y, sulforest process of persons of I that he was not called a but that the most ment of the roam. There was election, bowever in Technical for that that they who person who with at the control of the places in the Marchael Charles were the first term of any other or vector the product. For the proof that the war we had been section I the traction to set Saturda Landy, In the Police of the transition the restriction of their transition of the way still restriction to the transition of the still still published the still still still published the still man was a Material can be found from per Atomic reservet to high did be set with a little as intereziones one to prove rapidy over the conditioners with for the action of the major so contrast of and most income from a construction of The state of the residence of the state of the state of Fig. 1 from association Suffered Proposition Late table, to make an apply some of our wife . The half of the tree with a few titles to the wife of the contract of t tir yere i kundê bi bi. Tirkarî bi ara tirk i bi bilê bi The second of the second second the special distribution . . . : Which was earlied the at which The state of the s Same Marketty and 1.00 • : Contract te in and . ; . . ł

to be follow the section to write a . . 1. ı., . - . No. 10. في العام والتي فيها or variety was a table for with the majorable of the Kowalt One, shill at follow that we should

Henry Lawrence is found here again. along with Sir W. H. Sleeman, on the side of moderation and morality. "Assume the administration," was the counsel of the latter, "but do not grasp the revenues of the country. Lawrence was equally strong "let the administration of the country, as fa. as possible," he wrote, "be native. Let not a rupee come into the Company's coders. See man added, with a proplet's foresight, "If we do this all India will think us right;" but "to annex and confiscate," if profitable in a permissiv point of view, would "be no st injurious in a political one." "It won't," he continued. "tend to accelerate the crisis which the distrines of the absorbing school must sooner or later bring on us.

It was not without solemn and repeated warning, therefore, that the jodly was pursued which was to e avalee India from end to end within tour years more. Lord Dal-Leasie, with a curious misconception of the effects experience had shown that he policy was likely to produce, determined upon a schome which did not positively at nex the province, but new mounted its received Outland reserved its instructions to entry out this chains in January, 1876, and presented himself to the King of Ober That Savereign, however, at decided great help essense, and assumed steel an attable or appropriet the anresearce of critical and the acts of the invision. He met Outram with a soft of a large way, and there was nothing of the transpany but to white to the open poor at choosing also to Mickelinia With the prohas been the shown to but sup-

to the although control of seed Although the time, too, whom the fix the processore being knowed over The following terms the native arise to ray were not confinted. There there have been the transportated by tween the But . Government, represented by the "Constitution in masses of the process M. Kaye says saidly the well-represented to under the Charles as a little metotop ted the military rate d and and any me he had a second tree commandy, a stead of wacking out may about the theory of our own. How, in particular, the privaced classes join of come is about the country to were depressed in Oude it is un-

necessary to show at length. The Settlement officers soon made enemies of the most powerful section of the community by treating the Talookhdars as upstarts and usurpers. "To oust a Talookhdar was held by some young Settlement officer to be as great an achievement as to shoot a tiger." This, again, was in defiance of the opinions of men of the Old School, one of whom, Tucker, had declared in 1832, that the way to conciliate the peasantry was not to dis-solve the connexion between them and the superior Talookhdars or Zemindars." In later years this advice, resting on the large experience of men long familiar with the country, was frequently repeated, only to be, unhappily, overruled. At the same time the minds of the priest-hood were inflamed. "It seemed as though a great flood of innovation were about to sweep away all their powers and privileges."

The railway and the telegraph also alarmed the natives. It appeared as if the Feringhees had power over supernatural agencies which put to utter shame Brahminical knowledge

and resources.

"That the fire-carriage on the iron road was a heavy blow to the Brahminical Priesthood is not to be doubted. The lightning post, which sent invisible letters through the air and brought back answers, from incredible distances, in less time than an ordinary messenger could bring them from the next street, was a still greater marvel and a still greater disturbance. But it was less patent and obtrusive. The one is the natural complement of the other; and Dalhousie, aided by the genius of O'Shaughnessy, had soon spread a network of electric wires across the whole length and breadth of the country. It was a wise thing to do; a right thing to do; but it was alarming and offensive to the Brahminical mind. It has been said, that as soon as we had demonstrated that the earth is a sphere revolving on its axis, there was an end to the superstitions of Hindooism. And so there was-in argument, but not in fact. The Brahminical teachers insisted that the new doctrines of Western civilization were mere specious inventions, with no groundwork of eternal truth, and as their disciples could not bring the test of their senses to such inquiries as these, they succumbed to authority rather than to reason, or perhaps lapsed into a state of bewildering doubt. But material experiments, so palpable and portentous that they might be seen at a distance of many miles, convinced whilst they astounded.

The most ignorant and unreasoning of men could see that the thing was done. They knew that Brahminism had never done it. They saw plainly the fact that there were wonderful things in the world which their own priests could not teach them—of which, indeed, with all their boasted wisdom, they had never dreamt; and from that time the Hindoo hierarchy lost half its power, for the people lost half their faith."

It was when the native mind was in this inflammable condition that the authorities remained entirely blind to the condition of the Sepoy army. Lord Dalhousie declared in his Farewell Minute that it needed no improvement. Mr. Kaye's chapter on the Sepoy and his officers, and the older mutinies, is probably the most striking and instructive in his volume. He dates the "decline" of the Sepoy army from the close of the Affghan war. The frequent mutinies which succeeded, on the whole but ill repressed by the penal measures resorted to, left the soldiery un-settled and discontented. The victories of Hardinge and Gough had a great moral effect; still the Sepoy looked forward to a day when he would be in the ascendant. In reference to his impressions of this sort, which had so mysterious an origin, the author says in a note, that he could find no trace in contemporary documents of the story told in a pamphlet, published by Mr. Stocqueler in 1857, that over ten years before, after the Patna Conspiracy, the year named (1857), was declared to be the date when they would see the English expelled. Whether there was any foundation for the tale or not, it is certain that the Sepoy held closely to his faith in a universal rising, to occur at some period not very far distant.

The character of the Sepoy is thus sketched by Mr. Kaye:—

"He was, indeed, altogether a paradox. He was made up of inconsistencies and contradictions. In his character, qualities, so adverse as to be apparently irreconcilable with each other, met together and embraced. He was simple and yet designing; credulous and easily deceived by others, and yet obstinately tenacious of his own in-bred convictions; now docile as a child, and now hard and immovable in the stubbornness of his manhood. Abstemious and yet self-indulgent, calm and yet impetuous, gentle and yet cruel, he was indolent even to langour in his daily life, and yet capable of being roused to acts of the most desperata

Sometimes sportive, and sometimes sullen, he was easily elevated and easily depressel; but he was for the most part of a cheerful nature, and if you came sufficiely upon here in the lines you were more likely to see him with a broad grin upon his face than with any expression of in grown scor discontent. But light-hearted as was his general temperament, he would sometimes broad over imaginary wrongs, are I when a delays in once entered his soul it clang to it with the subtle malevolence of an ineradicable jedsen.

There were not wanting emissaries to inflame the Sepoy. The princes cast aside, and in all probafality Nana Salab most actively of all, since he had real wrongs to spur him on, employed agents to go about inso ling pais a into the native soldier's mind.

"Many were the strange glosses which were given to the acts of the British Goviscourity various were the lagentius ficto us we can with the purpose of imsettling they aids and uprooting the fillelity of the Service But, diverse as they were in many respects, there was a certain maty about turns, for they all tends to persuch him that our in ashres were a rest. I the ne comminimal the destruction of the terrard the general actroduction of Christian ty into the Let 1. If we asso you agree or was to facilities our architecture operations, and to be reasonable number of our converts. their resignants in observations, were instituted for the purpose of destroying all the religone on Large two to the country. Our by district charte outs were all to be a to the early wealth the subversion of Harden while Mother to the Our object call as an enterior service of the servic expects to a self-grown field decimentato exist a transfer of the code. In the Loss forces regard to their were ben Contract to The Contract was a first to the conin the program of that the time is as 1 1 w 11 et live Edit and an instrumental term of the and the second of the second o Angles will be seen that the format reachest many to assume approximation of the property of the seed and in the control of the state of the transfer of the state of the st which is the first of the second of the seco to me of tailier. But still feste in me it warm. An felt men e mitele, in elective anticipation

is continually flowing on without any immediate or definite object, and which, if we could discern it, would battle all our efforts to trace it to its source. But it does not the less exist because we are ignerant of the from which it assumes, or the fount from which it springs. The mon whose business it was to corrupt the minds of our Sepoys, were, perhaps, the agents of some of the of t princely houses which we had destroyed, or no others of old baronial families which we had brought to poverty and degrace. They were, perhaps, the emissaries of Brahminual Societies, whose procepts we were turning into folly, and whose power we were setting at naught. They were, perhaps, more visionaries and cuthusiasts, m vol only by their own deordered maginations to proclaim the coming of some new prophet or some fresh avatar of the Deity, and the consequent downfall of Christian supremacy in the East. But, whatseever the nature of their mesion, and whatshever the guise they assumed, whether they appeared in the lines as passing travellers, as journeying hawkers, as religious mendicanta, or as wandering pupper showmen. the seed of sollion which they scattered struck root in a sail well prepared to receive it, and waits I only for the ripening sun of circumstance to devel qualitary est of revolt."

This passage, besides being in a high degree historically valuable, may be taken as a fair specimen of that clear, vizorous, and compact style which Mr. Kave carries with him throughout the whole vanne, proving his qualifications for fulfilling that theory of the historian's function which imposed upon him the duty of presenting his materials in the form of carefusions carefully deduced, and conveyed in he grage in some measure attractive. Coming down to the eye of the Crisis in 1857, the author adds.

" It is a fact that there is a certain deestablished to se which travels in India, from executation to another with a rape fity of their Bit of the may of the The the least of there was so of the native conserve that the area of the entire soldiers, the first term of the first section of the forthing the first section of de transfer little was not the constitute de transfer it the state of the second particles of the that is uponly follows an analyses in that t quiet under-current of houts which of the news that was travelling towards them in all its tangible proportions. All along the line of road, from town to town, from village to village, were thousands to whom the feet of those who brought the glad tidings were beautiful and welcome. The British magistrate, returning from his evening ride, was perhaps met on the road near the bazaar by a venerable native on an ambling pony - a native respectable of aspect, with white beard and whiter garments, who salaamed to the English gentleman as he passed, and went on his way freighted with intelligence refreshing to the souls of those to whom it was to be communicated, to be used with judgment and sent on with despatch. This was but one of many costumes worn by the messenger of evil. In whatsoever shape he passed there was nothing outwardly to distinguish him. Next morning there was a sensation in the bazaar, and a vague excitement in the Sepoys' lines. But when rumours of disaster reached the houses of the chief English officers, they were commonly discredited. Their own letters were silent on the subject. It was not likely to be true, they said, as they had heard nothing about it. But it was true; and the news had travelled another hundred miles whilst the white gentlemen, with bland scepticism, were shaking their heads over the lies of the bazaar."

Sir Henry Lawrence's wisdom was soon seen. "Of late years," he wrote in an article in the Calcutta Review, "the wheels of Government are moving too fast." In scarcely a year afterwards the foresight of this statesman's cautionary hint betimes was sadly evinced. The new musket was introduced, and the cartridge greased with animal fat placed in the hands of the native soldiery with a rashness of which no Governor of the Old School would ever have been guilty.

It is needless to say now that the attempts made to attribute the Mutiny to the encouragement given by Lord Canning to the circulation of the Scriptures, which were confined to subscribing to the Bible Society, and by Lady Canning in her efforts to promote female education, completely broke down. We go further than Mr. Kaye: we see no evidence whatever that those acts added in the slightest degree to the colouring of the "picture of a caste-destroying Government, which active - minded emissaries of evil were so eager to hang up in the public places of the land." The cause was far deeper than this—far deeper even than the defilement of the greased cart-

ridges. The success of General Hearsey's earlier efforts to repress the disaffection at Barrackpore, showed that the difficulty of the oily matter would have been got over, by prudence and firmness (of both of which, however, there was a lack at Calcutta), had there been no graver discontents-discontents of long duration, which every successive apparent infringement of native customs aggravated. Had the difference been one between the Sepoy regiments and the Government only, it would have ended with partial mutinies at the worst; but it was taken advantage of eagerly by those influential natives, of great families, who had a grudge against us, in some cases for good cause—and especially by that same Nana Sahib whose petition the Company had rejected with so much coolness and injustice. In the early part of 1857, Dundoo Punt, Nana Sahib, of Bhitoor, was exhibiting uncommon activity. The first signs of the rebellion appeared in January, and there is reason to believe that he was astir soon after-about the middle Before he went to of February. Lucknow, in April, he had been visited by one of the Agra judges at Bhitoor; and it is remarkable that the same Azim-oollah Khan was found with him there, who had excited suspicion when pleading his cause in England four years before. He was profuse in his declarations of friendship; but his manner was suspicious.

Between January and April he made three long journeys—for an Indian a great exertion—and after visiting Calpee and Delhi, set out on the 18th of April for Lucknow. Meanwhile, the chupatties, or small cakes, had been circulating, like a kind of fiery cross, all through the North-west Provinces. Every village chowkeydar in Oude received the sign, and sent it on through the district. The rural population were probably unaware of any specific design in their distribution, but the true explanation and effect of the proceeding were doubt-less described by the chupatty-laden messenger, of whom Mr. Kaye mentions that, in answer to a district officer, he said "it was an old custom in Hindoostan, that when their malik, or chief, required any service from his people, he adopted this

mode to prepare them for receiving his orders, and every one who partook of the chapatties was held pledged to obey the order whenever it might come, and whatever it might "What is the nature of the order in the present case," asked the otheer, whereupon the emissary of the ernsading Nana Sahib - for in all probability he, and no other, was at the bottom of the whole movement rejoined with a suspicious smile, "We don't know yet." There were, it appears, two precedents for this mysterious practice. In the papers of Sir John Malcolm, Mr. Kaye remembers that a statement occurs to the effect that in 1806, just before the mutiny of the Coast Army, there had been a mysterious circulation of sugar. In 1818, also, there was a distribution of cocoa nuts in Central India. The article employed seems to signify nothing, the essence of the transaction being, as one Chuni, a news writer, stated it during the trial of the King of Delhi, to "invite the whole population to unite for some secret object afterwards to be disclosed.

The evidence is strong that Nana Sainb had been for some time before stirring up a revolt. A native emissary, whose testimony was taken by the Hon. H. B. Devereux, Judicial Commissioner of Mysore, declared that Nana Sahib wasaiway sa worthlessfellow. Three years before he had consulted Dassa Bawa as to his fortune, and g ven him rewards in consequence of the favorrable result. Dassa Bawa had told him that he would be as powerful as the Persuwah had been. "Dassa Bawa then made a Huno-man horoscope of eight angles." Name after seven days of prayer, went to meep on tree nores yee, and Humon man having revealed to him that he would be victories, he felt that the train of the prediction had been confirm I, and in the exaggerate not his for might grat tinde, presented Dissa. Bawa with twenty five the said there's worth of jowes. "Dasia Bawa, and lithe informant," sithe person with ray advised the Nana in rough, at There is to teas a todislamate a stora so probable. Certo use it is, at an events, that when Nama visited Lucknew has plans were ready. "He came over, save the "The Mutmes in Oade, bins, "on pretent of seeing the spectacle at Lucknow, accompanied by his younger brother and a numerous retinue. He visited me, and his manner was arrogant and presuming. To make a show of dignity and importance, he brought six or seven followers with him into the room, for whom chairs were de-manded." Sir Henry Lawrence had received the embryo rebel kindly, and ordered the authorities of the city to show him every attention. He paraded through Lucknow, with an unusually large attendance, in the most demonstrative fashion. Still his bearing excited no suspicion until after his sudden departure for Cawnpore, on pretence of urgent business, when it seemed advisable to warn Sir Hugh Wheeler against him. The warning, however, came too late. The Nana had determined during his visit to Lucknow that his opportunity was rupe, and made no delay in commencing his work by an act of infamous and horrid savagery without a parallel.

With reference to his correspondence with Russia, Mr. Kave states that it is by no means improbable that his diligent agent, Azim oollah Khan, entered into communication with some Russian officers, " responsible or irresponsible." Mr. Russell has informed us that Azim-collah Khan visited the Crimea. It will be remembered that the author of the " Diary in India" gives an account of his meeting with the Sepoy emissary in the trenches before Schustopol. When Mr. Russell mentioned the matter to the Governor-General, " he was much struck with it." After the repulse of the Allies on the 18th of June, the slim and crafty oriental appeared at Constantinople. He stake English and French fluently, Having obtained a passage to the Crimea, he was found on a certain day, uside the consetery, intently watching the fire of the Russian gung Mr. Russell says further:

This fellow, as we all know, was the National stream and chief advisor in the board test of twitters. Now set independent as or right that he should have felt such an interest trees, with his councy, show in these wire, long on in the Crimon. It would not be strongent a horograp, but in an Asiato, of the firm himbitary easie, it certainly in the first festion creating a state of some depression as the formed, as I have since heard, a very unfavourable

opinion of its morale and physique, in comparison with that of the French. Let us remember that soon after his arrival in India, he accompanied Nana Sahib to Lucknow, where they remained some time, and are thought, by those who recollect their tone and demeanour, to have exhibited considerable insolence and hauteur towards the Europeans they met. Afterwards, the worthy couple, on the pretence of a pilgrimage to the Hills-a Hindoo and Mussulman joined in a holy excursion!-visited the military stations all along the main trunkroad, and went as far as Umballah. [Mr. Russell is the sole authority, it appears, for the statement that Nana was at Umballah in the spring of 1857, but Azim-oollah Khan was certainly there.]"

It is worthy of remark that when Azim-oollah Khan was in the Crimea, he openly declared himself "of no religion;" and it is very manifest that, to whatever use Nana and his confederate were able to turn the religious prejudices of the people, supposed to have been insulted by the European authorities, neither had the least respect for religious scruples. It is stated in the MS. Records, quoted by Mr. Kave in his valuable and interesting appendix, that Nana Sahib wrote to Gholab Singh and to Russia, and got an answer from the latter to the effect that no assistance could be given him unless he took and held Delhi; but that, if he could so far succeed, aid would be forthcoming to drive the English from Calcutta. It is plain that the Indian authorities were entirely at fault with respect to the real source of danger. Whilst they were directing their exclusive attention to the question of the greased cartridges, they were totally unaware of the nature of the conspiracy, of which that incident was but an accidental part. Had they fathomed Nana Sahib early in the spring of 1857, and the movements of Azim-oollah Khan ought to have awakened suspicion, and had they simply laid both of these plotters by the heels together in some secure dungeon, there would have been no Indian Mutiny.

With respect to this extraordinary man and unexampled criminal, and his designs and movements, Mr. Kaye records his own opinion, after a careful review of the evidence at which we have been briefly hinting, thus:—

"It was no sudden thought, born of the accident of the greased cartridges, that took the disappointed Brahmin and his VOL LXV.—NO, CCCLXXV.

Mahomedan friend to Lucknow in the spring of this year of trouble. For months, for years, indeed, ever since the failure of the mission to England had been apparent, they had been quietly spreading their net-work of intrigue all over the country. From one native Court to another native Court, from one extremity to another of the great continent of India, the agents of the Nana Sahib had passed with overtures and invitations, discreetly, perhaps mysteriously, worded, to Princes and Chiefs of different races and religions, but most hopefully of all to the Mahrattas. At the three great Mahratta families, the families of the Rajah of Sattarah, of the Peishwah, of the Boonsla, Lord Dalhousie had struck deadly blows. In the Southern Mahratta country, indeed, it seemed that Princes and Nobles were alike ripe for rebellion. It was a significant fact that the agents of the great Sattarah and Poona families had been doing their master's work in England about the same time, that both had returned to India rank rebels, and that the first year of Lord Canning's administration found Rungo-Bapojee as active for evil in the South as Azim-oollah was in the North; both able and unscrupulous men, and hating the English with a deadlier hatred for the very kindness that had been shown to them. But it was not until the crown had been set upon the annexations of Lord Dalhousie by the seizure of Oude, that the Nana Sahib and his accomplices saw much prospect of success. That event was the turning-point of their career of intrigue. What had before been difficult was now made easy by this last act of English usurpation. Not only were the ministers of the King of Oude tampering with the troops at the Presidency, and sowing dangerous lies broad-cast over the length and breadth of the land, but such was the impression made by the last of our annexations, that men asked each other who was safe, and what use was there in filelity, when so faithful a friend and ally as the King of Oude was stripped of his dominions by the Government whom he had aided in its need. It is said that Princes and Chiefs, who had held back, then came forward, and that the Nana Sahib began to receive answers to his appeals.'

Mr. Kaye brings us down to the outbreak at Meerut; the junction of the Delhi troops with the insurgents; "the week of telegrams;" and the moment when the conviction came home so terribly to the Governor-General's mind that all India was in flames.

The outbreak at the military station at Meerut occurred on the 10th of May. In the words of the telegraphic message, which, sent by a

lady to her niece, to warn her not to set out from Agra for Meernt, was the first announcement of the event that reached the authorities :-- "The cavalry had risen, setting fire to their own houses and several officers' houses, besides having killed and wounded all European officers and soldiers they could find near the lines. Providentially this news was despatched before the insurgers had succeeded in cutting the telegraph wires and intercepting the communications. The subsequent intelligence that reached Agra was fragmental, exaggerated, and terribly alarming. From station to station the tidings sped until Calcutta was reached, and there the effect was tremendous. On the 14th it became known that the King of Delhi had thrown in his lot with the insurgents. after affecting for some days to be coerced by them, and had horsted the rebel standard over his palace. The mutiny had become a rebellion, but not, in all probability, by any a ci-dental consequence. The interence is forted on the student of the onevious occurrences that the rish z had been planned with care by men of sagnesty and influence as well as remorseless cruelty of disposition and practised powers of deception.

"" Never," says Mr. Kave, is not a contury before the few dation of our great Iralian Propore but some last by the maquest of Benga', but so het it is as the e been brought to the council of in her of the English ruler The ewis little before the excess for Lord Canada but the one take that of the said as a the Merrut and Delhotropy and the problem to of the restored end to 4 the Might. With a feeling of war being stockets be awarted all the right hat from the work in Mass, the details which seems has though they would rever come, and the explanations of all that seemed we are xis and to be here. Most of all he mary let what or people to b been dong, or to be a figure to be a tare, that we have part as \$100 or a said equates in military, while the publish in self cal importante had be in whisted from their grass. There was no been without the indisprets in will not spread from eartenment to act to entnoth person that the while country would not wente in a Hard

" Lard t anning seen a after the stanning effects of the first a courts had been recovered from to have 50 mittly evough we himself to gather use his strength for the units of the fer-

thought himself at once of the Persian and Chinese extent tions as the means of succour; but it would take time to bring these forces to the points of action, and now while, with a few precautions, the slip must be allowed to drave. Every effect was strained to bring European troops from the southern and eatern coasts. Every available river-steamer was taken up for the conveyance of troops to the Upper Provinces Whoeled curriages were in requisition to corry smaller detachments into the interior. These effects, however, were necessarily feel in an I I mitted. It was from the North that the power was to come to check the revoit. The military resources of the Pumate were large and well in hand. In land had there one of her most trusty s .vants, and to him the instructions were with confidence despatched that he should "send down such of the Purple regiments. with the l'arog-an,' as he could safely sture . "Ly ry exertion," the message added, must be made to regain Delhi. H ven seed Is rd Canning, in the letter to Colvin, at Agra, find it necessary, you may apply, in the Governor General's name, to the Rayth of Patter la and the Rajah of Theer'd for trops. I thank you smortely, conthe bid blish of the point was a time for franknow ther what you have so admirally ding and for your court for the Language on house this was well calculated to the w forth all that was chicale us and noble to the hearts of his subordantes. It is enaround and true proveds the word spok as in season, how good is at fill

We leave Canning, "with a st ', calm face," confronting the accumb Lating dangers. Mr. Kave's enlegy of his "researte markoor" and "enduiter temper' is warm and unqualified, and with an adequate larger of time. in producing e electrod ments, has to sell the estimate of Canada, character and services among his 150 VPG countrymen. No satisfactory to is in however, i'ms been assemble for the oclay of the May procl. motion, which could have had to effect when yilldested some start the In sit of the outleast, but next t have deep condition are of No. Souletwennesday and The ere act of energy with which Lord Can-1002 Salar - Will remain her dayly contracted a history is his as un-ptom of the entire responsibility of artest for the Chera Exception. the residence in its profesioner to Led Fun, harven to bear tiewhile responsibility of all the conrequences of turns an ide the triege to be Character India Halifice

the a wester that makes the two

any man less daring and clearsighted than Lord Elgin, they might have failed of their purpose; and the credit of the consent was fully equal to that of the demand.

Lord Canning's private letter to Lord Elgin is a more interesting, and in a historical point of view, more important document. Mr. Kaye prints it verbatim, and as it casts light on the character and relations of two very remarkable men, who behaved with equal energy and courage at a serious crisis, it cannot be passed over with a mere brief word of description. "My dear Elgin," he wrote,—

" I wish I could give you a more cheerful and acceptable greeting than you will find in the letter by which this is accompanied. As it is, you will not bless me for it, but the case which I have before me here is clear and strong. Our hold of Bengal and the Upper Provinces depends upon the turn of a word-a look. An indiscreet act or irritating phrase from a foolish commanding officer at the head of a mutinous or disaffected company, may, whilst the present condition of things, at Delhi, lasts, lead to a general rising of the native troops in the Lower Provinces, where we have no European strength, and where an army in rebellion would have everything its own way for weeks and months to come. We have seen within the last few days what that way would be. I cannot shut my eyes to the danger, or to the urgent necessity under which I lie to collect every European that can carry arms and aid to the Government of India in the event of such a crisis. I do not want aid to put down the Meerut and Delhi rebels; that will be done easily as soon as the European troops can converge upon Delhi-but not sooner. Meanwhile, every hour of delayunavoidable delay-is an encouragement to the disaffected troops in other parts; and if any one of the unwatched regiments on this side of Agra should take heart, and give the word, there is not a fort, or cantonment, or station, in the plains of the Ganges that would not be in their hands in a fortnight. It would be exactly the same in Oude. No help that you could give me would make us safe against this, because it cannot arrive in time. The critical moments are now, and for the next ten or twelve days to come. If we pass through them without a spread of the outbreak, I believe all will go If we do not, the consequences will be so frightful, that any neglect to obtain any possible accession of strength whereby to shorten the duration of the reign of terror which will ensue, would be a crime. If you send me troops, they shall not be kept one hour longer than is absolutely needed. If

you come with them yourself, you shall be most heartily welcome."

This letter was written on the 19th of May, four or five days after the junction of the Delhi and Meerut rebels. At the same time Lord Canning wrote home suggesting that at least three European regiments should be raised without a day's delay for Bengal, not, however, as an augmentation of the established number of the Queen's troops. Governor-General having prepared his Proclamation before referred toa document singularly weak in construction, and glaringly out of date as issued on May 16, two days after the Delhi revolt-and having empowered the military authorities to reward native soldiers for their good deeds by instituting the "Order of Merit," had done but little positively to repress the rising, and yet had done, probably, all that any man could have done in his place.

Mr. Kaye insists that he was badly Whilst he seconded at Calcutta. waited, and watched, and pondered, and trembled for the character of the next news, he had none to help him to bear the load of responsibility-to cheer the sinking, to animate the hopeful, and plan for the future. "It must be said, sorrowfully, and I would fain not say it, but History admits of no such reservations, that Lord Canning felt bitterly, that, with some few honorable exceptions, the English officers at the Presidency were not giving him the moral support which, in such a crisis, would have been so grateful and refreshing to him, and for which truly he had a right to look." He Where was profoundly mortified. he ought to have found strength he met with a miserable timidity. "Men whom he thought to see sustaining and encouraging others by their own resolute bearing and their cheerfulness of speech, went about from place to place infecting their friends with their own despondency, and chilling the hearts which they should have warmed by their example." These men were not wanting in the bravery of the soldier in the battle-field, but they stalked aboutprophets of evil, uttering the gloomiest anticipations, "and speaking through all the strata of English society at the capital the alarm which a more confident demeaner in the upper places might have arrested." Lord Canning's sense of the evil results of this gratuitous and craven despondemy was such that he wrote to Eugland cautioning the authorities against crediting the stories sent home in private letters.

It appears clear that General Hearsey, an officer whose name will stand recorded in the first tank of those by whom India was saved, first proposed the bringing of the European troops from China; but Henry Lawrence made the same suggestion, and it must have occurred to many. It was the good fortune of England that she was still served in India at this crisis by brave spirits, despite the enfeebling effects of the New School policy men who did not hesitate, to take one illustration of their character, to telegraph to the Governor General, as Henry Lawrence did when the storm burst around him. "Give me plenary maitary power in Outh. I will not use it unnecessarily.' Much in the same tone, John Lawrence at once asked liberty to raise, at his discretion, a force of Sikh Irregulars. The cause of England was maintained by giants in the principal provinces where the flames of revolt raged. Had weaker men occupied those post, it is hard to say how much more deficult the suppression of the revolt might not have proved; and if there is a moral written upon the story, in its coller stage so far as the Historian brings us it is that is thing compensates in emergencies for the want of force and decision of character, in combination with sagacity, moderation, and temper, in those to whom the nation has confided authority.

It would be untain to chese this reyiew without adding that Mr. Kaye has acquitted himself nobly, and centributed to our historical literature the first portion of a book which his countrymen will carnestly lope be may in due course be able to complete in the excellent spirit in which he has begun-

AN IEISH AS TRESS - ELIZABETH FARREN .

Miller CONTENTION AND OF A NOTH PR

This distinguished daughter of Thalia. was one of the most cogant a tresses that ever tred the bear as of a the stre, and, perhaps, the best representative of a fine lary count, if not superior in that line, to Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Woffington, or Mrs Abungton. Her person was tall, and her learning aretogratic. She might have been prenormer data at the too than by the admir ers of featily mateful blown paper tions, that great commission, Golige the Fourth, would certainly have thought so, judance by his well known ninterative requiretes. She hel an expressive face and regular feet ares ; a powert in though mellow and femimine voice. Her edge at an had been carefully attended to. Her prominer attent was perfectly act emate, and her manner of speaking the from all approach to after attentions vite labour, or vulgarity. Few laties on the stage have exercised this 20 at quality with

deinact and refrement. She excelled at gay, factorishly

controlly, but was also singularly happy in softment diparts, inclining to the patrotae, such as Cooler in the "Chapter of Academts," Indema in the "Chapter of Analysis Levels," or Initial in the "Kiya's," Impassioned, heart tending tregoly was beyond for trada. She should before the public for tweety years, at the expiration of with two she retired from professome atom the zenth of her perso tall farms, with her reputation still the forest 2, and was a exacted to one of the notest on nots in the prepage ly is a ween with the tweltth Farl of Derly, on the 5th of May, 1797. For truty two years she in parted grace and dightly to the exacted posttion to whom he cability sand amiable quarters have written among hir.

Enabled to see I so the attained high so of postern by marrage. Lavita Lection, the et , and Posty in the "Bergare Opera," became Duchess of Both in Archive Rive based, Countries a Peterson in

Louisa Brunton, Countess of Craven; Mary Bolton, Baroness Thurlow; Harriet Coutts, née Mellon, Duchess of St. Alban's; Maria Foote, Countess of Harrington; and Catharine, or charming Kitty Stephens, Countess of Essex. Mrs. Siddons, according to prevalent report, might have been added to the list had she so pleased. It was generally said, and for some time believed, that Lord Erskine, the clebrated ex-Chancellor, wished to marry her, but she determined not to abandon the name associated with

her immortality.

Elizabeth Farren was born at Cork in 1759. She was in no way related to or connected with a family of the same name which has given several good actors to the stage, amongst whom the late William Farren, unrivalled in his line, during his best days, was the most illustrious. Her father was a surgeon and anothecary in Cork; her mother the daughter of a brewer in Liverpool. Mr. Farren indulged in extravagant habits, drank freely, fell into difficulties, became a bankrupt, and died in comparatively early life, leaving his widow and three young daughters to struggle through the world as best they might. She returned to Liverpool, thinking her family connexions there might aid her views, and determined to try her fortune as an actress, and to bring up her children to the same calling. She obtained provincial and also London engagements, but we do not find that she ever soared beyond mediocrity. For mere respectable t dent there may be a subsistence on the boards; but fame and fortune call for brilliant, commanding genius.

Mrs. Farren's eldest daughter, Kitty, died young; the youngest, Peggy, married Thomas Knight, an actor of repute, the original Farmer Ashfield in "Speed the Plough," and author of the farces of the "Honest Thieves" and the "Turnpike Gate." He became one of the managers of the Liverpool theatre, and left the stage on succeeding to a fortune, which he did not live long to enjoy. Mrs. Knight died a member of the Bath company, in 1804. She had considerable talent, though in a broader line and an inferior degree to that of her more eminent sister. She and her husband made their appearance together at Covent Garden in

1795 as Jacob Gawkey and Bridget in the "Chapter of Accidents." Whether their success created jealousy we know not; but although both were admirably well received, they seldom appeared. This gave rise to the following card, which appeared in a daily paper:—"Momus presents his compliments to the managers of Covent Garden Theatre, and would gladly be informed whether Mr. and Mrs. Knight are laid upon the shelf, because they indiscreetly discovered, on their first appearance, those comic powers which, to say the truth, are not now-a-days often exhi-

bited on either stage ?

It will be seen from the position of Elizabeth Farren's family that there was nothing in the circumstances of her birth and early nurture especially calculated to produce that finished ease, that delicacy of mind, and refinement of manners, for which she was afterwards so remarkable. They were, like the brilliant accomplishments of Margaret Woffington, natural gifts, polished by inborn taste and regulated by good sense and discernment. She had scarcely emerged from childhood when she made her first appearance on the stage. This took place at Liverpool, as Rosetta in the comic opera of "Love in a Village," a part requiring vocal powers of the first order. She was then only commencing her fifteenth year, and gave such promise of excellence that she almost immediately became a favourite with the public, and afterwards, with increasing estimation, assumed a varied se- . lection of characters at Shrewsbury, Chester, and the other towns which then constituted the orbit of the Liverpool company. She also visited Bath and the York circuit. Tate Wilkinson, in his "Wandering Patentee," reprints a bill showing that she acted Columbine at Wakefield in 1774 in the pantomime of "Old Mother Redcap," and also sang songs between the acts of the preceding play. Drawing a line of comparison between Miss Farren and Mrs. Woffington, the same rambling biographer waxes into enthusiasm.

Having so often mentioned Mrs. Woffington, he observes:—"I naturally apprehend many persons who have not had the pleasure of seeing her would like a short description of

that celebrated beauty and highlygifted daughter of the dramatic mases; and having related so many particulars concerning her, and prois samed in a thornatively how much I was thought a short resemblance, though a carrestured one, of her stage manner, it might be judged that I e call give some ideas as to a similitule, which indeed I can with the strongest traits, and at the same time compliment the present age on possessing an actress of fully e-pial abigity in the arch and attractive Miss. Parren." Such parts as Lada Torruly, Marco "Non-more" Millanant. Sen were formerly thought Mrs. Wothingtool's best line of acting. Miss Farren is, to a certainty, very I ke her in some parts, and on himmary superior in others. "And now negless on for a scale of comparison. Their complexions and teatures much alike. Miss Farren will be nore like ten years hence, before which time, I I, po, she will be distinguished by some other appellation. Mrs. Woffington was that so is Miss Farren. Mrs. Wothington was beautiful; so is Mass Farrent, Mrs. Wallington was e'egant, so is Miss Farren Miss. Worth, gron was well find, so is Miss. Farren Mrs Wottington had wit; so has M ss Patien. Mist Woffington had somethies, particularly in trazedy, a hareli, broken, and discordant volle. Mas Patiens volce is ever nesseal at 1 fewitshirg. Mes-Without no or of be rule and vulgar; Miss Farrence och He then words upwirt to off arish "Soundenbteddy Mess harma soizes the worath of him with so midve as she adds to her part of the sense of medit, virtle, he do to, repetched to a parent, and every the endeating unathe englith of the analogy of me built rearry cap and ery. Let r live the

Mass Facility to must be remembered, revenuation are early neverality and therefore show necessificant from all comparis in with Miss Wollington in the Research, Leaving Victor, Solvey, Association, and when the ratchess figure of her produces of redesity is default. We do not profess special adjoinance. We do not profess special adjoinance when than ele-

gantly termed "breeches parts;" but the male costume may be assumed by the fair sex without utter prostration of delicacy; and while it affords an opportunity of setting off a symmetrical person, and showing versatility of talent, has a charm for many, if tastefully and consistently displayed. We speak solely of females adopting the garb and persons of men in plays. as a disguise or a subterfuge for concealment, to escape danger, or to carry on the plot. A woman acting a real man is a monstrous and offensive anomaly. With this feeling we never could endure Miss Cushman's manly stride and action in Kontes, powerfully and paintuily masculine and effective as they undoubtedly were. When Mrs. Siddons played Residend, she objected to the usual succinct costume, and adopted a long tunic, reaching nearly to her ankles. Thes gave her the appearance of a hybrid to ther positive toan nor web an.

Better to have declined the part altogether, and the more so, as sile had no resconce t in her temperament, ax ept when singing "Buly Taylor," to amuse

a private encie.

A natural, perbates a vicious bias lends us into incidental deviations from the high read of our subject. We ask pardon of readers whose immis are modgressive, but we cannot resist the temptation. Strat 2: saturmana are sometimes indicated in by actors in search of attracts nonlicitefit hights. Mrs. Abungton once perpetuated Society, Mrs. Powell Hamber and Young Novel their than once; as I Mrs. Gaver sett asly contemplaced Fiderica, with the traditionary stretting. Mrs We down 1756, within A exhibited he self is the fat knugat with or it. She was bug and but'y, and respects no artificial make up. In 1781 the chief Comming then nanot ref the Haymarket, amused the two with a recent cast of the "Beggers' Opera, which filled his treasing for eal ton nights. The chiracters were transposed as follow and Machaeth, Mrs. Carrill ; Per lam, Mrs. Letevre, Locket, Mrs. Weete, Filch, Mrs. Wilson, Polly, Mr. Bannister, june. Lucu, Mr. Edwin; Mrs. Penhan, Mr. Wasan, Mrs. Samueria, Mr. Blisset, Domer Teaps, Mr. Wewyter, Jeony Dover, Mr. Baddeley. Mrs. Crouch, in her ment its gives a description of the

performance. She says that Mrs. Lefevre, a slim woman, was ill-calculated for Peachum, but Mrs. Webb's masculine appearance suited Lockit, and she played with great spirit. Mrs. Wilson, though a very pretty, little, delicate-looking woman, appeared to be in reality as complete a pickpocket as could be found amongst the young scamps who infest the doors of a theatre, and sang her song, "'Tis Woman as Seduces All Mankind," as if she had always breathed the air and imbibed the habits of the back slums. Gay himself could not have desired a more identical Filch. Mrs. Cargill, though short and thick, appeared quite at ease, and acted Macheath delightfully.* Edwin's droll looks and awkward management of his petticoats; his love, his anger, his distress in Lucy, the odd effect he gave the songs, formed a combination of burlesque never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. All who recollected old Charles Bannister, though they might not have seen him in Polly, could easily imagine how his rough manly face must have looked in a female head dress, and his tall, robust form in a woman's gown. His first appearance, with his graceful, low courtesies, and his grave, modest looks, excited a tumultuous roar of laughter, constantly repeated. Though Bannister could take off the squeaking pipe of Tenducci to the life, and had performed Arionelli in O'Keeffe's "Son-in-Law," both songs and dialogue in high falsetto, yet heattempted no disguise of his natural voice when acting Polly; nor, except in holding up his train rather too high in some of his exits, did he seem wilfully to When he travesty the character. gave the songs all was intense, serious attention. He sang them all in his finest style, and the serious ones in the most pathetic. A similar exhibition of the "Beggars' Opera," with characters transposed, took place more recently, in our own days, at the Adelphi; and all living playgoers remember the popularity of Madame

Vestris as Macheath. Paul Bedford and Wright elicited great mirth as Norma and Adalgisa. Thousands have seen Edmund Kean rise from Bosworth field to leap through a harlequin trap as Silvester Daggerwood. All such abnormal expedients are degrading to true art, and cause its worshippers to mourn.

Before Mrs. Siddons made her great hit in London, in 1782, the Bristol play-bills of the 27th of June, 1781, inform us that for that night only. and for the benefit of her sister and husband, Miss Kemble and Mr. Siddons, she enacted the Prince of Denmark in Shakespeare's play, as partly altered by Garrick and partly by Lee. It was announced as her first appearance there in that character, and sixth time of performing it. The essay, in a monetary sense, was a failure, as the receipt only reached £65 10s.—less than half the sum the house would conveniently hold. These exceptional eccentricities sink into nothing compared with the prostration of public taste which tolerates and encourages an avowed burlesque of Shakespeare. On the 17th of June, 1813, Poole's "Hamlet Travestie" was represented at Covent Garden, for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Liston. Ophelia, by Liston; the Queen, by Mrs. Liston; Hamlet, by Charles Mathews the elder; the King, by Blanchard; Laertes, by little "Beau Mordecai" Simmons; and the Ghost, by C. Taylor, the bass singer. The redeeming humour of this sacrilege is entirely confined to the notes, in derision of the pompous nothings of some of the learned commentators. Here is a specimen of the Hamlet and Laertes set to with text. their fists. At the end of the first round the Queen faints. Horatio explains thus-

"To see their bloody noses, Her royal stomach slightly indisposes."

This is lamentable. The author of "Paul Pry" had a vein of genuine humour which ought not to have given place to such a vulgar, spurious

^{*} This Mra. Cargill went to India in 1782, and met with extraordinary success. She played all her favourite characters in opera, and attempted tragedy also with considerable applause. Her benefit at Calcutta produced 12,000 rupees (£1,200). On her return home, in 1784, she was lost, with several of the passengers, in the wreck of the Nancy Fast India Packet. She was found amongst the rocks of Scilly, floating in her night clothes, with an infant in her arms.

substitute. In less remote days we have seen "Macbeth," "Othello," " Richard the Third," the "Merchant of Venice, and "Romes and Juliet," degraded to builesque, and hailed with as much enjoyment and as many shouts of applause as were bestowed on the nobiest and most classical illustrations of the Kembles, Keans, Macreadys, and Youngs. We jeer and scott at the constitutional levity of our French neighbours. They are careless chough in many reverential matters, but they have a holy horror of descrating the fame of Corrente or Racine. They cannot comprehend the aberties we take and subject to be taken with our "gavine Whatens, They would shudder at the idea of a stage travesty of "Les Horaces, "Le Carller "Andromaque." an outlage would raise the old reign or terror cry of the ladacterne " and want to equate us likely to star upcome of their two dead reventions as any of the ordinary existencials.

Youngs a the stage manager of the Livery of the tre when Miss Parien first copens, and actions, was an exterrent diversion. He saw, from the testing at that she was destined to attain de tacter, assist de les songree, at a water or over her with the Significación a fet en la latta de was a select to A sets to the extension the country, but to so killer to turn in Leading the gave recommitte quetion to Consider we compared for in consoprior She rose her outer of Extract courts Hayma logica the The state of the s to the operation of eartheanth year Garage and a second second second to the Kawara of a Herroria space a basic is a first of clarges in Agorea in the substract of Flowings were Heart and the outliness were of the Have in set the year betire, and Henof J. C. as She in This two it Displayed the stream transmit and

The part of extent to Mos Parleton Solution and out of the proton next for the display of the position excellences. It topic to seek at the ness, and a certain dispensible in Little Touring, Linky Touring for Life Touring, Linky Touring or Lord Touring Linky

newspaper critic of the day said-"When this young lady has conquered diffidence and acquired more experience; when she learns to tread the stage with more self-possession; to modulate her tones; to correct. inspirit, and vary her action, and to give a proper utterance to her feelings, by a suitable expression of voice and countenance; in our opinion she will be a most valuable acquisition to our London theatres." This is a very guarded, dubious judgment, implying promise, but little performance: and is almost as conclusive as the dictum of a Delphie oracle. We may gather from it, certainly, that the new canaidate did not take the town by storm, and that, though favourable, her reception was by no means enthus tette. Her second character was More i, in the "Citizen: her third, Res tra, in "Love in a Village." her berefit night, she appeared in an our mai part, R sara, in the "Spanish Parcer," arrived and translated by Colmon from the comedy of Beaumarchais, which has subsequently become tamous as the opera of the "Barber of Seville," with Rossini's mayie. The next season she appeared in male attire, as Nancy Level, in Commis consolv of the "Snielde; but exceed no sensation, and added to that, to be credit. Yet she repeated the past nineteen times, and took the last night for her benefit. On the life of August, 1778, she acted Lata Toronta, in the "Provol. a Husband , and on the 2nd of September, Looks Formeral, in the "Proceed Water". The town then saw and incy appropried her in her the other

On the sthoof October, 1778, Miss Pairer transplanted herself to the note ambit ets arena of Frury lane, in that is to the first appearance in the next rational theorie as Charlotte Room, in the "West Indian." The employer we attractive women, all notes twenty. Mrs. Robinson Persons, Miss Wilson, Miss P. Hopsits, afterwards Mrs. Biereton and Mrs. John Kemble, and Miss Faira both Farren. A similar galaxy of concentrated beauty delighted the eyes of the public eighty years before. Davies says, in his "Miscellantes," that the stage never produced four such handsome actresses

at ouce as Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Mountfort, and Mrs. Leigh; and that when they appeared together in the last scene of the "Old Bachelor," the audience, struck by the enchanting group, broke out

into reiterated applauses.

During the season of 1778-1779, Miss Farren also appeared occasionally, and in consequence of a very unusual arrangement, at Covent Garden, on alternate nights. The exigencies of the theatres, or her general popularity, induced the managers to call upon her frequently in tragedy; but the robes of Melpomene never sat naturally upon her. She assumed them with reluctance, and abandoned them with pleasure. After 1779, she confined herself to Drury-lane, and never quitted that theatre while she continued on the stage. During the summer vacations she sometimes filled up her time at the Haymarket, and made one visit to Dublin, during Daly's management; but of this we have no particulars. On the 5th of August, 1780, Miss Lee's "Chapter of Accidents' was produced at the Haymarket. The part of Cecilia exactly suited Miss Farren's powers, and tended much to confirm her reputation. The comedy had a long run, and remained on the stock-list for many seasons. The authoress first offered her work to Harris, for Covent Garden. He treated her ill, encouraged her to make various alterations, and, after some shuffling, rejected it. She then sent it anonymously to Colman, who saw its merit, and accepted it at once. She enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing it, in after years, frequently represented at Covent Garden. In her preface to the printed edition she complains bitterly of Harris's treatment, and with reason; but is not justified in saying bluntly that it arose from her having neither a prostituted pen nor person to place at his disposal. Harris was a man of gallantry, and sometimes got into a scrape. The beautiful Mrs. Inchbald once rescued herself from him by tugging stoutly at his hair. When relating the assault she added, in her stuttering agitation, "If he had w-w-o-r-n a w-w-wig, I was a ru-ined woman !"

In 1782, Mrs. Abington, on some misunderstanding with Sheridan,

arising most likely from chronic paralysis in the treasury department, left Drury-lane for Covent Garden. Her secession opened an extensive range to Miss Farren in comedy of the first class, and relieved her from many unpalatable characters, amongst others, Juliet and Statira, less congenial to her attributes. On the 26th of September, 1782, she played, for the first time, her predecessor's celebrated original part of Lady Teazle, and was allowed to be, at least, her equal. No doubt both were finished performances. Yet there were critics who preferred a later representative, Mrs. Jordan, in some points, to either. They considered both Mrs. Abington and Miss Farren as too exclusively the fine lady, defective in those little sparkles of rusticity which are considered by such microscopic investigators as necessary to mark the country education of the lively heroine. We are old enough to remember Mrs. Jordan, and have still a clear impression of her wonderful powers; but she ought never to have attempted anything approaching to a woman of fashion. Her forte was laughing, exuberant comedy. Even Mrs. Clive could not have exceeded her in Nell. Her Country Girl, Priscilla Tomboy, Miss Hoyden, and all that class, were exquisite. In male attire no actress could be put in competition with her but Mrs. Woffington, and she was as superior to Mrs. Woffington in voice as Woffington was to her in beauty. She sang so sweetly, with such distinct articulation and such enchanting melody, that her introduced airs, always appropriate to the situation, were often called for three But she had the common times. blindness of mistaking her bent. She could do nothing badly, yet frequently insisted on characters to which she was unsuited. When first called upon to play Bridget, in the "Chapter of Accidents," one of her cleverest personations, she refused, and said it was coarse, vulgar, quite out of her line. She persisted in Little Pickle, and other boys' parts, when verging on fifty, and until her figure and illadapted costume painfully suggested to the spectators, the knave of clubs in a pack of cards. Alas! for female weakness, and vanity! Mrs. Jordan was never what could be called handsome, but her features were expressive and plea inz, and Wilkinson says that in her youth "she sported the best leg ever seen on the stage."

The season of 1782-1783, was marked, at Drary lane, by the reappearance of Mrs. Siddons, in the full meridian of her talents, after several years' projection in Bath. On the 12th of October, 1782, she presected herself as Isolella, in the "Kutal Marriage," and from that out, until her retirement as Lody M wheth, on the 20th of June, 1812. a long reign of thirty years, occupied it e trage throne without a rival. to be was imprestionably, in her walk, the greatest actions that ever trod the s are brony age or country. Such perset d'and mental qualities were never combred in another. But she heked versatility, and should never have to spassed on the realms of Thain. Decrease her fast sea on tragedy the blick in the assendant, and the countries of the theathe were een very rearranted. The "Fat d d may was noted twenty four times, the "Green Daughter" character "dane Shore" timeten; the Therefore the transform and the TM order Bode of these Mrs. Sub-dones on you are Congruence was Mrs. I do else, in our streets, in prose, To the Manager of the "Patal December" with a special quety attention third togeth. Be a four in are the third to the Bon local in hard of the value of the property of Latterney and Lych the rade hard of which is the pay to save the colors of lessent to the make come or fit employed and ency as a task was a manatic flesh

The set H. C. See gralefolf or glover of your officer on the parties of the control parties

mager, and valued himself on his tact and address in making apologies for accidental disappointments. This, from long practice, became part of his nature. During the no-popery riots, in 1780, the mob attacked his house, without knowing or caring who lived there. To appease their fury, he sent out a barrel of table beer untapped. They forthwith drew the bung, expecting to find double stout, and began to throw volleys of stones when they discovered the "thin potation." Hull, trembling for his windows and his skin. threw up the sash of an upper room, and appeared in his velvet night cap. After three profound obeisances, no addressed the children of plunder thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, I as are you, upon my honour , the right hand to his breast, the small beer was a mistake. I have sent to Giffirst shrew house for a cask of porter; it will soon be here, and in the meantime I mest hamily scheit your usual kend meinigence."

A tew weeks after the failure of Hull's trap dy, a comedy by Pratt, the "Gleaner, 'called the "School for Vanity," in which Miss Farren acted October Wandham, a sentimental her inc. met with a similar fate. "Sdeath exclaimed the author, in in agnation; "I'll print it, and shame the tools. He did so, and proved the pistice of the sentence. A second mody by Waldron, cutified "Inntation or the bonnale Fortune Hunters, Charlette, by Mass Farren, a so died, and made no sign. But dismissists have a cut like tenanty to life. Twelve years later, Wald in tried his builting agon at the Haymarket, as " Herridge for a Hustener, with a different cast, and return better back. This comody is, in fact, the "Beatx Stratagem," inverte li Charlett and Marontworket A unit helps, in soar hof fortune by matrix ny, are As A r and A sur Z in jetti outs, and placed in pretty to the the same out must meet. There is a major the exponential fermion B , the anti-South Such exacts independent with at withor humour, ought never to have possed muster

Miss Faron had not been many seasons on the Lordon store with, by the property of his private our dust and her protessorial stores, she obtains further to the first materials.

guished parties in fashionable life. At the particular request of several of the nobility, she took part in and conducted the stage arrangements of some private plays at the Duke of Richmond's town residence in Privy Gardens, in which the Earl of Derby, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, and the Honorable Mrs. Damer sustained leading characters. Here she formed her first acquaintance with the noble Earl, which in course of time ripened into mutual regard. Before this attachment sprung up, the frequent visits of the celebrated orator and statesman, Charles James Fox, to the green-room, and his pointed attentions to Miss Farren, became a matter of notoriety. She seemed to encourage him with the modest confidence which implied a conviction that his intentions were honorable, and also not unwelcome. But when explicit declaration became necessary, it appeared that the great Whig orator's notions were liberal and anti-matrimonial. Peremptory dismissal followed; and not long after Lord Derby became the fair vestal's avowed patron and admirer. was a married man, separated, but not divorced, from his first wife, the only daughter of the sixth Duke of Hamilton. Whether their estrangement arose from incompatibility of temper, from the Countess's illhealth, or from what other cause, it were needless and meddling to conjecture. The marriage took place in June, 1774, and, by this lady, the Earl had a son who succeeded him, and two daughters. His lordship was born in 1752, and consequently was seven years older than Miss Farren, but outlived her rather more than five years, dying in 1834. As time passed on, it became whispered about that they were conditionally engaged to each other, the union to take place when circumstances allowed. In the meantime not a whisper of scandal was breathed upon the intimacy. Their caution and reciprocal restraint were undeviating. They were never seen together except in the presence of a third person, generally the lady's mother.

These prospective arrangements between enamoured ladies and gentlemen, depending on the life or death of an existing impediment or incumbrance, are by no means uncommon; neither do the parties involved lose caste or estimation in the eyes of the world by being prepared for a possible contingency, should it present itself. But is this precision quite in accordance with high and pure principles of morality and religion? husband may not live with his wife, or a wife with her husband, by mutual consent, without moral delin-quency; still they are legally and religiously joined until death or the divorce court divides them. True, they may agree to live apart, on terms; but be the motive of separation what it may, or the blame, if any, on one side or divided, it requires keen casuistry to determine that therefore A. and C. may lawfully arrange a future marriage, on the speculation that the intervening B. will, some fine day, think proper to make a vacancy. This, viewed as a pure case of conscience, would form an interesting topic for the wisdom of the law lords, or the consistorial court, should either be able to find leisure for an abstract question. We presume not, in our limited power of judgment, to hint at a decision.

Lord Derby, during their probationary courtship, addressed many poetical tributes to the virtues and amiable qualities of Miss Farren. The following specimen marks the high tone of his admiration:

"TO MISS FARREN, ON HER BEING ONE DAY ABSENT FROM CHURCH.

"While wond'ring angels, as they look'd from high,

Observ'd thy absence with a holy sigh;
To them a bright, etherial scraph said—
Blame not the conduct of th' exalted
maid;

Where'er she goes, her steps can never stray;

Religion walks, companion of her way; She goes with ev'ry virtuous thought impress'd;

Heaven on her face, and heaven within her breast."

In 1783, John Kemble was added to the Drury-lane company, and soon raised himself to a position second only to that of his sister. On the 14th of February, 1784, Miles Peter Andrews produced a comedy called "Reparation." The heroine, Julia Hardy, a sentimental young lady, who had been deluded under the colour of a mock marriage, was intended for Mrs. Siddons, but lost

nothing by being transferred to Miss. Farren, who exerted her utmost powers where there were no matereals to insure brilliant success. Andrews was a manufacturer of gampowder as well as plays; but imparted nothing of the force and splendour of the first inflammable composition to his eleven dramatic eforts. They were uniformly dull, heavy non-conductors. One of Miss Farren's distinguishing excellences was the care she bestowed on every part, good, had, or indifferent, comnatted to her charge, and the punctilists exactness with which she delivered the language of the author; a to e the less common than it ought to be with professors of the art his-1 once. On the 17th of May, 1784. Remble and Mass Parren appeared r better as Algebrasia Meller in December Amplityon Up to to special stellad beau and error this part of she first bear and employed in a part of the first set brown each with the first set of the fir the commencement of the mail tem. the control of the settled tradition is all the fields on the settle with Monty, Proposition and the Proposition with written and the Control of the settle with the settle with Monty Monty and the settle with Monty M

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Organic 18th of Ormore, 2750, a Foregreen, Lenga Mondonson, a see for first spreading at Draw I was Proposition to the large Commission was two years America than Miss barrely and at that time, the two Palmers, Korn, Burnster,

twenty-three. She was a native of Waterford, and made her first stage attempt in Dublin, as Andrey, in 1777; the same year in which our heroine faced an audience in Liverpool. Her maiden name was Bland, when she joined Tate Wilkinson's company, in 1782. He soon found it expedient to recommend the assumption of a matronly title, and suggested Mrs. Jordan, as she had recently crossed the channel. Her first part in York was Calista, in the "Fair Penitent," a red hot tragedy heroine. The curtain fell on her dving agonies, anadst the sobs and tears of the audience; and after a few minutes it rose again, when she bounded on the stage in a freek and mob cap, and gave them the song of the "Greenwood Laddie," which had been regularly announced, with a c' wand breadth, a voice, a enile, and a natural earnestness, which periodly bewedered the same specthe re, and effectually roused them from the desires on of the play. "Gent chim South, as he was or leads the oriental Charles Surface at faty six, say her in Yorkshire, and shot ly recommended her to the Drany lane in tagers to play sounds to Mrs Saidens in tragely; and with this object they engaged her at four pennels a week. She prevailed on the actionnes to give her a first change in broadle nedy. The conso there e was that they immediately it a set her schary, and before the so there is well as that the stand, of a led her sulary, and before the first library, in library and the case it was now extracted it to twelve youth, was to be a constant to proceed, and added two benefits, or very library to those two mass. Attraction, it professional career was to extract the constant professional career was to extract the close two constants. Attached and about the Artist I. I. and professional career of twenty of twenty of the closing the artist to the first transfer of the same tent. that it is the one of which they and so the second of the We are unto the very street histate with worth order St. Co. on, in 1816, of a word model or any by fishing- $2s = 1 \cdot 32s$

I have been been for a moment. at his solution to a critisted at Delay more a 17 onto a for several The Court of the Amount of Amounts the layers were Mark Sald us, Mas doubling, Mark Peters, Mas Crough, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. W. - C. amongst tree hone J In Jone le. Smith,

jun., Parsons, Suett, Moody, and Dodd. If such talent existed now, it could not be brought together in one arena. There were then only two theatres open in London during the winter, instead of the thirty at present in full swing. Neither of their exchequers was overflowing when they had the market all to themselves. Sheridan was on the point of bankruptcy some years later when "Pizarro" and the dog Carlo retrieved

him for the moment; and Covent Garden, under the classic sceptre of John Kemble, fled from Shakespeare to horses and a live elephant. Such are the fluctuations of taste, and such the unfathomable lottery of all theatrical speculations. It is vain to cry out upon the incompetence, ignorance, or obstinacy of managers or actors. The sin lies at the door of the public, who alone can infect with the disease and provide a cure.

SCENES IN THE TRANSITION AGE FROM CÆSAR TO CHRIST.

CYRENE

As, one bright morning in the fifty-fifth year of the current era, the population of Cyrene thronged the streets and house-roofs of that city for the purpose of witnessing the arrival of the Roman proconsul, Avarius, who had been appointed by the Emperor Nero to the government of the Pentapolis, the panorama which struck the eyes of a couple of young men reclined in the open casement of a mansion on one of the higher hills, was one of singular brilliancy and animation.

Cyrene, whose original population were half Greek, half African, was at this period the most eminent city of the five, which, like a necklace, glittered upon the protruding bosom of that bright, dusky region between

Egypt and Carthage.

Along the marble piers of its harbour, one of which terminated in a lofty pharos, whose brassy reflectors flashed in the sunshine, were seen the merchant vessels and craft of many nations; the heavy built triremes of Carthage and Egypt, goosenecked, with gilded sterns, pine masts, cedar cabins, white sails—their poops bearing inscriptions in Punic and hieroglyphic characters-prayers and good wishes for the success of The piers, on convoy and crew. which here and there a marble fountain cast into the air its jet of pure lymph, were crowded with bales of export and import merchandize-corn and wine, silpium, roses, &c. one place, opposite a small shrine dedicated to the Winds, might be seen the crew, attending the ceremony of purification of a vessel destined

for a long voyage. There the whiterobed priest having broken the sacred
egg on the prow, and scattered sulplur on the decks, along which the
images of the gods were placed, stood
with a torch in one hand, while with
the other he poured a libation of
milk into the sca. At a little distance
a priest of Isis, attended by his ministers, clashing sistrums and chanting
a hymn sacred to the goddess, was proceeding to dedicate a new vessel, laden
with the first fruits of the spring. A
thousand vessels, some of war, mostly
of commerce, and of every foreign
form, thronged the blue waters of the
spacious basin.

Immediately beneath lay the city, descending in terraces, whose marble structures, white and pure as though shaped of snow, contrasted with the burning radiance of the African sun, which, as it ascended above the rugged purple precipices of an eminence stretching eastward, now smote with its fierce glory the pillared sides of the temples pinnacled on the summits; now bathed in cool blue shadow the streets which, branching from that of Battus, occupied the ravines—lighting up the western point of the stonyhill, honeycombed with sepulchres, which, extending northward beyond the turreted walls, became lost amid the pale olive groves of the rich plain, covered with abundant vineyards, cornfields, and orchards, thickets of arbutus, and meadows of iris-hued flowers, which declined gradually, intersected by the great highway leading to the many-masted harbour, and azure line of the Mediterranean, nine miles distant.

Loftily along the southern sky rose

the indented cres and of wood-covered. mountains, to which, from their forming a barrier against the hot wind of the Desert, was in part attributable the delicious climate of the Cyrenaica, which, thus sheltered from its firebreathing blasts, reclined like some beauteous goddess dowered with fruits and flowers, bathed in the affluent sunlight, and would by the gentle breezes of the laughing waters, which, half-dreaming at her feet, murmured of perpetual summer.

Westward from the undulating plain rose several green mounds crowned by small temples on the highest, that of Esculapius, bes dewhich a long arched aqueduct extends cityward o on another, surrounded by vineyards, that of Bacchas; while here and there a value was seen islanded in the deep sea of Egyptian wheat, whose golden expaision rapided away to the fort of the remote mountain relac, at the end of whose sea stretching prementery the walls of Prodema's gluomered, fairtly white. Eastward, walling up against the sky, rose the high lides at will se opposite side the town of Durea ato all and along whose precipies so the a winte tiread, wound the long to d way which reached constward to Alexandria. The time ment, with ura cloud, domaing azine viewer enty and call vated of any seemed to restain the ly on the leafy shoons cannats of the cosport falls and slopy tevel of the trangual sea, and a faut work, freighted with the sweets of each ever the paralishi space of the

fru tíul sprangtou r 2 % Hark bott ed stantifure of tru na pets, to the brassy clarger of the and mary dimension with heralds the process in winding cityward through the valvy, to the troup of Gan's Liberary, with war in both or in than been one of Avyors. Choosing along the norther was a trim the more todes around the gareways of autorism earliest settle passes of the always set pe the great street of Botton, who not be eaver authorities, and prosts of the var, dis tempers, award to section in What a mothly multitude are as a his-More to witness the event sees of the La by a sacrifice proposed at the ortar befor the great form of the Point There, in the shadow of the land

pillared structures, civil and religious, which tise around three sides of the square, are seen the dark Egyptian priests in linen vestments; those of Bacchus in purple robes, their heads and shoulders covered and draped in rose wreaths, as are also those of their youthful attendants. Roman soldiers and officials, tierce and grave; lively Greeks, winte robed, jesting, or cloquently conversing, are seen ;-- turlaned merch cuts of Asia; Greek, Phomician, Gambsh, and Berman traders in metal and corn, also, in partie-loured plaited tunies and bracche: :—evenfar-clad traders from Taurie i.

Sacratices having been offered by the priests of Jupiter and Nero in the temples, the proconal, Avarine, Laving reviewed the Roman garrison, subsequently needs an address to the anti-orities and populace assembled in the Forum, in which, having congratulated the Cyronese on the prosjerdy of the r playmee since it had become an integral part of the Roin an empire, proceeded to notice the effect of such an assorperation in various parts of the world, east and west. While all such nations had their library in ericated and assured, the leader to can ust participators in the rewer of the enpire; while the bar search revived the advartages of Roman law and civilization, at a tre Greeks read in the capital and the other two of the empire, are not in the other for their manning time of him is a were not mitted to take land, exchand, and greve, treat of company of his more reashing. In a view, Robert and view commend to every Loranti e mile the manne of the

> The address of the proconsul was received with or at appliance, despite nderbwe period of the the exerciof the sign is they there also the house of a thorogen the ender areally trains no ted with Romonary of Accessible. which the east or born sequed as tre detailed for the real Avarias was Invited at the author of the support and the winds to be had been remende te as to the place, whether to tension of Participal Jupiter, and a a Gook for the revision and the to the design that they were to

The company consisted of the elite of the town, merchants of many nations, slave dealers, corn dealers, the monopolists of the laserpitium trade, men of science and literature, poets, and mathematicians. When the fruits were introduced, and large cups placed on the tables, a poet, who boasted a descent from Callimachus, recited an eulegistic ode in honour of the arrival of the new governor; and several mathematicians, among them one who had a new theory about squaring the circle, having gained the ear of Avarius, continued their exposition, on which three-fourths of the company had remarks to offer so long that he began to think he had got into a city of verse - makers and theorists. After, however, listening with grave attention, and nodding courteously to each of those who addressed him; the Roman becoming presently wearied, and wishing to turn the conversation, inquired of a Greek who occupied a lower couch near him, who he had for some time observed to sympathize with him during the scientific infliction, with which he had been so long visited, "what sort of sport they had in the Cyrenean arena l' The Greek, Ivorius by name, a parasite, assuming an air in which a pitying tolerance, of the some time interlocutors of the proconsul seemed to mingle with a stern unostentations admiration of the Roman, said :-

"The Cyrenese, my lord, as you are possibly aware, are a people of commerce, literature, science, and little addicted to the noble manly sports and amusements of the great Roman people. Hence, it is with shame I admit the fact, our arena seldom witnesses a spectacle. And yet, if properly patronized, no other cities of their size in the empire could, methinks, compete with those of the Pentapolis, in this noble institution. Africa, one of your Roman poetsand which of the Greeks indeed have excelled him,—has called the dry nurse of lions; any number of which can be procured from the interior, while slaves, both African and foreign, abound for the sport. In fact, though blessed with a delightful climate, and that prosperity which never fails to follow the steps of Roman conquest - that which Cyrene chiefly lacks- that which constitutes her inferiority to several cities of the barbarians, even, is a permanent institution of the Lanista."

"You think so?"

"'Tis the first step towards strengthening the virile tastes of the people, the true means of raising my countrymen to the level of Roman civilization."

The Proconsul (aside).—These Greeks are mere weather cocks, everything with everybody. To make statues, paint pictures, and poems—not govern nations—is their destiny.

The Parasite (aside).—What beasts these Romans are! That Romulus, suckled by a wolf, transmitted his beast-nature to his nation, is at least no fable.

In the interim, the while the people of Cyrene were thus occupied observing the spectacle and ceremonies of inauguration, the two young men, who, reclining on the sunny housetop in an elevated part of the city, had whiled an hour, watching the procession proceeding along the great road, from the port to the turreted city gates, presently descended into one of the chambers, which, simply furnished, displayed numerous evidences of the artistic profession of its occupants. At one casement appeared the model of a nymph, and beside it the block of marble from which the river goddess's beauteous head, crowned with lotus lilies, and bust, had only as yet emerged. At the other a large copper plate, supported against a sort of easel, on which a picture, representing the story of Apollo and Cyre, appeared, the group accurately sketched, but as yet coloured only in part. A couple of citron tables covered with instruments of painting and sculpture, a couple of couches, on one of which was thrown a Laconian purple cloak, and whose pillow was thickly scattered with rose leaves, and a line of brackets along one of the walls, in which numerous Greek manuscripts rested, completed the appointments of the chamber.

In appearance the young artists contrasted strikingly. One was tall and graceful as the young Apollo, in whose features and expression a sedate beauty, mingled with a luminous enthusiasm. From his broad symmetrical forehead thick waving locks,

white, strong, stately neck to his shoulders; bright, with a dreamy lustre, shone his eyes beneath back brows, whose shadowy lines, meeting and delicate by blending over the brow, gave his countenance the look which realized the Greek idea of beauty, the pecally open a spect of all embracing Visionary power, which the scriptors loved to express in their images of the Light God : while the delicitelyarched mobile mouth was at once size infigure of the impulsive movements of imagination and the controlling sense of beauty. His careless attire consisted of a linen tunic, drawn to the waist by a femzed spark over which hing a light cloak of searbt, fastered toward the left shoulder by a 2 old melaspe, bushins, worked with saver thread, completed his costume.

His conformed, who was some veirs his eabir, the with less in statule. was of a figure in the powerfully for to broad shouldered, or said the stem and in home and maybe, dark skrine h with high forcined, do not which the short for one of, a ok, and near v as or spins that of an African , his fortures were regular out hands not therein somewhat heavy, his eyes smed, but vivid as the viper's. Walley however, his transe detected great strength, and activity, in his literaments there was a method 2 least, us, fier e, and she's war is terred then permanent expression, de jute d'accordess greety d'Es mouner. Il s disease that we need to hear a course as emples a significant or all rock, purpose pore, edge towers, the while imperies this is structly at 2 dien i with get A to it someth his person The first was the country Arien, the Letter troop on the Sound in

They are the consumed to with the commendation of the other with residual, when the or construct was interrupted Ly the same of the example of the conat that it is town to suffer a vocal Bodres och fervallithe i kalamisk i 4 Remodeling the Sharaka san to material of a part of the indicated bases at 6000s. 1 4 * of Arest protection between Street received they had beaster up and taked some property of this agjust risch from a to or layer ver-or Harting strong some fields for the

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yellow as corn, clustered around his most important visiter. "Above ail men you are he whom I most desire to behold. Formerly painters im-plored heaven for a visit from Apollo; but much more grateful to me is it to receive the patronage of a haman Partus, like the eminent genties man I address, whose coffers have grown so heavy since his arrival in the Pentapolis. What say you to my poeture? when finished think you wal it tempt you to disburse a har or

"What is the subject I" inquired Rapax, throwing himself on a couch.

"The story of Apollo and Cyre, which, as you know, reters to the origin of this good city. What think you of $\mathbf{n} \in$

"Hush, gentlemen" said Sithermis, placing a finger on his hip;

Rapax is about to speak.

"It so ms admirably printed so far," returned Rapax: "but the subje t is not to my taste. You must execute for me an arena scene, a tight of gladiators, or a crucitizion. s no thing of whose truth I can form a morniout tom experience, for the again I can understand reality. I can et appre alte panted fables.

" How so, d. how Homan that remark, gentlemen. Sit ermus said, toking his hard from his ear, and placing insters fingers permistage ther, as, beind the townshely beside Rapax, le continued, "How fail of clasto be? And redood I may say, though boar on one a manner a retheften sequet und that in the tribuhalled true to be able contate pipes no tation of thirzs are intely known referents a bider order of art than that win is sooks to make the vague constructed by Yonder punts to resolve women to the quite women that have until to be offerive would such art be if the trebe were one such as our Both Lines of the Steel

"I would tray indition to paint etter to the so jects you here ton, betaried Susaron, "the latter esterous violations have here, as you kie waa bevoor as streep a 2 officeries y his timber of a second and the so among which Parist a rise rood.

"Have the Greeks degenerated so far as not to think a fine work of art with the death of a way to said Baptay "Year into the more with moto Robby tax Short me and I well 25014 Sanday to his form world hadring

models to complete such a work. I, at least, love art too much to hesitate in crucifying a slave to obtain an expression."

"Let but my lord promise to patronise me in Rome, and I will weigh anchor with him to-morrow," returned Susarion, his face kindling

with fierce animation.

"Agreed," said Rapax; "you know the saying of the Emperor, who loves art like myself—'To technion pasa gaia trephei'—'An artist may live in any country.' Rome, however, the centre of the world, is the real arena

for all true talent.

Meanwhile the sophist, Anastophanes, who had been offering some suggestions to young Arion respecting the statue on which he was engaged, presently crossed the chamber to the wall, where, in their brackets, were ranged the papyrus and parchment scrolls of philosophy and poetry, which the young men perused and discussed daily, after their artistic labours and exercise in the gymnasium were over, as was customary with the Greeks, whose education referred equally to the body and mind, and the equal culture of the reason and imagination. After turning over for sometime the pages of Anaxagorus and Eudoxius, and alluding to the desuetude into which the physical sciences had fallen in Greece since the age of Socrates, whose "Memorial by Xenophon" he held in his hand, "After all," he said, "to the human mind, limited as it is, the investigation of the secrets of nature is perhaps a vain pursuit, and lies without the circle which should limit the true knowledge of mankind, whose proper business is to discover the nature of the soul, cultivate its different powers, moral and intellectual, and establish individually their inner government, ministered by the will, which, while rendering the mind perfect, renders it consequently independent of external phenomena and circumstance. Thus it was with Socrates, the messiah of reason, who remains the model man and philosopher of our race. He, indeed, did not seek to unfold the mystery of the physical universe, still less the divine being of the gods. He confined solely himself to humanity, which he sought to render more perfect. He was our first and greatest Moral Artist, and hence far greater VOL LXV.- NO. CCCLXXXV.

than those who create perfections in marble and paint. For if to produce a beautiful picture or statue is worthy of praise, how much more admirable he who exhibits the art of producing a perfect character or being; himself the while presenting the highest ex-

emplar of his precepts ?"

"Doubtless," said Arion, whose mind, but partially occupied with the remarks of Anastophanes, was directed to the disposition of a vincbranch drooping from the open casement by which he stood, whose graceful arrangement of lines he thought of embodying in the conception of some nymph group; "but even to inferior artists, who deal with marble and colour, a similar effort to attain mental perfection is requisite, if they would produce perfect works. The life of a poet should be a poem, while the soul of a statuary should culture the capacity of experiencing the range of human emotions, and governing their materials by his art and sense of beauty, if he would express them."

"Certainly, Arion; and as philosophy is the art of making the soul perfect, so the arts may be called philosophies teaching by example. What purity and perfection of judgment must the mind of Praxitiles have attained when he embodied his statue of Niobe! How deep and ample must have been thesensibilities; howstrong and dispassionate the creative logos of Homer, to have drawn so many characters, and so many scenes, sublime and beautiful, as we find in his

epics!

"I am surprised at hearing Homer still spoken of as an individual," said Arion, "or his works those of an individual mind. To me it has always appeared that the variety of dialects, the number of anacronisms, the distinction of styles in his poems point to the opposite conclusion. The historic contest of the Greek and Ionian cities for the honour of being his birthplace, sufficiently illustrates our ignorance respecting him. Nothing seems more probable than that either the name is that of an order of Ionian aioidoi, to whom a personality has been given, or that an Ionian with a large shaping imagination collected their songs and fused them consecutively into epic unity. Of Homer we know no more than of Hercules; and it seems extremely likely, considering the tendency of the human mind, that a single authorship was assigned to the Homeric ballads just as the numerous adventures of the many Herculeses of history were assigned to a single nominal representative. In a word, it is the same with the first poets as the first gods- under the name of one we have the works and labours of many."

"There seems some truth in that supposition," said Rapax, who was more intent on enjoying the cool flayour of a cup of Eyptian wine, which a slave had brought, than in listening

to the conversation.

"Unquestionably," cried the parasite Sithermus, "Arion is right."

"And tell me, Arion," inquired the sophist, "if the existence of Homer and Hercules are equally dubious, to which do you pay the Ligher reverence t. To the former, I doubt not."

"By no means," returned the superstitions Greek, "as that would involve impicty. In Hereub's I worship a god consecrated by the veneration of ages; in Homer I admire the works of many, or, if you will, of one human mind."

"Ideally, indeed, Hercules is venerable," said the sophist, "as he represents supernatural power applied to beneficent purposes, but not historically. Which strikes you as most worthy of reverence, the cleanest of the Augean stacks, the slave of tupbake, or the great poet who has immortalized the history of our race! Nay, are not the gods themselves the creations of the poets!

"If you case to recognize the difference between gods and men, I case to converse with you," said

Arion.

"In such case the less will be mine," said the sophist, similarly

stroking his board.

"You Grocks are always arguing," said hap expected to the torasete, "your life is a war of words. Let us to the circus; the new boxer, Croton, is about to fight Protheles without the cestus, and I've backed him for three thousand sestences. Come to me to supper, Susan on, and we will take over our arragements for going to the capitol.

Susariou bowed, and, thank is a him in a style at more too hat he does went,

attended his patron to the vestibule, where the parasite obsequiously arranged the folds of the Roman's role, and accompanied him down the steep street whispering in his car, followed a while by Anastophanes, who expected an invitation to an entertainment, but who purposed, in the ever tof failure, to lose no time in looking up some other rich epicure, and arguing for a suppor elsewhere.

When Susarion returned to the chamber where Arion had resumed his work, the latter, retreating a step to see the effect of the last strokes of

his chisel, said-

"So you are off to Rome, comrade I

—a sudden resolve."

"When fortune smiles on a new path we cannot pursue it too rapidly," the other returned gaily, looking with some disdain on his picture. "Yes, like Hannibal, my friend, I purpase to invade Italy.—Hannibal, whom I admire more than Appeles himself."

A GUINDAR OF BOYS

Steamon in due time arrived at Ostra, in one of the vessels which composed the honorary fleet of the late Proconsul, who, not having gained a military traumph during his govern ment, as was enstemary, entered the expitol, not in state, but as a private individual. Some hours were passed in inspecting, in company with one of the attaches of the returning functionary, the streets and public builds ings of the great harbour city of the Tiber, its temple of Neptune and many others, its immense granaries, storehouses, and other structures; a city which, with its vast bustling population, rative and foreign, but cho fly the latter, surprised the young Cyrenean, Litherto accustomed to the piere tranquil and voluptuous life of the Pentagodis, and afferded him a panorama in little, of the vast world whither he was going.

It was a hot, blue summer noon as the char of in which he jointneyed with his comrades, following the cavalende of the Proconsul, after a slow precess through the densily through a possages, emerged from the street of tout's, and the driver, lashing the steeds, began so mewhat to quicken their pace along the great highway, which for sixteen miles extended then et Reme. For a considerable

distance the way, which continued to be densely thronged with vehicles. private and public, afforded a scene of much novelty and amusement. Now, they passed immense trains of many-horsed waggons, miles in length, bearing the corn of Africa and Sicily, others loaden with huge oxskins of new wine or amphoras of the rarer vintages of Siene, Asia, and the Greek islands. Now a train of iron-railed vehicles, or cages on wheels, full of lions, tigers, leopards, bears, for the sports of the city. Now the superblectica of some flute-player from Athens or Egypt, or those of some troop of Greek actors and pantomimists, followed by numerous covered carts carrying their theatrical accessories and train of attendants. Waggons of fruit, roses, and other flowers, of statuary and other foreign imports, extended for miles along the way, crowded with horses, mules, camels, and wayfarers in every costume of the east, west, and south-Egyptians, Africans, Persians, Scythians, Gauls, and Ibe-

Presently the prospect opened with its glimpses to the south of the vast semicircular pier of Ostia, built by Claudius, to the west of the yellow river, dotted with ship and barge; at the opposite side the walls of Portius, shining whitely and distantly through the intervaling forest of bay trees; and on the right the town of Ficana, with its temples, towers, and wallsleagues of surrounding arable and corn land, upon which numerous bands of slaves, chained in couples, were seen working naked under the hot sun, each attended by the overseer, whip in hand. Thence on the road passes through a level plain, sandy and willow-grown, toward the river, green and rich in meadow, toward the line of isolated hills which serrate the horizon to the south-east; the gray and wooded crests of the Alban Mount; the hills of Tusculum, dotted with white towns, villages, and villas; far off the snow-edged Apennines—a superb amphitheatre of mountains semicircling the distance. At times they pass some roadside inn, its vine-curtained portico crowded by some motley throng of figures, Italian and foreign, porters, carriers, slaves, watering the horses, or drinking and conversing boisterously together on their businesses, lusts, and adventures; ever and anon importuned by some straggling, ragged soothsaver to hear their fortunes-with hand outstretched for the fee named, which ranges from an ass to a few sesterces. The highroad resounds with the tumult of wheels, the cries of animals, the shouting, cursing, and badinage of the drivers. Then the number of villas, with their trees, towers, gardens, ponds, green exercise grounds, begin to increase. At length, to the north, the sun flames dazzlingly on the golden roofs of a structure on a supreme hill-it is the temple of Jupiter, on the Capitoline, which indicates the site of the mighty city—Deorum domicilium, portus omnium gentium. The long, arched aqueducts reaching from the hills to the city became distinct against the blue remote mountains; and then the slopes and summits of the Aventine, with here and there a temple, but mostly covered with a close congeries of narrow streets -the quarter of the Roman plebs, the mountain suburb of the poor, appear; and the multitudes moving hither and thither upon the stony roads increase.

Again the crowd grew denser as the cavalcade approached the southern walls, from which the pyramid of Cestius sloped its marble sides, and approaching the Ostian gate, entered the city, passing by the guards and crowds of wayfarers resting on the semicircular seats along the highway which intersected the valley of the Aventine; then turning to the left, they passed up one of the many steep streets which ran along the sides of the mountain. In this old and poor quarter of the city, Susarion was surprised at the immense height of the houses, many of which, built in flats, rose a hundred and fifty feet, their upper stories projecting so much that the windows looked into each other, and the ledges of the roofs almost meeting, totally excluded the sun. Nor when they descended the other side toward the river, was he less astonished at the enormous height of the detached buildings, named insulæ, at once inns and lodging-houses, in which lived thousands of the slave and working artisan population, and which constituted as well the residence of the foreign population of all nations when visiting Rome in pursuit of their numerous businesses.

Coursing the district along the river, also thickly crowded with the habitations of the proletaire classes, and those engaged in the traffic of the Tiber, which was skirted by immense granaries and storehouses, they presently emerged from the shoulder of the hill, coming in view at once of the long three-storied piazza of the Circus Maximus, crowded with statues and pedestrians, above which rose the lofty Egyptian obelisks, and from which the cheering of the crowds enjoying a horse-race stunned the air. Thence—for the mansion of the Proconsul stood on the Flaminian Way past the Forum Boarium, the vegetable market, theatre of Marcellus, Octavian portico, theatre and portico of Pompey, and under the Capitoline, which rose superbly a mountain of mighty marble temples, crowned with the lafty golden domes of the guardian Jupiter. To the left, in an open space, appeared the circus of Flaminius, to which crowds of citizens were hurrying, capped and cloaked, to witness a contest between the green and red factions; thousands of foreigners. too, and masses of the plebs, who expected a distribution of bread, and perhaps money, from the giver of the sports, after the performances. Rounding the north west of the Capitoline, beneath the steep Tarpean rock, its summit covered with a patch of oak wood, the open spaces of the Campus Martius were seen in vistas through the streets and squares, then the white pillars of Clesar's Forum and the Olitorium, glimpses of the river througed with shipping and boats, of the Tiberme island, with its congresses of seviets, overtopped by the temple of Heren'es, the populous shores beyond, and the wooded and villand slopes of the Janiculum

At length they reached one of the aristocratic quarters of the city, the great Flamenian Way—a magnificant street, bordered by pala es and masters of senators, knights, bankers, otherals, warriors—a broad street in which the great houses stood separate, with their statued piazzas, rows of trees, walks, and garden fountains, and which was considered at intervals by triumphal arches, some old and of simple structure, memorizing the victories of the republic, others of flesh marble, and more stately proportions, emb-lished with the lavish

ornamentation of the Grecian chisel. Through crowds of luxurious chariots and lecticas, in which reclined many a well-known personage, male and female, attended by their guard of dark-dressed, long-haired slaves, and company of freedmen, they passed, and presently arrived at the city residence of the Proconsul. A crowd of slaves assisted the company to alight, and stood obeisant as they paced into the spacious atrium, where the proper attendants, having taken charge of each, led them to their respective chambers, to bathe and refresh before supper.

Susarion was taken in charge by one of the freedmen, Publicus, a courteons gentleman who had not been a slave for nearly ten years, and who was now very wealthy, possessing a fine villa in the Appian Way, estates in various parts of the country, and large sums laid out at interest.

After bathing, Susarion was conducted to a small but elegantly appointed banqueting room, where his new friend, Publicus, awaited hun, and where, having placed his guest on the middle couch, they partook of a choice repast of several courses, which comprised, amid many other delicacies, roast bear, stewed snails, and paps of dormice, a small lamprey, British oysters, &c., which they washed down with copious draughts of Tuscan wine cooled in snow, and old Caculan slightly infused with sea water; and were waited on the while by numerous slaves, all of whom, saving the carver, a pompous Sicilian, were Greek and Asian girls. During the second and third courses a hands one less enlistened the entertainment by alternately singing a Greek song in or use of the inventor of an exquisite same which, shr not in a golden is well of ewer, was handed round with the lamprey, and mutating the roulades of a Persian nightingale. A sin di fountain neur an open casement. pursed refreshmely, while the roses with who i the pavenents were thickly carpeted, crushed under the white feet of the attendants, filled the air with a pertune which contended with the lastrons and area maticalours of the man teld denties.

It was about the tenth hour four clebok, when, having par aken of a somewhat hasty reflection, during custing, estate even d

of his friends in Cyrene, among them a rich tax gatherer and noted slavedealer; and having bathed their hands in scented waters, presented by the neat handmaids in crystal vessels, the freedman, throwing aside his synthesis, said to his young friend:—

"I have made our supper as short as possible, as you remark, under the impression that you would wish to see something of Rome and its amusements before sunset. What say you, -shall we order a carriage, and visit some of the theatres?"

"Willingly," said Susarion. "I am all on fire to inspect this great city, and for the first time witness

some of your Roman sports.'

"Bring the Gazette of this morning," Publicus said, addressing one of the slaves; who, leaving the chamber. quickly returned with a papyrus roll of a couple of pages, in which the diurnal fights, plays—the marriages, births, and divorces of the patrician

classes were published.
"Let's sec," he said. "Theatres.
At that of Marcellus, a new play, 'The Sycophant Outwitted,' from the Greek of Menisthus, with music composed for equal flutes, by Curio, the emperor's freedman—for that we are too late. At that of Balbus, 'The History of Atys,' with new scenery, the principal part by a condemned slave; that would be worth attending, especially as you would see some of the prettiest women of all ranks at the performance, were it not over by this. Rope-dancers, the flight of Phaeton, and the educated elephant, at the People's Theatre in the Suburra to conclude with a comedy in the old style, in which several noted characters of the day will be brought on the scene, and an Attelian farce. That would be a good place to see the rabble of Rome, if you are fond of observing character; but a still better will be at the amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus, where I find a fight of gladiators and lions comes opportunely off at the eleventh hour. We will be Origa (to a slave), just in time. order the small chariot with mules at the north portico-quick!"

Several slaves forthwith brought them caps and cloaks—the customary dress of those frequenting the public amusements; which having donned, Publicus, encircling Susarion's neck with his arm, conducted him through

many rich chambers to one of the private entrances of the mansion. where a crimson chariot, drawn by white mules of Sicyon, and their driver, a tall Capadocian, awaited them. Entering this, they drove slowly away, half a dozen slaves, carrying cushions, running behind the vehicle. As they passed along the Flaminian Way, Publicus occasionally drew the attention of his companion to some of the superb mansions with which it was skirted, whose pro-prietors, freedmen like himself, had purchased them from the old nobility for sums ranging from a quarter to half a million; or indicated some eminent personage passing with his or her train of attendants. Now some senator who owned about half a province; now some knight who had built a new street or temple, and who numbered among his creditors chiefs of Gaul, Asian kings, and Jewish tetrarchs; now to some lady of quality—Portia, in her silken cur-tained lectica, borne by handsome Britishslaves,—whose jewels when in full dress were equal in value to the revenue of an Asian city, and whose boudoir and knowledge of the arts of heightening beauty had stimulated the envy of Sabina herself; while her cruelty to her slaves, though laughed at in high quarters, had rendered her an object of abhorrence among that immense class of the population. "For some trifling fault she ordered a hundred of them to be scourged and crucified in her garden a week ago,' Publicus said lightly, "the while reclined in a crystal bath of asses' milk and violets, one of her lovers read or sang 'Simmonide's lament for the death of his mistress." Next, he pointed to a fop loosely girdled, in slippers, locks dripping perfumes, flowers in his ears, and high heeled jewelled bus-kins, sauntering past. "Six months ago," he said, "he came into a vast estate, and since then his chief study has been to exhaust it; an experiment in which he has not just yet succeeded. The other day he purchased a Syrian singing girl for a hundred thousand sesterces, and the same evening lost double the sum at dice, after the entertainment he gave his companions, at which she presided, in honour of his bargain. But as Tigellinus, of whom he is a chum, has introduced him to Nero, every one

the next kalends.

While thus chatting the chariot turned from the Flaminian Way into a street diverging to the left which led to theCampusMartm-a street into which many others poured their multitudes, ail of whom were hurrying to the amplatheatre, at one of whose entrances they presently arrived. Descending. Publicus ordered his charioteer to wait for him under the trees at a neighbouring portice, outside of which a long train of vehicles and lecticas were ranged. An immense clamour and hubbub reigned round the portal, hundreds seeking entrance, drowned at intervals by the roaring of the be ists inside, and the cheering of the spectators. During the pause which ensued a gentleman, righly robed and c wered with jeweliery, emerging from this sedan advanced to Susarion's friend, saying, "Hail, Publicus, we are just in time; but what a crowd; let our slaves clear an entrance through these fronzy plebeians." Stand aside there," cried, in had Greek, a huge German, the comptroller of the jewe,led personage's body guard; "stand aside. Know you not those whose entrance you obstruct ℓ^{α} and with powerful arms he tirust aside the crowd. "Yes, stand aside, garlage, cited he of the jewess, striking right and left with his thin Lorest emonian cane, and disappearing metacless (2c. "Have you for attenthe task of the irons ' period some of the nob. "These freedmen are the greatest of upstarts," cried others. "A pack of and you mark the patch he wears on his forehead to i mould be traid be received in the erz senimme

Purliers and Ms comrade had meanwinh, assisted by a prister of the retempt on the letters way to a rest in the personal seminars stelv from I the uppermest of these of the knowled which were mark more crowned that the of the senators in the pergan beneath, and the slaves ravage to I customs on the stone ion in they disposed themselves to ently the spectacle. The immense walk awards of scarlet were hand, reding out the intense glare of the sin, was crimined to the roof by a multitude, Roman and Barbarian, of all ranks, in every costume, the plaid

counts on his being beggared before tunic and cloak of the Gaul appeared beside the linen dress of the Egyptian: the Roman toga, and newfashioned lacerna, beside the fur jacket and cap of the Scythian, and flowing roles of the bearded Oriental. The topmost gailery was crowded by women of all ranks, like the male assemblage; here the white stoled and veiled maids and matrons, there the freed women, there the dark tunicked classes, some bare-headed, some whose dusky tresses were crowned with gandy red turbans. From the confused hum of conversation which buzzed along the benches of the uppermost classes, the noise of voices which echoed through the vast space. rose in violence until it reached the clamax of uproar among the scats of the greasy pichs.

At first the arena was vacant, for a fight had just concluded, and a few slaves only appeared, scattering sand and sawdust to absorb the blood . eccasionally a light sprinkling of water, scattered from machines on the roof, hazed through the amphitheatre, cooling the atmosphere; a pleasant clear twilight pervaded the vast space, save in one spot, where the opened awning admitted of the sunlight to fail on that portion of the arena where the next combat was to take place. Raising his voice, Publaus jointed Susarion's attention to some of the functionaries, the editor of the sports in his pulpit, the vestal viegins in their places below, the low doors from which the beasts and gladutors entered; and was procooling to show him such and such a senctor, tribune, and other public or noted personages, male and temale, when suddenly the hum and clame ar of voices who are echoed within the large structure crased, and a dead silen e for a nie menents ensued.

Then at the same instant, the while a trumps t sounded, an iron grating on one side, under the polium, drew up at the other an nendeer opened. From the one a Numeiran iron bounded into the areas, from the other a gind ator, in Lead and body armour, with short sword gaming in las hand, advanced upon the sandy space.

The hon, atter bounding forward, pan-ed as he advanced to the centre of the arena, and walked slowly, then stretched, lashing his tail, and gazed round upon the immense concentre with a look of pride and hauteur which seemed to indicate a sort of indignation at having his savage solitude obtruded, mingled by degrees with a sullen contempt for the distant host of spectators. As the gladiator advanced to encounter him his terrible roar of hunger and rage rung jarring round the building, but, save for the furious lashing of his tail, he remained motionless. The gladiator advanced with daring caution, trying to fix with his the eye of his antagonist, and with gleaming blade in position.

"Who is this fellow?" said a young knight, who sat just before Susarion, in a careless and indolent tone, to his neighbour, as he arranged the ruffled fringe of his prætexta with white,

jewelled hand.

"He is a Gaul," answered his companion, with some animation, "and, as I have heard, one of this pestiferous sect of conspirators called Christians, whose superstition has spread so widely of late among the slaves in Rome and every Imperial city. I had a chat with his lanista this morning, and from what he told me I have so much confidence in his strength and skill that I have backed him for 10,000 sesterces against our friend, Curio. What say you, may I offer you similar odds on this affair between Africa and Gaul?"

"Agreed," the other returned, lean-

ing back on the cushion.

A hum of excitement seemed to make the air in the vast building tremble dizzily, as the gladiator advanced within a few yards of the terrible beast; stopped, and with a movement of his weaponless arm, insultingly invited him to combat. The next instant, the lion rose, walked statelily in a semicircle, a little space aside—then sprang, with a roar like thunder. "He is down?" hearted the semicircle.

"He is down," shouted thousands of voices, "now shall we hear his

bones crackle."

"Pshaw; the Gaul is but a beginner and unskilled!" others said, in tones of disappointment; "the brute, too, is said to be one of the most powerful which the editor has procured for several years."

But just then the many voiced clamour of the crowd was interrupted by a cheer from several of the upper ranges of benches, for quick as lightning the gladiator had regained his feet, sprung after the lion, who, having made his spring, stood at a little distance lashing his tail, looking round—and buried his sword to the hilt in his entrails, once, twice, thrice.

Whereupon, enraged with his wounds, which spouted on the sand, the mighty beast rose on his hind limbs, dealing a terrible side-blow with his paw, which the man skilfully evaded, and again rushing forward bore him to the ground, where for a space the combatants rolled together in mortal struggle, amid a mist of flying gore and sand. At length after some moments, during which the gladiatorwho, though torn and bleeding from a portion of his armour which had been shattered, had inflicted several new wounds-was seen to rise, and standing on the belly of the monster, which lay roaring and snorting, transfix it to the heart, with a final furious sword thrust. The beast rolled over in its side, a breathless bulk; the gladiator, covered with gore and dust, stood erect, triumphant, bowing to the benches.

A tempost of cheers and murmurs of applause from the scats of the plebs and slaves for some moments rung, echoing through the arches of the building, and reverberated far away through the valleys of the trans-Tiberine hills.

Presently, however, a murmur rose among the benches of the nobles, and here and there in other directions, thousands having read in the placards of the combat, that the gladiator was a Christian condemned to death, and who gazed with superstitious hatred and dislike at the doomed wretch whose contest had terminated so differently to their expectations. Among many of the knights, senators, and priests of several of the temples present, a strong sense of disappointment and disapprobation was evinced.

"By Hercules! this is strange sport," cried a stern old patrician, with low gray brow, and fierce cruel lines wrinkling his bony face. "For me, I came to see a malefactor executed for the amusement of the people—not a valuable lion killed—a noble brute destroying a Christian—not a Christian wretch a fine lion."

"He must fight a second time,

cried hundreds of voices.

"And this time without armour; it is monstrous that the editor should send a criminal cased by the security of iron to a combat which should be an execution." suggested many in the lower seats, whose faces and gestures expressed their rage. "Let another hon be brought."

Upon this, several figures in official and noble dresses were seen speaking to the editor of the sports, who forthwith ordered a Gaulish frumpeter to proclaim that the gladiator was now to encounter, without armour, a lioness for the amusement of the assembly. Several slaves then were seen to lead him toward one of the doors opening on a passage, at eather side of which the cages of the wild beasts were ranged, where his armour was quickly removed; and while thus absent, a winsper from some weil informed persons ran round, that he was to be made to deprive the honess of her cubs - the more to enrage her.

Again there was a pause; and once more the gladiator, sword in hand, stood in the centre of the arena, naked, waiting his doom.

Hereupon, while laughter broke from many of the male authence, a goldy marmur rose and ran along the women's gallery, "What a fairsame of Gan, some of them said. "One would say, so white is his skin, that he had ted on mak and wasted in snow , it is built a pity that he is to form the are readd mer of the coming monster. Act, &c. But here and there, and detoo bood, beautiful, senseless, and legently us gathering, a Caristian slave of to ofwoman sat sacht, and with flanched face and to articleyes, awaited the approximan even:

This is a was it ought to be," said the old senator who had before spoken, in a policial manner, rui ong his har is poinpously. Those Christians, the rebise of the empire, these magicians and denon worshoppers, whose main ent superstation has tunined the attention e in the tempos, and lessened the sale of the offerings, to the injury of the religion and trade of Reine, should be made the natural fossl of the arena. Remember you not, Planeus, how well Cangula, though extravagant in many

things, acted in this respect; inasmuch as one year, when there was a scarcity of cattle in Rome, he ordered his lions to be fed with such of his slaves as were thought to be Christian!

"Henceforth the arena shall not be deprived of such garbage," said his friend. "The safety of the State and the sports of the people indeed demand an edict such as your remarks suggest."

A movement and rustle was now heard among large segments of the excited spectators, though large masses of the plebs and slaves maintained a somewhat suiten silence, with exceptions here and there. "What say you," said an indolent patrician to his neighbour, "when we see yonder fellow destroyed, shall we look in at the baths of Agrippa, and hear Hermognes recite? "How I wish my wife was here to witness this fine sport," cried an old Roman farmer in the gallery, wiping his forehead; "she it be as pleased as at the birth of a boy."

Again the trumpet sounding, riveted every eye in the building on the naked victim, who, with sword clenched, and bloody brow raised toward the sky; intrepid, in an attitude distaintuil of death, stood alone.

Then, with a grommeling roar, the hone so, lean and furious, springing from the upraised grating, dashed upon him.

There was a cheer, as stealthily moving round him, preparing for another rush, it was seen she had torn his left arm and side open. Ail awaited the second onset, gazing now at the bleeding man and wary brute. "Has he wounded her t' some asked. She warks as if band, and does not charge. "He has cut her across the eyes," others said. But while they speak, again, in a flinging spring the hones swept towards him, striking him to the sand, though in that terribe nome in this sword was observed once or twice to cheave and thrust at the head and tosty of the beast in

When he rose he was blooming from the sword-arm, and tottered in his steps, and a yell londer than that of a thousand hone saluted his discomforture for some minutes. Then came an uncertain panse, during which the spectators were animated with various feelings, which, however, gave way to one of mingled admiration and astonishment among all, as they saw him coolly advance towards the furious animal, who stood tionary the while, and again and again veering hither and thither to avoid her blind rage, bury his sword in some vital part of her frame. The lioness tumbled on the sand dead.

The gladiator breathing hard, deluged in gore, standing beside the monster, gazed indifferently round, as one in whom the fear of death, braved so often, had expired.

Whereupon an immense clamour, a many-voiced cry of vengeance rose from the lower seats, whose occupants rising demanded that a third lion should be brought forth. But at the same instant all such voices were overwhelmed by the outnumbering multitude above, who, inspired with a sense of pity and admiration of the Gaul's bravery, appeared resolved that he should be rescued; upon which after a little, the editor of the sports, casting his eyes round the amphitheatre and seeing the vast masses of people with thumbs reversed, demanding the execution of their will, he gave orders that the slave should be led from the arena;—an order presently carried into effect amid thunders of acclaim.

"Tis the slaves devoted to the Christian superstition who have saved this fellow," an old senator said, looking up with flushed and angry countenance around the higher benches. "It is time a census ascertains their number; stringent means are necessary, now that we have become isolated in such an ocean; 'tis time an imperial edict terminates this superstition."

"What is the name of this gladia-

"What is the name of this gladiator?" inquired a Roman of his friend.

"Nectanius, I am told."

"That's your Roman way of pronouncing," said a richly dressed merchant of Gaul, on the next bench, speaking with much volubility. "The man's name is Nechtain, I am acquainted with his history; he is the son of a chieftain of my nation, taken prisoner in the wars of the late emperor, and purchased in hither Gaul by the amphitheatre agents. Life is full of strange chances! That gladiator traces his descent from the great leader of the Gallic tribes, taken as a hostage by divus Cæsar."

"What, Vercingetorix!—the grandson of a king!" exclaimed a young

dvocate.

"We have no kings in Gaul," returned the merchant. "When a war occurs, the most able leader is chosen to command the tribes; such was Nechtain's ancestor, not as you say, Vercingetorix, but Fear cinn gach tauris, the man at the head of every expedition, the greatest hero in the nation. This Nechtain, who has fought so well to-day, could have made his livelihood in Rome by teaching rhetoric, for which, like most of us, he has a turn, had he not associated with the Christians, as many of his countrymen have done."

"Christians—what wretches!" exclaimed a Roman. "I've heard they eat human flesh at their feasts."

"Of that there can be no doubt," his neighbour returned in a satisfied tone. "That many of the Gauls should join their communion is not extraordinary, as I've learned from a trader who travelled to the end of the western country of the barbarians, that several of these tribes, not to speak of those of Britain, its neighbouring islands, and the Cimbric peninsula, are cannibals."

"Well, how like you our sports?"

said Publicus to Susarion.

"Immensely," the latter returned coolly. "I see it is by familiarizing the people with death, their rulers have made them a nation of conquerors."

"We, Romans, live between the temples of Venus and Libitina," said Publicus, gaily; "but come, you will have enough of this sort of thing if you remain in Italy—come, let us to one of the theatres, after which, when night sets in, we shall look up some curious phases of night life in the city."

TWO REMARKABLE EXPCUTIONS , GOVERNOR WALL AND COLONEL DESPARD,

the a number commutted twenty years tore, and in 1s/3, Colonel Despend to be went the extreme penalty for I be treason, after having loyaly a ved has ket z and country for in or in there's years. The evidence was a dispersed ambie on both stars, we count say chierwise, but the law As is more to only satisfied in those constituted is now. The proofs on with Miss Landy suffered death for a cosmic for father, in 1719, would other many convertible in 1865. The Long Executive reproved Kawan, This has about a year a well him into a material track to be well as the instant track policy beyond I the exchange as For the period of the profits of the perang kalendra sa ada di Persaha di Arabi at a service must be well as the smooth for section, AD in a continuous way manak 925 ory on proma pica The part of the care of the same Carrie D. Committee Committee The opportunities of the first it of the extenses such as the en- The property of t $(\mathbf{f}_{i}, \mathbf{f}_{i}^{\mathbf{x}}, \mathbf{f}_{i}^{$ 44 . g. t Land William Control of the Control 18 01 0 and the second second or a Lead Favor and resconding some Control William translated Landon Histories with a restrict a control of the act of the factors with many There is a Leading offer the exect we can be done to his literature

1's 1802, Governor Wall was hanged oseveral of those who would have been witnesses against him were his persoral energies. But though severe, Le lad the regutation of being just; and even in his trial it appeared that then'b god mut by amongst the troops at Gorce arese from the idea that if they were not paid their arrears in has time they would not receive them at all. These acrears were not, how ever, incurred during his command, neither had be allowed any tresh ones to accumulate. It is but fair to state that the solders appealed to hero. under a flavourable impression of his serse of pustice, rather than to his success r, who was then on the spet, and equally well asometed with the commistances. The come with which he should harzed was thegretic several of the soldiers without a court marthat while more than one dad . But he left the island in unorated of the fatal supremplace of the valence

When sent to to Path by Lord Sylney, there Sometary for the Colo res, two years later, he surrendered in all to stand a trial, but the processing was so inflamed against be to the behold the officers will describe a custody durant tile pour more before to Lordon, and a nitived to as as the respective of the telephone to be a tergoral name believed the man who a lot of the many years on the Continent see at these to Italy, but more constates in Trace. He associated and the settle of the settle with the despect to switch out to in the court of who served he to Theory army, and the way to be well an while the South and which is a second of the secon with a set of the following space at the ordering and the second section of the sect the latest of the first of The Last revealed relative to the first state of the last revealed by the state of the last relative to the constructed we cutter his death. To in the transplant of the school of the remaining of the Problem Control of the Compagnition of on the first of the second of A second of the second of the wind of the desired of the lattice of the second of the is to refresh with a way processed for the Stations of Lie of Copwision empto at a northete sealet new to be waters can in negative and be to:

ing out, and that either very late or early. He was frequently advised by the friend who had procured him the lodging to leave the country again, and questioned as to his motive for remaining. He never attempted to give any, but appeared, even at the time when he was so studiously concealing himself, to have a distant intention of encountering trial. His mind was evidently unsettled, and he was incapable of a firm resolution, one way or the other. Even the manner in which he finally gave himself up, showed a similar want of determination, leaving it to chance whether the minister should send for him or not; for, rather than go of his own accord, he wrote to say "he was ready to surrender, if required" -a less becoming, but not a less perilous mode of encountering danger. He hesitated before deciding even on this half step, when he found some of the witnesses still living who had been represented to him as dead, and thought of again going abroad; but the eminent counsel, Mr., afterwards Chief Justice Sir Vicary Gibbs, who had materially assisted in getting off Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Thelwall, told him there was little danger, and advised him to risk the issue of a trial. One of the Secretaries of State also concurred in the same opinion. In 1801 he was apprehended at a house in Upper Thornhaugh-street, Bedford-square, to which he had removed some time before. The £200 offered by the King's proclamation, in 1784, after his first escape, was paid to the police officers who took him into custody, notwithstanding his voluntary surren ler of his person. That this unfortunate man, under the influence of passion, and the apprehension, well or ill-grounded, of a mutiny, acted with great and unnecessary cruelty, admits of no dispute; but it is difficult to believe that he anticipated the consequence, and intended to commit murder. Even the surgeon said he was not prepared to expect the fatal results of such a punishment in that climate.

On Wednesday, the 20th of January, 1802, a special commission sat at the sessions-house, Old Bailey, for the trial of Joseph Wall, indicted for the wilful murder of James Armstrong, by flogging him with a cord, on the 10th of July, 1782, of which

flogging he languished for a few days and then died. The Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, Sir Archibald Macdonald, presided, assisted by Mr. Justice Rooke and Mr. Justice Lawrence. The indictment was opened by Mr. Abbott, Solicitor-General. The Attorney-General, Sir Edward afterwards Lord Ellenbo-Law, rough, then addressed the court and jury. His statement, supported in all the leading points by evidence, went to show that the prisoner had been Governor of Goree, and the deceased a sergeant in the African corps doing duty there. It being known that the former was going over to England the day previous to his intended departure, the deceased, with about fifteen or twenty more, passed by the governor's house, and stopped at the commissary's, who was to accompany him home. On a message sent by the prisoner to know what they wanted, they returned for answer that they wanted the commissary, in order to settle with him for their short rations -- a compensation always made by government in money, when there has existed a preceding necessity of putting soldiers or sailors on reduced allowance of food. The prisoner ordered them to return to their barracks or he would flog one-half of them. They quietly dispersed at once. In about an hour, or an hour and a-half, a body consisting of nearly the same number as at first, was proceeding to the same place: the prisoner went out to meet them, and calling to the deceased, asked what they wanted? To which the latter, with his hat off, and in a very respectful manner, repeated the answer he had given before. They were again ordered to go back, and again quietly obeyed. They were without arms, and not in uniform. This was in the forenoon. dinner, the governor, coming upon parade, struck one of the guard, who was under arms, and who was believed by the witness who stated the fact to have been in liquor; the weapon he used was a bayonet, which he had taken from the sentry at the main grad, and whom he confined along with the other. He then had the men summoned to parade, though before the usual hour, and a circle of two deep being formed, the officers came into the centre, into which was

1500 REMARKABLE FAYOUTHORS: GOVERNOR WALL AND COLONEL DESPARD.

1 v 1892, Governor Wall was hanged 1 % a marder connected twenty years 1 three and in 1503, Colonel Despoid to bowent the extreme penalty for it to treason, after having loyady ved a skyr, and country for more to a that's years. The evalence was cars dered ameso on both sides, we do not say otherwise; but the law As a more require satisfied in those classificant is now. The proofs on was h. Mess P, andy suffered death for 4 state for bother, in 4772, would estancia convertion at 1805. The Justy Executive reproved Kawasi less be vise to y is a ved lem inner out at known as were than that they to back regard the evilence as I have a letter out, and the agent, per and classes of the english of the depolity of to explain to a planet metal in controlled A.B. in a court information contained in the year the entail file a and the same of the same of the same so the god as D (the solution to solution) to expect the extremal largest that to the first of the terminal of the association of the second of the styling. to the Plantage of the section step product the standard than dear the against to sweaper to the country to the first the bride the effects who what see the country to the first the bride the effects who what see the country of the transfer of the other yadar to transfer out to be the country of the pure has the country of the country Associated by the working of the last transfer with the second of the se

and the same professional the less what resolvers a Heavy seems a Co Control of the Control the world her $\mathbf{v}_{\mathrm{tot}}$, the state of the second of the second second second $\Delta t = a_0 + b_1 + b_2 + \cdots + a_{n-1} + b_n + b_n + b_n$ that's we can be a more decreased in the Charles and trank, the dark that is not taken to be the form of the Charles and the and making the content of the Charles and the content of the charles and the content of the charles are content on the content of the charles and the charles are content on the charles are cont the part of the part of the analysis The first war a series of a series of the se Control of the control of the section of the control His to the law many land a 6 late. And the second of the policy with Section Williams tures to Longo, and the event As a function we will be a dust be he sourt of the native term in if no as in the water visited i matricipant vi and he a control of the second of the native second in the second in general matricipant.

several of these who would have been witnesses against him were his persoral case, less. But though severe, he had the regulation of being part; and even on his trial it appeared that the alleged mattry amongst the tree pe at Gorce arese from the idea that if they were not paid their arcears in has time they would not receive them at all. These arreats were not, how ever, incurred during his command, neither had be allowed any treshores to accumulate. It is but fair to state that the sold ers appealed to him, under a taxe nable impression of his sense of purior, rather than to his success r, who was then on the sect. is decided we have related with the comparators. The crime with which to stood charged was then any several of the solucits with all a court man to facilities that the continuous deed of he bit the placeholder orange of tradition of mentioned by which

When sent to to Path by Lord So now, that Sometary for the Colo the two years later, he surrendered it said to stand a trial, but the ofer to the Veras on the Continent so of the the Park, but more conistoria de France. He associator constituted and areas by swince mining who served a treatment a my, and was well at an at the South and I to the control Parce After the of the tree is speke of the concerning A Control of the war soften are restroned by a little calso and the detailers often it with ath, be some systems communication as and in the first body apprate solice, carracte succeed morbids. In 1797 of the Man referred to he Dard, as into y a kitch of iteasity, without any actioners reason as a quite desirough the medium of a fresh, to obtain a sate retreat, which was procuring for a smart action of Lands the Cut, where

to all rly pointed, and process in their cas white caps and then put on a round due tions for extendig how to the nearly of length diet of tread and water. The seed hers were computed by in the deal the had a parting or diathorf ing interview with Lowest, which it him fitted variable at a even obliock on the night of Wolkeslay, the rich. Somatter, Karley, to equilibria and Mr. Shoulf Cox, vide I had highes will He ampaired it any news had arrive h He was told he he. He expected a reprieve up to two lve, again that if that it in had clared did be to lan lemsely to his five. He may be planticularly whether the include on being brought out at the processed would make made to be at door of at what times. The presentation lent, unwilling to discharge his food, protonoid to be built rank of trees matters. He followed plot week to a und five of lock, which in the arther distribution of the 2x lower street was a lock to the 2x lower street. it show to whom product. twenty in this after after, a feet good by, it states the board, this that the soul for the soul for the soul process. The slept respect to a constraint which is a constraint with the plat. The slept respect to a constraint with the slept respect to a co answer free that it was the bull. of many most insignate in a substitution of the skill that the displacement in subdis-lenger than the first end for the displacement in the content of the second at a size of the the gradual transfer of the stage to the property of the stage of the st and the probability of the first the first the first temperature of the probability of th results for the value process to the expectation of wave out to be a superior of the expectation of the expe galacia de wito Problems of the second of the Contract The control of the co Carrier to the experience of the control of the property of the control of the co

hat. The other landkerchief he kept between his hands. He then of served, "The cord cuts me, but it's no meter. Dr. Ford desired it to be I search for which the prisoner bowed and transled form. As the clock strack count, the door was thrown open, at which Signal Cox and his officers appeared. "I attend you slid said the governor, and the procession to the scaled over the debtors' de ramaned ately succeede i

 As some as the pure-spal figure in the finite sector nout to be emisted by an experience to to popular, three to read a yell of execution associaform a determinated of both sexus, or Levicenty captived into of the to titude by balls namerod up. The towed by head more than African pressured throughty, when the hard had put the heter over it, but too . it e Was an it is place it more sort yet entry. This is not, the country of political and spike to to with the way have self at his re-cart, part the response the lower part to the Law in that, with out was to the area on depley plat.

a same to be a CARLO II to When the two constraints in the street of the Header was the street of the street of the transfer of the transfer of the header of the street of the was based to the street of the street of the was based 2.5

spectators were trodden to death, and treble that number maimed and disabled.

The circumstances attending the conviction of Governor Wall are more than commonly remarkable. length of time that had elapsed since the commission of the crime; his withdrawing himself from justice in 1784; his voluntary return, and surrender in 1801, in the confidence that he would be acquitted for want of proof; and the presence of every witness who could have originally appeared against him, or who was enabled to contradict those brought forward in his defence, with the absence, from death, of others who might have exonerated him-all these points impressed on many minds a strong confirmation of the belief that Providence interferes in a peculiar manner in the detection and punishment of murder. But the case, in all its bearings, was a singularly unhappy if not a hard We can scarcely class it as intentional, premeditated murder. He might or might not have escaped the extreme penalty at another time. The court may have had an unconscious bias from the state of public feeling on some of the circumstances of the day. But it cannot be said in this instance, however it may lamentably apply to others on record, that either the immediate tribunal, or the ministers who ordered it, were swayed by the civium ardor prava jubentium,* the wild fury of the people compelling evil measures, on the one hand, or the vultus instantis tyranni, the frown of threatening despotism, on the other. It was not a sacrifice to private faction, popular outcry, or ministerial cabal. There was neither the savage party rage, which shot Admiral Byng for a simple error in judgment in not winning a signal victory, or "pour encourager les autres," as Voltaire said; nor the maudlin, misplaced forbearance which spared General Whitelocke for the palpable cowardice which occasioned a disgraceful defeat, and the slaughter of a host of gallant men. In such glaring misdeeds, the weight of sin lies with the backstair influence which appoints incompetent commanders. While Whitelocke was

under trial, a print was exhibited in many shop windows, entitled "The Ghost of Byng." It represented the general in full scarlet uniform, tossing on a sleepless couch, and the admiral, in naval blue, standing at the foot, uttering these words:—"Mark! If he who caused the death of thousands is suffered to escape, I am a murdered man!"

The indictment of the Attorney-General at Wall's trial was candid, moderate, and impartial; a simple narrative of facts, without any other comment than a legal construction of how far they were criminal. This cause célèbre lives in our history as a monument of retributive justice, and as a warning to all intrusted with command, in places remote from control, to use their delegated authority The contempowith moderation. raneous trials exhibited an antithesis of constitutional privilege. The Judge-Advocate of the Admiralty was seen prosecuting disobedience and breach of discipline at Portsmouth; while the King's Attorney-General stood forward to obtain redress against cruelty and abuse of power, in London.

From murder to treason: the crime differs, but the law of England awards the same punishment. There are those who think this ought to be amended in the one instance, if not in the other. In France, the penalty of ordinary treason is deportation. But treason often includes compassing the death of the sovereign, and many other deaths in the process. In such cases, wherein lies the distinction except in the multiplied enormity which deals in wholesale instead of individual murder? The conspiracy of Colonel Despard, in 1802, was quite as inclusive in its object as the great Chartist movement of 1848, but far more wild and impracticable in the projected mode of action.

Edward Marcus Despard was a native of Queen's County, Ireland. He entered the army in early life, and served with fidelity and distinction. At the close of the American War of Independence, he was stationed in the West Indies, where he acquired credit by an expedition to the Spanish main. At the close of the Nootka Sound

affair, he had reached the rank of lieutenant colonel in the 79th Regiment, and held the office of superintendent at Henduras. Some part of his combact giving offence to the settlers, complaints were forwarded against him, upon which he was suspended and sent home. He applied to Government for an investigation of his conduct, which was rejected, as were also his claims. This naturally irritated him, and conceiving that, at least, he had a right to a fair hearing, in his disappointment and source feelings, he became a violent demoerat, renounced his allegiance, and engaged in traitorous projects against the State. These projects were soon, in part, reveiled. Colonel Despard. being arrested on suspecion, was inmured for three years in the prison of Cold Bath Fields. His treatment during this centrally was unnecessarily harsh, and on several occusions complanted of and discussed in the House of Commons. On his roba e, it was evident that his tenner had given way moder a series of his wrones, neal or imaginary, and that his intellest, to a certain extent, was desordered. He frequented low atchouses in London, and bugued himself with some of the refuse of somety. With these he formed a plot, comented by an eath of some v. to number the King and Roy d Founds, as described by Wer, the Bark, and ther public offices, His plea was, to a left the great mine in the pick with grape shift, to sure or I it will be by were in band of the conspend is, when the Kingwent to open Parl ameri, it. November, (Seguard) to distance to do y mission at the rigid off are as it page by an exercised action of the sites internal manifest to the first Characteristic States as a second translation of the second translation as a second second translation of the second the lives of richy of configurates wast thanks to been year the then keep it of the way, and District Server to the gargetonic like the server of the west of all these to the west of all these to the temporary twist. hat is the extreme as tropped y trackly over the contract the obtained. middle to the second waters bow cinterested that reportly have the constancy of the Affection's infection, of whom it is to it fed that she out her terme and that he pressure t place it in her power to be my

the plot against the Pisistratidae, which had been revealed to her. The ministers received timely notice of Voi onel Despard's plans, and took their measures accordingly. On the 20th of November, three days before the date fixed for the royal procession, a strong party of the London, Surrey, and Kent patrols, surrounded the Oakley Arms, a small public house in Lambeth. There, Despard and thirty two of his confederates, all of the lowest class, were seized.

On the 7th of February a special commission assembled for their trial, at which Lord Eilenborough presided. Best, afterwards Chief Justice and Lerd Wynford, was retained by Despard as his leading counsel. He summoned matry witnesses to character. amongst others Lord Nelson and Sir Aluced Clarke. Lord Nelson deposed that he had served with the prisoner on the Spanesh main at the attack of Fort St. Juan, in 17-0, and that he bore the character of a brave officer as well as of an honorable and loval man, Lord. Ellenborough, adverting to this testimeny in summing up, observed that it had been given by "a man on whom to preneumer an enlogy were to waste words Level Nelson says, in a letter to As xan ler Davison, written the day after, "I was at Colonel Despated's trail vesterday, subparmed by four for a character. I think the pot deeper than was imagined, but as to the extent, nothing except the Growte has come out? This last paragraph was maduston to two of the arrested cities traters being privates in the Guards, and seized in uniform. It Was ti built more of their compades were implicated. The evidence proitused before the Court was coar and positive. Colonel Despaid and six of his associates, the two solders inclosed, were found guilty of high to a mater sertenced to be harged and beloaded. The curv strengly reconnected for to narry, we may prosts such the secto of his former BODY OF BUILDING TY

On Morday, February the 21st, the except of the type of the town 2st, in Horsehold 2st late, in the between When the warrant was delivered on the preceding Saturday, it was commuted at the moderned prisoners by the keeper of the proon. Mr. Ives, with me much have a two the nature of the case required. It

was expected by all, and received with fortitude. Colonel Despard observed that the time was short; but he never expected, from the first, that the recommendation of the jury would be effectual. From the moment of conviction he had begun to prepare himself for the hour that would close all sublunary scenes upon him for During the whole of the interval between sentence and execution he behaved with composure, and gave no indications of unsettled intellect. A portion of his time he employed in writing, some in reading, and the greater part in conversation with his wife.

Soon after the arrival of the warrant, all papers, and everything he possessed were immediately taken from him. He was strictly searched, to discover whether he had any knife or means of self-destruction concealed about his person, and everything that it was thought might enable him to put an end to his existence was conveyed out of his reach. There is no reason to suppose that he intended to emulate the conduct of Eugene Aram, or had the slightest design of evading the law by committing suicide. But these are the usual and necessary precautions. Mrs. Despard was greatly affected when she received the first intelligence that his fate was sealed; but on Sunday she recovered her fortitude, and accompanied by another lady, had a last interview with her husband about three o'clock. The lady wept bitterly; but first Mrs. Despard, and then the Colonel, reproached her with her weakness. The husband and wife bore up with great firmness, even at the parting; and when she got into a coach, as it drove off, she waved her handkerchief out of the window. The other prisoners waited their fate with equal hardihood, but conducted themselves with less solemnity than Colonel Despard. Their wives and other relatives were allowed to take leave of them on Sunday. The scene was extremely distressing. Five of these men attended the chapel within the gaol on Sunday morning. Macnamara, being a Roman Catholic, did not attend, neither did Colonel Despard, who constantly refused the assistance of a clergyman.

Mrs. Despard having taken leave of her husband at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, came again about five; VOL. LXV.—NO. CCCLXXXV. but it was thought advisable to spare both the pangs of a second parting, and she was therefore not admitted into the prison. She evinced some indignation at the refusal, and expressed a strong opinion with respect to the cause for which her husband was to suffer.

After Mrs. Despard had left the Colonel on Sunday, he walked up and down his cell for some time, seemingly more agitated than he had been at the moment of leave-taking. Between six and seven he threw himself on the bed, and fell into a short sleep. At eight o'clock he awoke and addressed one of the officers of the prison who was with him in these words :—"Me! They shall receive no information from me. No, not for all the gifts, the gold, and jewels in the possession of the Crown!" He then composed himself and remained silent. above expressions led to a supposition that endeavors had been made to prevail upon him to make disclosures. Later in the evening he was visited by the gentleman who acted as his solicitor, who came to ask where he wished to be buried. After some deliberation he replied, that he believed several of his countrymen lay in St. Pancras church-yard, and there he desired to be interred. The clergy-man of the prison, Mr. Winkworth, had several times made overtures to the Colonel to commune with him. This he declined with courtesy. On Sunday he repeated the request, but received the same denial. Mr. Winkworth wished him then to accept a book, which he also declined. He was understood to have said that he was not particularly attached to any form of worship or faith, and that his mind was entirely made up upon religious matters. He slept soundly until halfpast four on Monday morning, and passed the remainder of the time in walking up and down his cell.

At five, St. George's bell began to toll, and continued for about an hour. At half-past six, the prison bell rang—the signal for unlocking the cells. Mr. Winkworth, and Mr. Griffith, the Roman Catholic priest, the same gentleman who attended Quigly when ho was executed, came to the prison and were immediately admitted to the condemned. At seven o'clock five of them went into the chapel. Colonel Despard remained in his cell, and

Macnamara in his, praying with the minister of his persuasion. The five conducted themselves with much decorum in the chapel. They poined in the prayers with carnestness, and severally received the Sacrament. The service in the chapel lasted three quarters of an hour. Before it was over Colonel Despard and Machamara were brought down from their cells. Their irons were knocked off, and their arms and hands bound with ropes. Despard walked up and down before the chapel door, but aid not enter. Macnamara remained in earnest conversation with the priest, and with a book in his hand. After the five had re-ceived the Sacrament, they were brought out of the chapel and their irons removed. The executioner then tied their arms and hands in the same manner as he had before bound Despard and Machamara.

Notice was then given to the sheriff that they were ready. Colonel Despard, who stood the first, retired behind, and motioned to Francis, who was making way for him, to precede, The hurdle had been previously prepared in the court-yard. Machamara and Graham were first put into it, and drawn to the lodge, where the inner gates were opened, and they were conveyed to the stancise leading up to the scaffold. The hurdle returned, and brought Brought in and Wrattan, then Wood and Francis. Last of all, Colonel Despard was put into it aleae. He shook hands with a gentleman as he got in, and hocked up to the scatt old with a sing. During this part of the awful ceremony, the lad of St. Greages to ad again. On reaching the stations: the prisoners were escarted up, one by one. As more as the cord was fastened is red the neck of emitthe woods and are aid. and so on, units all seven store to a row. Machaniata was the first. He still hold a book in his hold, and when he felt the cold, excamed, with the greatest develop. "Lord Joseph Ave in the upon his die v ham came so such. He looked pale and chastiv, but so ke not. Wi attan was the third, and exist of perfect will prosession. Broughton, the fourth, amiled as he ran agi to up their when the rope was placed on his trock, he turned pair and sumed he more. Wood and F in their mintary . fifth and math.

They stood composed. Francis was the best-looking of all, tall, handsome, and a manly figure.

Colonei Despard was brought up last. He wore boots, a dark brown great-coat, and his hair unpowdered. His step was tirm; his countenance underwent not the slightest change winie the appaining preliminaries to execution were taking place. He looked on the assembled multitude beneath with unmoved aspect, and advancing as near as he could to the edge of the scaffold, spoke as follows: "Feilow estizens, I come here, as you see, after having served my country faithfully, honorably, and usefully, for a long series of years, to auther death upon the scalloid, for a crime of which I protest I am not guilty. I solemnly declare that I am no more guilty of it than any of you who may be now hearing me. But though his Marcsty's ministers know. as well as I do, that I am innocent, yet they avail the modves of a legal pretext to destroy a man because he has been a friend to truth, to liberty, and to justice. Here there was a considerable huzza from that portion of the crowd nearest to him; but from the height of the scaffold above the ground, it was impossible they corol catch more than an indistinct impression of what was said. He tion proceeded "Because he has been a trand to the poer and the opposed. But, citizens, I hope and that, nowatistanding my fate, and the face of those who, no death, will so let il a rogthat the principles of to of our bundanty, and justice, will thony though over the head, tytotally, at the lasten, and every prinopenions of the interests of the hatman ta c. And now, having said this, I have after more to add. Here has very consist of falter. He periods as it is had meand to say schotting rose, but had forgotten it. He then concluded with these works "I have little more to add, except to we have all health, happlaces, and tree lom, which I have

If one is little dependence to be paired on the tarewell specches of entrousies condemned for political offences, as indications of real character and purpose. They are generally

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got up for effect—a last futile scintillation of human pride, even on the brink of eternity. From the days of Harmodius, Aristogiton, and the elder Brutus, down to those of the living Mazzinis, all who seek to overthrow established systems try to persuade themselves, and to make others believe, that their cause is holy—that they are martyrs if they fall in itand that the end sanctifies the means. A public execution is a temptation for display. Even the debauched, graceless old trimmer, Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, made a respectable final exit, feeling the edge of the axe with the dignity of an Essex or a Raleigh, and repeating a patriotic sentiment from Horace—"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"—"Sweet and glorious is it to die for one's country." His real nature was more truly exhibited in the disgusting coarseness of his remark when told that the King remitted the process of quartering after decapitation.

Colonel Despard spoke, as we have stated above, in a firm, clear tone. As soon as he had ceased, Mr. Winkworth prayed with the five Protestant Macnamara prayed earprisoners. nestly with the Catholic priest. Despard surveyed the crowd, and made a short answer, which could not be heard, to some few words addressed to him by Francis, who stood next to The clergyman now shook him. hands with each of them. Colonel Despard bowed and seemed to utter thanks as he took his hand. The executioner pulled the caps on the faces of the condemned, and descended the scaffold. The most awful silence prevailed, and the thousands present, with one accord, stood un-covered. Strange are the evolutions of popular indignation or sympathy. A convicted murderer is hooted; the stain of man's blood is on him. But the political plotter, whose road to success must be strewed with the bodies of thousands of victimswhose scheme pauses not to make distinctions between the innocent and the offending, is hailed with loud applause or mute respect—a tribute to the heroism with which the penalty of failure is endured.

Exactly at nine, the signal was given, the platform dropped, and the seven associated conspirators were launched into eternity. Despard died

without a struggle. His hands opened and clenched twice convulsively, but no other movement was perceptible. Macnamara, Graham, Wood, and Wrattan were motionless in a few Broughton and Francis minutes. struggled violently. The executioner pulled their legs to put them out of pain. After a lapse of rather more than half-an-hour they were cut down; Colonel Despard the first. His body was placed on sawdust, and his head upon a block. After his coat had been taken off, the head was severed by persons engaged expressly for the purpose. The executioner then took the head by the hair, and carrying it to the edge of the parapet on the right hand, held it up to the view of the populace, and exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor, Edward Marcus Despard." The same ceremony was performed at the parapet on the left hand. There were hooting and hisses, from disapprobation of the spectacle, when the colonel's head was exhibited. The heads were then severed from the bodies of the rest, and displayed, with the same exclamation, "This is the head of another traitor!" They were then placed in different shells, to be delivered to any friends who might claim them for interment.

Early on the morning of Tuesday, the 1st of March, 1803, several hundred persons collected near the asylum, Lambeth, to witness the funeral procession of Colonel Despard. About a quarter past ten a hackney coach arrived, in which were the widow of the deceased and two female friends. On approaching the house in which the body of her husband lay, she became exceedingly dejected, and being conveyed into the apartment to take a last sad view of the corpse, she nearly fainted in the arms of her companions. The body was then companions. screwed up in its coffin, and conveyed to a hearse and four. Twelve of the colonel's friends came about eleven in three mourning coaches, and shortly after, the procession left the asylum. By this time a crowd had assembled, and as a very commendable desire existed to prevent anything approaching to a mob or tumult, it was judged proper to take such a direction as would best conduce to carry that object into effect. A general opinion prevailed that the body was to be taken to St. Pancras, and the moving

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of the cortege towards Westminster Bridge sanctioned the report spread to that effect. A number of the attendant multitude ran forward in that direction as fast as possible, which thinned the ranks very materially. As soon as the conductors had passed the turnpike gate at Lambeth Marsh, they turned quickly round, and the whole went down the Marsh to the New Cut, from whence they entered Blackfrians' road, and proceeded at a gentle pace over Blackfriars bridge, up Ludgate street, to the north gate of St. Paul's, where scarcely forty persons were assembled. A grave, not less than fifteen feet deep, had been duly prepared, between the great north gate and the entrance of the vault leading to St. Faith's Chapel. On the arrival of the hearse at the cathedral gate. some delay took place on account of a certain certificate being demanded, and also because the elergyman anpointed to read the service had not arrived. In about ten minutes, however, the body was conveyed to its last abode, and the funeral rites were performed in a solemniv impressive manner by the Rev. Mr. Parney. The city marshal had arrived on the ground before the procession reached it, and the twelve triends of the deceased followed his remains to the grave. About one o'clock the whole ceremony was concluded; the colenel's friends retired, and the people, who by this time had congregated in considerable number, and whose demeanor was temarkably peaceable and becoming, immediately dispersed. The same timengle ut was commuted with the utmost regularity, and no symptoms of a rictors disposition were at my time manifested. The police had very properly sent some others to attend at Lumbeth. Soon after the body to been repowed a party of southers passed or wir. Westmoneter town, but they were not in after an ever visite at the luneral It being generally understood that the interment was to take place in St. Paneras barral 2: outel, the avernes leading to that place were densely crowded all the morning, and it was not until a late it or that the mustitude allowed themselves to be undeœived.

The subject of executions leads

various modes that have prevailed in different ages and countries. In biblical times, the ordinary capital punishments inflicted by the Jewish law were stoning, burning, beheading, and strangling the criminal as he stood on the ground. None were hanged until they were dead. That addition was intended to mark superior infamy. The Athenian bowl of hemlock, producing painless death by lethargy, had something of dignity in it, and suited the calm philosophy of Socrates and Phocion. Amongst the Romans. opening the veins in a warm bath was a privilege of the aristocracy. The lower orders were condemned to the lingering agony of crucitizion. The latter was also the popular practice of Carthage. Constantine the Great, after his conversion, abolished the cross as a legal instrument of death. The low-string and the mck are Turkish peculiarities. Walking the plank, was first instituted by the pirates and bucaneers in the West Indian and American seas. The death of Ravaillac for the murder of Henry the Fourth of France, is one of the most dreadful on record; his strength was such that he sustained the complicated tortures of his sentence without losing sensibility. Bessus, Governor of Bactriana, who siew Darius, was tied naked to four trees bent by force to the ground, which, when suffered to return to their natural position, wrenched off his limbs in the rebound. The rack, the boot, the thumb screws, fire, water, and other devices to extort confession, so common throughout Europe in the middie and succeeding ages, were inconceivable expedients for any nation or period not paunged in burbasic heathernsm. An avowal of guilt under beauty agony is a perversion of the law of evidence, and a fearful mockett of justice.

By the Dutch code, in 1763, the confession of the accused was indispensaba to capital punishment. If he protested inneseries, he was rucked until he admitted his crime.

The Rev. W. Carstairs was the last limish subject who endured the thumb serew, under James the Second. He was testured before the privy control, to force from him secrets which he firmly resolved not to divuige. After the Revolution naturally to a consideration of the of 1677, the identical instrument was given to him as a memorial. King William expressed a desire to see it, and tried it on, telling Carstairs to move the screw; but at the third turn he cried out, "Hold! hold! Doctor; another turn would make me confess any thing." The common form of decapitation exposed the sufferer to be mangled by a clumsy or nervous executioner. Queen Mary of Scotland received three blows before life was extinct; the Duke of Monmouth five; and under Richelieu and Mazarin, several political criminals, of high rank, were literally hacked to death by instalments. The Spanish system of garotting by an iron collar is instantaneous and infallible. One vigorous turn of the screw settles the business. The exposed face is It produces horror objectionable. instead of awe, and passes the legitimate bounds of tragedy. The guillotine, originally used for expedition, when heads fell like leaves in October, was, in fact, a more humane as well as a more rapid and certain substitute for the axe, the block, and the rope. The rushing descent of the knife is a terrible moment; but it is only a moment, and all is over. Dr. Guillotin, from whom it took its name, to his own utter abhorrence, was a respectable physician. It is a mere fable to suppose, as often asserted, that he was one of the early sufferers by his own novelty. He outlived the rule of Robespierre and Marat, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, and might be seen in the streets of Paris. a venerable, benevolent-looking old gentleman of seventy-six, at the time of the first restoration. In 1789, as a member of the National Assembly, he made a speech on the penal code, distinguished by a tone of great humanity, and which terminated by a proposal for adopting, as less cruel than the cord, the quick-dealing machine, destined in the end to receive so many victims. No one deplored more bitterly than he did, the fatal consequences of his own invention.

At the execution of Marie Antoinette, an English resident in Paris, who happened to be an involuntary spectator, forced along by the crowd until he found himself close to the scaffold, related that when the head was held up to public view, the eyes were wide open, with a look of bewildered astonishment, which seemed

to express, "What can this be?" But the guillotine, of which a perfect model is contained in Madame Tus-saud's Chamber of Horrors, for the benefit of the curious, was not altogether and absolutely an original idea. An instrument very like it was introduced into Scotland by the Regent Morton in 1575. He met with it, called the Maiden, in his travels abroad, and was certainly beheaded by it in 1581; it is not so certain that he was the first patient, as they call the criminal in France, on whom it was practised. This identical machine was long preserved in the Parliament House in Edinburgh, and may be there still for anything we know to the contrary. Before and after that time, the Maiden was used within the limits of the forest of Hardwicke. in Yorkshire, and the executions generally took place at Halifax. Twenty-five patients suffered by it in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The records before that period are lost. Twelve more were executed between 1623 and 1650, after which, the local privilege fell into decay and disuse, and the instrument was destroyed. Prints of machines of this kind are to be met with in several old books in various languages, even as early as 1510. One of a rude form, called the Mannaia, accompanies the Symbolicae Questiones of Achilles Bocchius, printed in quarto in 1555. Another, almost a facsimile of the guillotine, is represented in Holinshed's Chronicles, fol. ed., 1577. The Halifax Maiden may be seen on the borders of old maps of Yorkshire, particularly those of Mole in 1720.

In all modern military codes, death by shooting with small arms, is the penalty for desertion to the enemy, mutiny, or misconduct in the field. The French system is sterner than ours. They punish capitally, where we inflict stripes or confinement. During the late Indian revolt, many Sepoys taken in arms were blown from the mouth of a cannon. This is purely an eastern practice, terrible to read of or see, but instantaneous and merciful in effect. Cases have occurred in which the ordinary mode has been so badly carried out as to become butchery. When Froberg's foreign battalion mutinied at Malta in 1807, they seized Fort Ricasoli, and endeavoured to blow up the

Being overnowered and magazine. taken, about forty were selected for examples, tried, and condemned. They were drawn up in open line on a curtain between two bastions, their backs to the parapet, with a deeply excavated ditch below. The signal was given; the firing party delivered their volley; about eight or ten fell dead at once; others were only wounded, and a portion stood un-scathed. These last tore the bandages from their eyes, and ran in all The soldiers pursued directions. them round the ramparts, firing and buyoneting as they came up with them. A few threw themselves over the wall headlong. Some broke their limbs and lay motionless. escaped unburt to the interior, and several days clapsed before they were This was a disgraceful retaken. affair, calling forth, and justly, the strong censure of the Horse Guards on the local authorities.

Some natures have a strange, morhid passion for attending executions. In our young days we knew an officer, he was a mere youth, too, who rode fifty miles to witness the hanging of a celebrated Irish tobber, named Cushie Glen. He was known afterwards in his regiment by that sobriquet. George Schwin was celebrated in his day as an enthusiast in this strange branch of study. He hurried over to Paris, to see the horrible punishment of Donous, for stabling Lens the XVIII, and whose previous enormities had wen for him the title of Robert to Inchie, The executioner, as he was about to commence operations, seeing a remarkably welldissed toreigner in a front place, came forward with true French polito see, and presented to I in the knife, that he might take the first cut. "I thank you, see, replied Goorge, des sliming the Long. "I am only an amsteur, not an artist

Wilkes ave "The worst new y or can put a man to is to hard him. For haps not, in all cases. Fo let him loose upon the world again, to repeat the same offence, and mour the same salty, is surely worse. The practal manworking of the triket of leave how how lightly hard-ned at the lenty which is the hope of reclaiming them.

The we have daily a attraction.

of prison fare and treatment compared with the fatigue of living by home labour. Undoubtedly there is som thing exceedingly revolting in seeing a human creature suspended from a rope like a dog. Even the miscreant and bully, Pistol, is shocked at the degradation. When his comrade, Bardolph, who has committed sacrilege, is sentenced to "edge of penny cord and vile reproach" (it would be tenpenny cord now, at the least)-be says, " Bardolph hath stolen a pix of little price, and hanged must be-a damned death! Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free, and let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.

Our military annals tell of a tall provost-marshal who once suspended a diminutive plunderer over his shoulder, in the absence of a gibbet or convenient tree. He was from the neeforward called the walking

gallows

The fate of Major André was a melancholy one. He was a gallant young officer, adjutant-general to Sir H. Clinton's army during the American War of Independence. Having volunteered his services to negotiate between Sir Henry and the traitor Arnold, he was taken prisoner by the enemy within their lines, and owing to his disguise, and the nature of his mission, was tried and sentenced to be hanged as a spy, October 2nd. 1780. On reaching the place of execution, he exclaimed with great emotion, "Must I die in this manner (Reing told it was nnavoidable, he replied. "I am reconciled to my fate, but not to this mode. It in terrible to me; yet it will be but a momentary pang." When asked if he had anything to say, he replied-"Nothing, but to request that you will witness to the world that I die like a brave man. Great efforts were made to save him, accompanied even by threats of retaliation. But Washington, though a humane man and a gentleman, was mexerable on this oversion. He felt himself called upon to carry out the sentence in its extionic riper. The infectious treachery of Arnold had reduced his country's cause to an urgent crisis.

During the occupation of Sicily by the English, in the great war with France, a soldier of one of the regiments in garrison at Messina was condemned to be hanged for murder, He was taken to the bed of a fiumara, beyond the walls, and tied up to a temporary potence. At the moment of suspension, the rope broke and he fell to the ground. The assistants lifted him up, seated him on a stone, unbound his arms, removed the cap from his eyes, and the provostmarshal rode back at all speed to obtain another rope. The wretched criminal was observed to brush the sand away from his trowsers with his hand. Not a word was spoken. The troops present stood at attention, with ordered arms. The silence was awful: the hard breathing of many was the only distinct sound that could be heard. Twenty minutes elapsed, which seemed like so many hours. The sentence was then completed. The law makes no allowance for accidents. The culprit must be hanged until he is dead. A similar case occurred at St. Petersburg, in 1826, which rests on the authority of Schnitzler, an eye-witness, author of "The Secret History of the Court and Government of Russia." Rylieff, the poet, and four of his companions, concerned in the conspiracy of Troubetskoi, were brought out to be hanged in a row. The rope, badly adjusted, slid over the hoods which concealed the faces of three of these wretched men, who fell together into the hole under the scaffold, pell-mell with the trap-door and the benches on which they had been placed. It is not true, as some have reported, that the Emperor Nicholas, being consulted as to what was to be done, replied with barbarous brevity, "Hang them again!" He was at Moscow, too far off for reference, and no one present dared to grant a respite. As soon as the platform was replaced, they were again brought under the gibbet. Although stunned at first by his fall, Rylieff walked with a firm step, but could not help uttering this painful exclamation—" Must it be said that nothing succeeds with me, not even death!" According to some witnesses, he also said—"Accursed country, where they neither know how to plot, to judge, nor to hang ! Either of these expressions were more worthy of Rylieff than the poor witticism attributed to him in the book of a French traveller, "I did not expect to be hanged twice." Such a highsouled spirit should have fallen by a

bullet on the day of the insurrection, instead of surviving to perish ignominiously by the halter.

Thiebault relates that Frederic the Great, on the eve of what was expected to be a decisive battle, issued an order that, on pain of death, no light should be seen in his camp. While going his rounds, about midnight, he surprised an officer in his tent, penning a few farewell lines to his wife, by the aid of a dark lan-tern. "Add," said the king, sternly, "I die at daylight for disobedience of orders!" And he shot him accordingly. Let us hope that the anecdote is at least exaggerated. Frederic may have felt the necessity of enforcing discipline, but the postcript was barbarity unworthy of a soldier. General Mathews, with the officers and men who were taken prisoners with him by Hyder Ali, were allowed to choose between death by starvation, or poisoned viands of the most enticing quality! Some preferred the former; but the pangs of hunger drove them to take refuge in the seductive agony of the alternative.

The subjoined incident we had from a friend, whose father was High Sheriff of Tyrone about forty years ago. A country lad was hanged at Omagh, for sheep-stealing; a penalty and offence frequently associated at that epoch. After the prescribed time, the criminal was cut down and delivered to his friends for interment. They made the usual attempt at reviving him, and in this instance succceded. The man recovered, retaining no outward marks of what had hap-pened beyond a slight distortion of the neck. It was thought by many that he had no right to be amongst the living, and that unholy agencies had helped him. He was shunned by his former companions, could obtain no work, and wandered about an alms-beggar. Necessity drove him to the house of the gentleman who, in his official duty, had superintended the execution. He recognized, relieved, and dismissed him, not being disposed to pursue the matter further. But, first, as a physical inquiry, asked him to describe his sensations on being turned off. He replied that he felt the jerk, but not so acutely as to produce insensibility, or even confusion. He appeared to have the power of looking above,

below, and around. All was of a bright vermilion color. An agreeable sensation then crept through his frame, until he became insensible, "But," headded, "I can find no words to express the agony of gradually returning consciousness." Necessity, or natural bent, or what modern cant would call "his mission," drove him back to his old trade, which drove him again to the gallows, but this time without benefit of resuscitation.

On the subject of pain under torture or execution, we find the following passage in Sir Walter Scott's Diary, na recorded in Lockhart's Life of his father in law, "I remember hearing that Mandrin testified some horror when he found himself bound alive upon the wheel, and saw the executioner approach with a bar of iron to break his limbs. After the second and third blow he fell a laughing, and being asked the reason by his confessor, said, he laughed at his own folly, which had anticipated increased agony at every blow, when it was obvious that the niest must have jarred and confounded the system of the nerves so much as to render the succeeding ones of little consequence.

In a novel by Palzac, or Jules

Janin, we forget exactly which, a party of couriens, not quite as respectable as Voltaire's dethroned kings. in "Candide," meet at a cabaret and discourse of their adventures—how they have undergone, and miraculously survived, hanging, drowning, shooting, strangling, &c., with their sensations under each process. A gravelooking Turk, hitherto silent, at length removes the pipe from his mouth, and asks, "Hasany gentleman present ever been impulol !" After the negative shudder has subsided. he describes his own case under that penalty. He was carried to the top of a public building in Constantinople, according to sentence; but the executioner thrust the stake through his drapery, by mistake, and left his body untouched. After being exposed the whole day, he was taken down at night, when he pretended to be dead. They left him, for a time, alone, stretched out in a sort of Morgue, or dead house, previous to sepulture. He took advantage of the opportunity, and contrived to recover and escape. The author pretends that all these stories are true, not invented; and we know that reality is often more marvellous than fable.

THE BARDIC TRIAD OF WALLS.

WHETHER it was that the transcend ant mystery of the Trinity was revealed to primitive man, or that tile beautiful outline of the triangle scized on the minds of people from their earliest impressions of form, certain it is that the number THELE seems invested with a mysterious or magic quality from the carliest times. The poor folk who, after wide separation from their kin and their native Armema, came to settle in our res Pabel : Had they household tales or

mote isles, and found themselves unable to pierce the ground for the materials of effective tools, were obliged to devote all their thoughts and all their cares to the procuring of mere sustenance, clothing, and lodging. Ind they exercise their imaginations ! Doi they bring with them any dan recollections of the wonderful events that countred between the above in Elen and the scattering at

[·] We must rist be enjoyed to think that any of the early stone-using people who first landed enour der sever saw, or perhaps hear lode Shinaar. The early quitters of the thin an radio will be seen in further their was no essays to obtain convenient room thinters and become decrease toward. The right life our grant children would make an ther may and we also have and religiously lit, and donests, comforts, and knows the search for the layers rate of the before chavelled. We hat a fitte areas. will be thankful to any mit begont reader, who, making a proximate guess at the ordinal number of the generate national suckences veries cornelled reached our shores from Judland or wallies, will be counted the field't to use Wilson's "Prehistoric Annals of Scotland" will turned an appailing partire of the discomforts of their beckers dwellings of stone under the level of the heathe or wastes, passages litteen inches high, and no air-holes.

ballads of the most simple kind? If we keep the goodness and mercy of the Creator and his love for his creatures present to our minds, we cannot but think that they enjoyed existence in their own way, and that individuals among them felt from time to time the movings of the spirit of romance and poetry and gave them utterance. However as they did not commit their inspirations to smooth pieces of wood or the angles of the rock or standing stone, speculations on this head would only result in abuse of paper and print, and of the patience of our readers.

The stronger and more intelligent Celts, who disturbed, and dislodged, and enslaved the poor little men and women of the boat-shaped heads, came with early religious impressions corrupted and debased, and their minds furnished with poetic stores, and poetic shapes in which to present them to the less favoured. They held the mysterious number in veneration, and were prone to abuse the idea by reducing all things, material or ideal, to its gauge. However, the reader need not fear at our hands the full infliction of the Welsh Triads.* is only requested to consider the existence of three famous bards flourishing at the same time, among the same people, and celebrating the good qualities and the martial deeds of the same princes, father and son, Urien and Owen. Ancurin, Taliesin, and Llywarch the aged, lived through the greater part of the sixth century, and their poems, if we except those imputed to Fion Mac Cumhail, Oisin, Fergus, Caeilthe, and Ailve, daughter of King Cormac, preserved in the Book of Leinster, are the oldest that have survived among the Gael, or the Cymry, or the naturalized strangers from West Germany.

During the youth and manhood of these poets, the Cymric chiefs still held the south-west of Scotland, Cumberland, Lancashire, Wales north and south, and the south-western portion of the Island. The Romanized Britons eastward of those domains, too weak in heart and arms to make head against the West German invaders, and found combating in their ranks, were called Loëgrians, and were as much, at least, detested by the still independent Cymry as the foreigners themselves. The Saxon chief Ida, landing on the northern coast, and joining his forces to those already in possession of the eastern parts of the kingdom, directed his efforts to break down the strength of the still powerful and determined mountaineers, under the rule of the noble chief Urien. The changing fortunes of this strife were watched by the three bards, who were as capable of wielding the glaive as singing its exploits. Arthur, if, indeed, such a chief existed, which we are not disposed to question, did his duty in South Wales and Cornwall against the common enemy. His bard was the renowned Merlin, but of his productions the most learned and zealous Cambrian does not believe that any genuine relic remains to us.

ANEURIN.

Students of the "Idyls of the King" are familiar with the name Gereint. Gherent, grandfather of Aneurin, was slain at the battle of Longport (Portsmouth, Porta's Harbour), A.D. 501, while vigorously defending his land against Porta and his foreign troops. The poet was born at Dunbriton, at that time the chief stronghold of the Northern Cymry, his twin brother being St. Gildas, mentioned in the Dublin University Magazine for October, and his father, Aou, styled King of Alba. Unhappily the date of his birth hovers between 494 and 520. Gildas betook himself, while a youth, to the school of St. Kadok, at Lancarvan, and in time became one of the apostles of Brittany. Aneurin professed a vocation for Cymric poetry of the most difficult character. He was among the INSPIRED of the bards, who, when questioned on obscure subjects, began to shiver, and were soon wrapt in a

The Gaelic branch of the Celts were equally observant of the "fatal three," but did not bring it so prominently forward in their lucubrations. We are told that St. Patrick succeeded in convincing the royal assemblage at Tara of the truth of the doctrine of the Trinity by exhibiting a shamrock. In this case the minds of his hearers must have been previously impressed with the sacred character of the number.

sort of ecstasy. After a little they commenced to utter sentences apparently without any connexion, and the questioner, by exercising minute attention, was sure to discover a solution of his difficulty among the "miscellancous assortment" thrown before him. When the Vates was roused from his trance, and this was generally a difficult operation, he could not recollect a single expression that had passed his lips. We have already seen Dullin University Magazine, October, what slight value the good Saint Giblas set on poets and their productions, and how little he sympathized with the gentle Saint Kadok when he expressed a hope of Virgil's salvation. His love for his brother Ancurin did not prevent his uttering the most withering invectives against the order to which he belonged, especially the inferior members of it, who by no means avoided immoral themes in their performances.

Count de la Villemarqué will by no means jour in the cry of anti-nationality ruised against St. Gildas.

GIIDAR NOT A SARIN PARTINAS.

"Gildas has been often accused of an antinational spirit. A Weish priest has even said that the design of the monk was, withcat doubt, to depositate the Britons, as if a worthy Meth. It trainlyter pro-would be bespatrists for their terms from the top of his julpit against the view of his pari hioners. Anceric in this case would not be less culpable then his brother, for he lays on the heads of the Northern British shiets the only ones when tell in had spared a the reproach of Laving distroyed their country by their interperance. The uses more order care however than the progenical With a gentle for the conversations and from which the ther tears off the dress go and makes his par at the intemporate Briten, ery all of wath pain."

Zealous churchmen of the early and middle ages always held their contemporary stary tellers and ministrals in much dissisterin. A good Saxon mank was so displeased with some of them for sounding King Arthur's prices that he could not fir I terms sufficiently severeto quality their impulsince, in making a jetty prince, such as he, greater than Uesar

or Alexander. He would have even devoted them to the flames four authority being still Count Villemarqué, had it not been for the deplorable weakness of the King of England, in covering them with his protection, and even taking pleasure in listening to their absurd recitals. The Viscount continues

THE DEVIL'S PAYOUBLIFE READING.

"Another ecclesiastic of the same time, nearly as uncharitable, but disposed to take things in a less trage feshion, male iously relates that a certain boly man wishing to prove to all the world the falsity of the histories of Arthur, lad in a spot haunted by the demon, a manuscript in which his exploits were loudly extolled, and at some little distance from it the New Testament. The evil spirit shinking away in terror from the sacred volume flow to the collection of the Entitch monarch, set on it and seemed greatly to enjoy his position."

Desides the princes of the art, there was in the days of the sixth century that class of disreputable men of prose and yerse, of whom we have already spoken, and who so abused the privileges allowed them by their position as to bring down on their heads the following distribe from no less a personage than the great Taliesin: —

THE BARCOMASTIC OF TAILBAN -THE RIFE.

"Victors poetic customs they follow. Melosics without art they extol.

The glory of insignd herewithey sing. The Comman transfer fixed they yielder. Worker is a resulting fatter in their perfectives (22).

They than then from virtue by soft words. Larve has they correct and Livery profance fistival they deligantly

arrord, Honorath folk they disparage:

Their lives and their time they spend with ut point.

By right they frink, by day they sleep. The character they hate the taxonic they have t

Vibility and they use

From mortal so they grain in their

Exh vollage, such city, each land they traverie.

All fractions they be a

L

The commands of the Trinity they mack. Sundays nor holidays do they respect. The day of need (death) disturbs them not.

To their gluttony they set no bounds. Excess in food and drink is their whole desire.

The birds fly, the bees make honey, the fishes swim, the reptiles crawl.

The Kler, the vagrants, and the beggars, alone, live without labour."

Whoever has glanced at the stories of the trouvères of Northern France needs not be told of the revenge taken by Messrs. the Story-tellers on their censurers. Every second tale exhibits a monk involved in some disreputable intrigue. It is indeed possible that, as in the case of Boccacio, this irreverence may have preceded and pro-

voked the censure.

The biography of our bards is inseparable from that of the princes whom they aided by their martial effusions. Ida and his twelve sons having made a descent on the coast. somewhere between the mouths of the Forth and the Tweed, circa 547, they proceeded westwards on their destructive mission. They were met and defeated by the noble Urien, chief of Reged (south-west portion of Scotland), and his valiant son, Owen; and after some other encounters, Ida, called Port Brandon (fire bearer), fell by the hand of the young prince at the fight of Menao, on the banks of the Clyde, A.D. 560. The Britons having become assailants in their turn, besieged the foreigners, then under the conduct of Diedrich, one of the sons of Ida, in the isle of Medcaud, now Lindisfarne. But in Urien's camp were mingled Cymric and Gaelic warriors, and some of his chiefs bore him a grudge. He was murdered by one of his own soldiers, whom Nennius pronounces an Irishman. The besieging forces separated without doing much injury to Diedrich. This event took place between 572 and

Soon after occurred the siege of Caltraez, which Count Villemarqué, with every appearance of probability, supposes to be one of the fortresses on the wall that connected the Clyde

and the Forth. After surprising feats here performed by the Britons, and successive deep carouses sung by our bard in the piece called "Gododyn," the brave Owen was slain, and along with him as many chiefs as there are days in the year (circa A.D. 579). Aneurin did not long survive this sad disaster. Having satirized a recreant Cymric chief, who had failed to bring his contingent to the aid of his prince, this scoundrel filled the measure of his crimes by assassinating the aged bard. The slaying of druid or bard, even by his bitterest enemy, was in these days, and in the pagan days long before them, considered one of the most heinous crimes that could be perpetrated by a mortal hand. Reserving what we have to say further concerning our bard till we come to treat of his poetry, we proceed to the biography of the second literary light of the sixth century in Britain.

LYWARCH HEN.*

Lywarch Hen was born in Cumberland (Argoed), circa 480, his father, Elidir, being chief of that region. At an early age he was sent to the court of Erbin, chief of Devon and Cornwall, whose son, the brave Gercint, already mentioned, served under King Arthur. This prince (Arthur) is distinctly mentioned in Lywarch's later poems as then heading all the British forces in the south against the Saxons. Lywarch was attached to the court of the young Gereint, and fought under him at Longport (ante). The poet was then seventeen years old. In an after poem he celebrated the deeds of his young patron in that battle. The dreadful images presented by this his first fight haunted his imagination for many a long day, though in time he became well inured to the horrors of war. In his poem he pictured the horses up to the knees in blood, bounding and covering their bridle-bits with foam. The horses of Gereint's warriors were likened to eagles of many colours.

He afterwards attached himself to

^{*} Hen, sean, senis, iashan, are the Welsh, Irish, Latin, and Hebrew equivalents for old. The Irish word is commonly pronounced as if written hyan, the å and y forming a single aspirate sound not conveyable by Roman letters.

King Urien, who gave him, both as chief and bard, a gold-banded horn to sound in fight and chase, and fill with mead at feasts. None used braver or more gorgeous apparel than ourstard. His purple cleak, yellow plume, and golden spurs, attracted observation; and his finely-tempered arms, and his skill in their use, won him renown.

What perhaps might not be expected from a general acquaintance with Celtic character was unhappily a fact the Cymry were as foul of guzzling as their swinish invaders, and Lywarch devoted a considerable portion of his time to the consumption of ale and mead, and to the somety of the beauties of the Reghed Court. Twenty four sons of his approved their valour in time and place, and all perished fighting for their country before the eyes of their father. But in the glow of youthful manhood, before desolation and old age come on him, enviable was his situation at the Court of Reghed.

THE YINTH OF LIWIRIN HEY

"Admitted in this court to the privilege of the couch of honour, he empoyed has share of the generosity of Urien. He had his place by the fire, near the great cauldron, where steamed the venroin, the produce of the chase or the forays of Urien; and when in the genial banquets the drinking-horn passed from hand to hand by the light of the terches, when the poyons warriors and the gratified applicants should out their acclamations, when the harps of the bards delighted the court, he imaged his lays with theirs."

The joyous medal was not without its sorrowini reverse.

"But the day came when there is no nod of the destroyed palace nothing but the odd hearthet no aming nottles and rushes and the bard was heard to mornior." The downfall of Uron is my downfall also, Heatill, whisper of inspiring poetry. There shall be now but few songs of praces. Uren is no more.

Lywarch had the grief to see his great patron and triend slain at the seege of Lindostarne see above. He

bore his head away to save it from desceration. After the death of Owen, and the Cymric reverses in the north, he retired to the halls of Kendelann, the friendly chief of Powis (Montgomery).

But this brave man united with the Welsh chiefs, Commach and Caranmael, engaging the Saxon enemy as Keawhn, was defeated and slain; and after the now desolate bard had performed the last sad duties to his friend, he remained in loneliness and enduring grief, poorly clad, with one cow as his sole property, and a poor thatched cottage his asylum.

In that poor retreat he for years lamented the death of his brave sons, Gwenn, Peil, and the other twentytwo. Having been an idolater in his youth, and worshipped the sun, and the constellation of the north, called by the Britons the Car of Arthur, he at times gave way to invocations of his ancient divinities. A good monk of the neighbouring monastery of Lanvor! moved with pity for the spiritual and corporal destitution of the poor bard, brought words of comfort and enlightenment to his rehef. But the contrast between his former and present state so embittered and saddened his soul, that the good religious had as much trouble with him as ever St. Patrick underwent with Oisin. Griefs and losses beyond what humanity could endure had, as he adezed, been inflicted on him :- "His fractic's God could not be a God of mercy and love!" Grace, however, prevailed, and this second Open died under the influence of the three Christian virtues. He was interred in the triculty monastery, and it is supposed that the earliest MS, copy of his poems was there preserved for a longer or aborter period.

7 1118514.

The life of our third bard, Taliesin, is involved in the obscurity of fable. An attentive reader will easily separate the true from the fabulous in the recital. Thomas ab Emion, a Welsh

 [&]quot; Les Bar les Bret aines du VII. Solele," par Le Viconte Hersart de la Villemarqué.
 His affecting lamentation in the ellent fortess of Kendeland, wer the corpe of his friend, may be seen at page 205 of Henry Morley's in at valuable. "Account of English Writers before Chancer." Chapman and Hall.

Llun, area, church; rer, great.

priest of the fourteenth century, gathered the recital from the mouths of the story-telling portion of his flock, and here it is in abstract.

A powerful British chief had a son named Elfin, who inherited the gift of ill-luck in all his undertakings. Once his father confided the care of a fishing-pool to him for a year, expecting to find the produce at a minimum. A sluice admitted tide and fish, but let back nothing but the salt water. The first visit paid by Elfin was rewarded by nothing of more value than what appeared to be an otter; but on examining it closely, it proved a basket covered with an otter-skin, and containing a beautiful child. "Oh, the shining forehead (Tal-iesin)!" cried out the sluice-keeper, and the name abode with the future poet.

Elfin, mounting his steed and handling the cradle tenderly, returned home. Beginning to weep his ill-luck, he ceased on hearing the child burst into a song of encouragement, and the youth entered his father's house with some comfort in his breast. "What have you taken?" "A bard." "Of what use can he be? A salmon would be better." "He will be worth," cried the child, "more than your fishing-pool has ever brought you." "How! An infant able to speak!" "Yes; all the knowledge on the earth abides in me. I know all the past; I know the future also."

In that house the child remained thirteen years, and during that time good fortune dwelt beneath the roof. At the end of that period, Elfin, visiting the court of the wicked king of Gwened (North Wales), some one in full court asked of the assembled company if there was in the world a fairer or more virtuous woman than the queen of their sovereign-any hounds or horses better than hisany warriors equal to his—or any bards that could compete with the four-and-twenty bards of the court of Gwened. The unlucky Elfin modestly answered that no woman in the world exceeded his own wife in beauty and virtue, and that his bard exceeded all that then dwelt within the seas of Britain.

The king convinced him of his want of judgment by consigning him to a loathsome prison till he could prove the truth of his boast. Next day Taliesin entered the palace, and, by a device similar to that of the illcut mantle of Arthur's court, he vindicated the superiority of Elfin's wife to the great scandal of some court ladies, and promised soon to verify the other assertion of his master.

As the king's bards were entering the hall next day, each observed an urchin sitting at his ease in the passage, tapping his under lip with his finger, and uttering "blerom, blerom, blerom!" They took no notice of the performance, but when each presented himself in turn before the royal seat, and opened his mouth to chant his master's praises, and sought to strike his harp-strings, he could do no more than tap his under lip with his finger and mutter "blerom, blerom, blerom, blerom !"

At first the king laughed, then he frowned, then he commanded them to cease, then he ordered them to leave the hall; but as it was out of their power to obey him, and as the detestable refrain still continued, he made a sign to his officers, and they soon began to clear the hall with their strong wands. At this point the chief bard, falling on his knees, implored mercy for himself and his comrades, and denounced the accursed urchin in the passage.

"Calling the boy before him, the king asked 'Who are you? Whence come you?' 'I am,' said he, 'the chief of the bards of Elphin; my native place is among the stars of summer; my being is not of this world; my origin is unknown; I am capable of instructing the wisest of the universe; I was at the creation of the world; I have passed through all the changes of the metempsychosis; I have seen all the revolutions of the earth; I shall exist to the day of doom."

Notwithstanding this revelation, the king made his chief bard enter into competition with the weird being before him. But the lip-gibberish, and nothing better, still proceeded from the unfortunate minster till his master ordered him to cease. The turn coming to Taliesin, he thundered out in a measure that held all mute with awe:—

"Neither rocks nor chains of iron can hold against me. I, Taliesin, chief of western bards, order the gilded chains to fall from the limbs of Elfin. " From the ocean comes a dread thing," To punish the evil of Maelgoun, King of Gwene L

Yellow as bright gold shall become His face, his hair, his eyes, his teeth; On him it shall bring death,

From the awful breath of God it comes, Formed separately from all creatures to work wrath

On MacIgoun, King of Gwened.";

While he sung, a dread hurricanc swept in at the entrance and made the circuit of the hall; so violent was the blast, that the king and courtiers feared the palace would be blown down on their heads. So the king, in all haste, ordered Elfin to be brought out of prison, and led into the hall. So powerful was the charmed song then chanted by the bard, that the chains of themselves fell from the limbs of his patron. So far the legend.

Taliesin was born in the early part of the sixth century, year and birthplace uncertain, some claiming the horour for Wales, some for Cumberland. The father's name was Henoug or Henis. He was educated at the college of Lanearvan so often mentioned, under the devout and gentle St. Kadok, and had for fellow-disciple St. Gildas. From this seminary issued seven of the greatest and wisest of the bards of Britain. One day St. Kadok asked, "who was the richest man to Gildas answered, "He who does not covet the goods of his neighbour." Again, "who is the poorest?" Answer by Talicsin, "He who has not contage to enjoy the goods in his possession.

His studies being completed, Tailesin about to depart, humbly requested his master to give him his blessing. The saint, after embracing Lim, gave his other sage advice .

"Myon, left roy great, consider first, what y is an income to say; we do by, in what restrict you was say it; turnly, to where you are going to steak, fortilly, what have really from your words obtainly, af there he day good who could weat you say, exthe where is to whom you also dress a rest. Assar all put west you are arout to say on a de togers of Land. turn it iver wiven times led be you little it.

After this you need have no fears for the result.

Count Villemarqué seldom loses an opportunity of paying a compliment to Ireland. We quote him here:-"Ireland, that learned and wise instructress of the Celtic race, was either jealous of our bard being an alien, or perhaps she was to bring to perfection the talent of the youth." So as he was fishing in the open sea, in an osier and skin coracle, some pirates seized him and carried him to Erin. After some time he made his escape, and, using a wooden buckler. instead of an oar, he succeeded in reaching the coast of Wales. He was found by Elfin, nearly lifeless, on the edge of his father's fishing pool. This circumstance coincides with that in the legendary life.

Having become one of Urien's favourite bards, he never quitted his side till his death. He marched in the front rank to battle, rousing the ardour of his people by his martial odes; and when the "battle roar was deep," he secured the best position in his power to view the varying fortunes of the fight. Even the rough Saxons let Ancurin depart scatheless from the fight at Caltraez, owing to his sacred character of bard. and Lywarch often wielded the sword, but it is probable that they never sung and fought on the same occasion. We do not hear of any of Tailesin's strokes with glaive or heavy mace. After the death of Owen, about 5-2, he retired to Carnaryon, and lived privately, but not so wretched in mind and in circumstances as Lywarch. It is supposed that he ended his days near his old schoolfellow, Gildas, in the peninsula of Rhys, in Brittany.

THE STREETS AND CHARGERS OF MARKET CAMBIE POSTRY.

On examination it will be found that the subpeta selected by the three great hards were confined to the following. the destiny of their country, its victories, its disasters, its hopes, the praises of its patriotic chiefs

[.] The Plague.

[†] Wherever the quotations are not specified, they are taken from "Les Bardes Bretonnes" Blueel

conquering or conquered, hatred of, and resistance to, the stranger, the joys of the heady fight, the carnage, the booty, incantations, imprecations, laments for slain patriots, a few satires, some didactic pieces, and hardly

a vestige of sacred poesy.

Viscount Villemarqué considers that the title lay* has been given to these effusions on account of their prevailing melancholy character. However the Gaelic laoi evidently the same word, simply means poem. In the original there is a certain barbaric grandeur. Images of enjoyment are frequently contrasted with savage ideas,—an arrangement not unusual in poems having a pagan foundation. We find wine and mead in one goblet, blood flowing from another. The wolf tracks the warrior in expectation of a human feast, even as the dog follows his master;—the black ravens sit on the white breasts of the dead. Aneurin dallies with ferocious images more than either of the other two. There is more splendour and life in the lays of Taliesin. Lywarch is distinguished by melancholy and deep feeling. In some respects they resemble the great Greek Triad - Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

In the Cymric code of criticism, poesy consisted of three elements—

language, invention, and art.

Three excellent qualities distinguished perfect poetry—simplicity of language, simplicity of subject, simplicity of invention. The language should be pure, rich, correct: it should be natural, varied, and elegant: order, strength, and the happy choice of words, were essential supports of good language. Good style, depended on correct construction, correct phraseology, and correct pronuciation. The three indispensable attributes of a good writer are judgment, apprehension, and arrangement.

Dear as is the Cymric tongue, whether spoken in Wales or Brittany, to Count Villemarqué, he frankly acknowledges that it has not the perfection of the Irish Gaelic, through which the oriental sapcirculates much

more abundantly.

Carrying out the triad idea, Welsh and Bretons observe how, in their

native tongue, the three chief organs of the human voice—the lips, the tongue, and the throat, produce the three essential articulations—the soft, the strong, and the aspirated; and maintain that their early poetry and music are as intimately wedded as thought to language; and that the bard united in himself the best gifts of the poet and the musician.

One virtue pervades old Gaelic and Cymric poetry—the total absence of words or expressions borrowed from the classic languages. The weakness and incompactness that necessarily hangs about such expressions as cornes de bœuf, or bateaux à vapeur, or le chat qui fume, was unknown to the Celtic tongues. They possessed within themselves abundant facilities for expressing complex ideas concisely and compactly, without resorting to a foreign vocabulary. If a Welsh or Irish perfumer was desirous of announcing to his patrons that he had a soap on sale which would render the relations between the razor and the chin of an agreeable character, he needed not to fabricate from the lexicon the horrid word Eukeiro neion.

This happy condition did not remain always attached to the Welsh. In the tenth century modifications were remarked, and a distinction perceptible between the ancient and the modern tongue. King Cormac, in the ninth century, wrote a glossary for the Gaelic MSS. then extant, and proficients in modern Irish would require a glossary for words vulgar in his day. Our best Irish scholars find patience, and judgment, and research, necessary when translating from the "Book of the Dun Cow,"11th century, or the Book of Leinster, 12th century, or other early MSS. preserved. So the best Welsh philologists find the fullest exercise of their faculties and acquired knowledge needful, when they grapple with the lays of the old poets, in copies from the 11th to the 13th century.

"To the obsolete condition of many expressions, or to an uncertainty in their significations, as the cause of obscurity in these poems, must be added the extreme laconism and concision of their style. Frequently the words lie side by side without

^{*} Les or le, Breton, les, lament or weeping.

a grammatical tie. Prepositions, adverba, possessive pronouns, conjunctions, even verbs are understood. Whirled along by his flery inspiration, the panting bard springs out of himself, confounding persons, subjects, times, and places, rattling, dashing, whirling along like the Celtic chariot of birch, of which neither axle, pole, nor wheels seem to be secured by leather, wood, or iron, and which nevertheless brings with surety the victorious athlete to the goal

"The bard also arrives in safety, but for the most part exhausted by a drive without check, without rule, without guide, and without rest. . . . The deticiency of plan, of order, and of method, in many of these peems; the evil habits of the makers in exhausting the poetic vein when they dissover it, and of injuring by infinite variations the theme from which they have first produced happy effects, cannot in our days find grace in the eyes of taste."

Some of the same defects are found in our Gaelie remains, especially that of never letting a happy idea pass without presenting it under various aspects, and torturing it to the utmost limit of endurance. As to repetitions it is unreasonable to quarrel with them. The reciter frequently made use of them to afford rest to his own seething brain for a little, and allow him time to collect new ideas.

"The less critical contemporaries of the bur is judged differently; the long reaches and the rejetitions which annoy us were a charm to them. The audience to whom the paem was recited, loved to see produced in all its phases, the idea which occupied their own monds and which the jost reproduced. They leved to hear repeated to satisty, the verse which had so pleased them in order that they mucht retain it. Such is the origin of the refram in ballads: such is that in litaries; and this is why the Helicon post has repeated twenty times in the same briefl piece. Confide in the Lard for he is good, and his more y endure th

"If these Celtic lave offer some charm to the heart and the intellect, they ofter many more to the ear. But parhage wine contract series and say to me, as was said to Sir Walt r Scott, who she was vacit ing the explication of the Highland bangages. Thealand year pard is one must be a rave, or a test to enjoy this skirling and de nus

A recen merely hearing without ing some terms, and reunde ordinary properties of thm, and thy

either in adjoining or in alternate lines, will soon feel his wonder enlarge, and his confusion increase, when-

" He finds at the end of the first line in a regular triplet, an isolated word which appears to rhyme with no other wonder redoubles when he discovers rhymes not only at the end of every line, but also within it, and this arrangement continually repeated. Finally, his astonishment is at its height, when to those difficulties are added a repetition, a balancing of the same consonants in the same line, known by the name of 'alliteration.' He then pushes all away as an assemblage of rude, hurtling, shocking sounds, of points and puerile plays on words, of detestable conceits,

These peculiarities are found sometimes abated, sometimes exaggerated in Gaelic pactry. But they are as frequent in the early Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon poetry, as was exemplified in the lay of Beneulf, in our notice of Mr. Morley's work.

These peculiarities of the verse seemed suitably wedded to those of the square fiddle - the h'rote or crota,

and the pedal-less harp.

It is a suitable task for archaeologists not incumbered with domestic cares or political duties, to endeavour to find out why the early poets hung such a number and such a weight of metrical chains on their limbs when performing their poetic corantos be-fore admiring audiences. Could it be that, as they gained their livelihood by their public recitations, they hoped. by means of these gratuitous impediments, to dismay young aspirants by the difficulty of acquiring proficiency in the abstruce science! All these knottings and lacings could not prevent the limbs of the mighty giants of song from agile, graceful, and majestic movements.

" If a thousand rhythmic difficulties did not prevent Taliesin from producing works of real morat, in which labour allies it elf to simplicity, to precision, to correctness of style, where a certain savour excites, a certain undefinable sense of originality, of surprise, and of a intration, serves on you, where the nery inspiration distreys not the natural order, what works mucht be not have produced, freed from these bonds, which he had the happy audacity to map men frequently than the other bards!

"It Lyward Heu, raised to gigantic proportions through force of misfortunes, exhibite profound thoughts, ontiments dela ately rendered - if he is not more diffuse,

re prolix, more gossifing, to use his own

expression, it is because he was less occupied with words—children of the earth, than ideas—daughters of the sky.

"Aneurin, on the contrary, who was more enamoured of form and art than any of his contemporaries—whose style is laboured, obscure, involved, filled with incidental phrases, parentheses, laborious inversions, common-places, impertinences, and dreadful circumlocutions, such as were affected by his brother Gildas—Aneurin, whose works passed for being the most laboured of all ancient Breton poetrywhose poem of Gododyn was valued at a cow per strophe-Aneurin, who perhaps possessed more skill and showed more acuteness of perception than Lywarch Hen -as much capability to awake and sustain the attention as Taliesin-does not equal either in genius, though sometimes he exhibits traits of a style sombre and grand, and at other times sublime in its warlike impetuosity. Why this? Simply because he was a poet by profession."

THE GODODYN OF ANEURIN.

Archæologists are divided as to the locality of Caltraez, where the celebrated battle sung by Aneurin took place. Mr. Morley thinks that Catterick, in Yorkshire, justly claims the honour. Viscount Villemarqué, as has been already said, settles on a fortress on the Pict's wall, not far from Loch Lomond. The subject and treatment of the poem is simple. The Cymric chiefs of the south of Scotland and north of England meet to hold an annual festival at Caltraez, Aneurin coming in the suite of Owen, son of Urien. The British chiefs keep no discipline, and employ themselves at emptying mighty medhers of ale and mead. They are treacherously beset by the Saxons of Deira and Bernicia, assisted by Picts and Gael. Several sallies are made by the Cymry, many Saxons, both chiefs and thralls, bite the dust; but at the end of every petty triumph the infatuated Cymry return to the cups. At last the noble Owen and all his chiefs, three excepted, are slain; the seven days' battle is at an end; and the British power in the north is crushed.

Of the three hundred and sixty stanzas of the original there are preserved only about a sixth part. The poem opens abruptly with an address to Owen:—

"Young, he owned the perfections of a man;
In battles he was most valiant.

A long-haired steed [bounded]* beneath him;

Young and famous was the chief. †

"The smooth croupe of the swift steed Was covered by his buckler light and broad;

His broad blue glaive sparkled in the light;

Of gold were his glittering spurs.

"Sooner shall the earth (drink) thy blood
Than thou (the wine of) the banquet.

"Owen, sweet companion,
Thy body shall be covered by the
ravens.
Desolation hovers on the land
Where perished a son of Marc'ho."

In the combats of the Fians of Erin the terrible Merdach, of the Green-bladed spears, or Osgur the magnanimous, would slay to his own share two or three hundred of the enemy in one day; but the might of Owen was still more to be dreaded:—

"This chief, crowned, armed for fight,
Eager in the tide of rushing blood,
Before he grew weary in the front of
battle,

Had, under the blows of his heavy lance,

Laid five times five battalions on the

Of the Deirian and Bernician warriors
—men terrible to behold.

In one hour perished two thousand. Sooner shall the wolf have his feast of flesh

Than thou the wine of the feast, O hero!"

But the treacherous Saxons take the Britons proceeding to the assembly at base odds, and were valiantly opposed:—

Words in brackets are understood in the original.
 † Grezev gour oez gwas:
 Gourzet enn dias;
 Marc'h mouz, moung bras
 Adan mirzoued meger gwas.

"The warriers who set forth to Caltrace.

After deep draughts of mead, Were stea dast, vigorous, With blades broad, red, and dark. Stoutly, without pause, they smote these dogs of war.

Ah' trea herous clans of Bernicia! Had you but me for your indige. The chade of a man't would not leave in life!

Host by you a comrade who knew not fear:

He pershed resisting the fell appressor. He asked not his wife's dowry from her father --

The brave knight, the son of Kian, The hero of the Rock of the bright summit.*

2 The warriors who proceeded to Caltraez at the dawn;

Were estimable for their mischances, their sufferings.

Deep they drank the mead, lustious, yell we metrating:

They afforded pay to the burder

They dyed in blood their broad _laives, their plantes.

Their rich sheathed blades, their fourridged belies."

Two parties of the Britons being nearly cut off to a man, owing to the smailness of their number and their love for the drink, they are reinferred by Tudyouli hope. To loch, chief of Elim Edinburgh, who combats the enemy tell the rising tide separates the combatants. This circumstance is a presumptive proof of the locality being on the bank of the Cly le. The tide would be rather out of place at Catterick in Yorkshire.

"First, from the heights of the fort bloked."

First, as a ball let loos, he charged on the flar y brinks:

First, he had control tinto his cup the Trop thosa?

First in 2 dt ar i purple be signal seltime it.

First, he raised the war ery which wire species.

And but the the resting tide his feet had

n t with transi

 Under the pertals of I him was the wartial results to t

Imper usey no ten and of the insbriating mead

_ .__ _ _ _ _

The limpid mead he drank, then he fought in the trench.

He drink the local wine; it was a warlike defiance

The fight was fenglit in the trench-a fight with cutspread wings-

A brill ant, a flaming combat —

A combat in full paneply—a combat with wide wings."

The disastrons battle was coincident with the pagan festival Coelkers, when fites were lighted in honour of the sun. It was either at Beiting, first of May, or at Samain end of summer, November 1. Admision is made to the festival in next stanza. We see here the Celtic persistence to enjoy to the full a long expected festival. Scarce a stanza occurring without mention of the sparking mead:

⁹ Renowned were the warriors who proceeded to Caltraez:

Wine and gld-coloured mead were their drink;

That point of the year was dear from ou tem.

Of three warrior-chiefs, and thrice twenty and three hundred,

All bearing the torques of gold,—
Of all these who rushed to fight,
After deeply draining the mead,
Les aped but three, by dint of blows—
Actor's two dogs of war, and Kenon the
Rolf.

As I ray will, covered with gore; --My safety due to my songs." +

Owen is duly praised because he went not into the fight till the funca of the inquor had left his brain. His bravest deed was the slaying of Donal Breach - the praided, one of the Gache or Pietrsh chiefs assisting the Sacsatach and the Legrans.

"On he shoulders this chief of chiefs.

Bore a mighty buckler, huge, many-

In the times, he was excelled alone by Protocom;

Ir battle be was tumult itmlf.

Ho was hire, on hantment was in his

He was the sun , he is now the food of

٠.

Supposed to be Manchester, the British name being Maingwenkoun, meaning given in the text. The Gaille equivalents are Man, hill, bin, white; evens, head.

The greater part of the original is occupied with the praises and the exploits of the se handred and exits and three warriors. Ancurn owed his safety to his barde office.

Before his people abandoned him in the dew.

He enjoyed the speed of the proud eagle. In the heady retreat his side was pierced. Justice to brave foes is ever rendered by the bards."

Of the stanzas devoted to the destruction of chief after chief—still the drink!—we can afford space but to one more:—

"The chiefs who flew to the strife were united in loyalty;

Drunk with the clear mead, their lives were short.

Of the chiefs of Menezok, fiery in the rapid charge,

Their lives were the price of the sweet mead.

Caradoc and Madoc, Peil, and Leuan, Gougan and Gwion, Gwenn and Kenvan, Peredur, with arms of steel, Gourdur and Aidan—

These pillars in the strife, these bucklers without reproof—

They slew as they fell; none came back from the fight."

After more hard drinking and fighting, Aneurin stops to thank Kenon, son of Lywarch Hen, for having ransomed him from his prison, to which a fit of drunkenness had conducted him. Then is related the death of Bunn (qu. Bhan, fair), a recreant British princess, the widow of Ida; and after a glorious repulse given to the fee, they fall to the cups. They are now stormed in the very hall, and the cupbearer, striking the flat of his blade on hard wood and flag, arouses the drunken heroes. A new awakinga new repulse—a new slaughter—at the end of which the valiant Morien is found regaling himself in the cellar on a quarter of venison, much the worse for drink at the same time.

A new carousal—a new attack— Owen, the noble, the brave, rushing alone to defend the breach, is slain. In vain a nephew of Aneurin overthrows the tables of chiefs and followers, and exhibits proofs of stupendous heroism; hall, cellars, and all are filled by the besiegers; and of the three hundred and sixty-three chiefs escape but three.

This fiery old poem, preserved in the libraries of Plas Gwyn, of Rev. Thomas Price of Crickhowel, of the Vaughan family, Castle Hengurt, and

others, has been published with an English translation and notes by Rev. John Williams, Merionethshire, at Llandovery, in 1852. Viscount Villemarqué has also given a French version in the "Bardes Bretonnes," accompanying the original. Taking into account the successive changes effected in the Welsh dialect, he has preferred a text nearly corresponding to the Armorican branch, as written by a proficient at this day, the difference between it and the Cymric of the sixth century being but slight. He furnishes numerous parallels as he proceeds from the Welsh MSS. The reader may compare the first verse above quoted with the annexed from the Crickhowel MSS. :-

"Gredyf gwr oed, gwas:
Gwyrthyt am dias;
Meirch mwth, myngyras,
A dan vordwyt, megyrwas."

In our version were required twentyseven words to give the literal meaning of these fourteen; the French version employs thirty. The advantage in strength and compactness, which the old Celtic enjoys over either of the two modern languages, may be inferred from the comparison.

THE POEMS OF LYWARCH HEN.

The poems of Lywarch Hen are numerous and varied, compared with the relics of Aneurin. They embrace the "Death of Gherent of Cornwall," the "Death of Urien," the "Death of Kendelann"—a poem on his own old age, and one on the loss of his sons. His guomic or didactic poems consist of the "Calendar of Winter," the "Wind," the "Boughs," the "Song of the Cuckoo," &c.

In his "Death of Gherent" all the verses of one portion of the poem begin with "I've seen at Longport," &c.; the remaining verses commence with "Light were the steeds of Gherent." A couple of examples are extracted from each:—

THE DEATH OF GHERENT.

"At Longport was slain Gherent,
The valiant chief of the wooded land of
Deuvnent (Damnonia),
Slaying those who slew him.

"At Longport were slain the stout soldiers of Arthur -

Arthur's sel (iers who cut with steel— The commander, the overseer of the works of war.*

- " Light were the steeds under the thighs of Cherent,
 - High on their limbs, (fed with) winnowed grain,
- Re i, impetuous, tlike' red eagles.†
- " Light were the steeds under the thighs of therent,

High on their lumbs, fed with barley, Importuous as bushes on fire on the dry hill.7

It was a popular custom among the Colts to convert their patriot becose into saints. Gherent, without being actually canonized, became a hero of remaine among the Britons of continent and isle. The following discretism of his appearance remains as of passages in our own writers, some of which have figured in the UNIVERSITY:—

to He was a young man of noble bearing, with 1 or our ing hair, and raised brobs. He carried at his side a glave, with latter gdd, his tune and his mantle were of fine side. Leathern shows were on his feet. He was girt with a blush purple belt and from its cods daughed two golden apples. He was min bed on a young steed of great size, who walked with high, switt, and providing as

The max please to be noticed is an address to Machwan, steward of that look Kirz. It North Wales whem we have already not with. This faintlearted in an submitted to much alternation to be the startests to save life and property, in consequence of which Lywar haddressed to him.

Masnwing when I was thy age, No one face t put fis ton my cloak, No one product to y field without shotleding his block.

d ne ma

" Maenwinn, when I was like thee, My youth in my possession, No stranger dare break the boundary stone of my land.

"What I then loved was the bright blade in its sheath,

The blade sharp as the thorn point.
It was light labour to me to raise a rock.

- "Blessed be the woman, aged, lonesome, Who cried to thee from the threshold of her but
- "Machwinn, resign not thy poinard!"

THE DEATH OF URIES OF REGRED.

The lament includes several divisions. In the first the poet addresses an old companion in adversity in relation to the subject matter of the poem. Then follow several verses, each commencing with "I hear the head of Urien anter by my side,—in my tunic,—on my thigh,—on my sloudler," referring to his carrying away that relie of his friend from the sorge of Landisfarne. A couple of verses will present the spirit of this portion :—

- "I bear in my tunic the head of Urien, Uran who mildly ruled his court; On his white breast (perches) a black rayen."
- "The head I bear on this black rike, Is the head of Urien the noble dragon; Till the day of judgment I shall not coase to weep."

Every verse of the third portion is marked by this opening. "His body, deleate and white," and presents the str king contrast of life and death:—

"H s body, delicate and white,

Stall to-day be covered with chosen stones

We is me, to what have I been doomed!

"His body, delicate and white,

Shall the day be covered with turf and a bead stone

West only hand, my lord is slain."

to a rate or kemmenent of hidur, Americles, les adur layer,

*The verse is several times repeated, with nevariation but the different colours of the caules obline, gray, the k, white, speckled, and the varieties of the grain on which the stock were fed.

* "Penn a persam ar men tu, Penn Urien lari levie lu. Hag ar he bron gwenn tean du."

The moderal test many to the existence of the darling of the old remainers. The property results in the left. The existence of this verse in Villemarque's collection in a plane fit to enable the realist to obtain the structure.

In fact, I report has a Argur.

After eight verses of this description, he enlarges on the sorrows of his relatives, the efforts to avenge his death, the presents he had received from Run, son of Urien; and boasts of his own superiority over all bards present and past. Then he sorrowfully recurs to the contrast of the past and present state of the hospitable hearth of Urien:—

"This hearth—is it not covered with grassy turf?

As long as Owen and Urien lived The venison bubbled in the cauldron.

"This hearth—is it not covered with juicy mushrooms?

It was more wont to hear round the table, The clang of the glaive of the warrior without fear.

"This hearth—is it not rooted up by swine?
It was better used to the cry of the warriors,

And to the horn-cups passing round the table."

This pathetic lament has suffered from the long lapse of time and the negligence of copyists. It is preserved in the "Black Book of Kerverzin," and the "Red Book of Hergherst" at Oxford, from which Lady Guest extracted her "Mabinogion" (Children's Tales). This and the other pieces of Lywarch Hen, were edited and translated by William Owen, 1792.

The "Death of Kendelann," before noticed, has been mentioned by Mr. Morley, and some translations given of the finest portions of it. We refer the reader to his work. The bard, sitting in the silent, deserted hall of his friend, keeping vigil over his corpse, and listening to the distant howlings of the wolves, and the screams of the eagles, forms a most striking and sad picture.

Lywarch having lost his last supporting friend, the brave Kendelann, Chief of Pengwern (Shrewsbury), was reduced to extreme poverty and loueliness, his twenty-four sons having long before perished. He thus bewailed his wretched condition:—

"Before I was obliged to the support of crutches,

My lance was chief among lances; My back, now bowed, was first in vigour. I am now oppressed; I am miserable. "They love me no more—those young maids.

No one is left to turn me on my couch; I cannot move—oh, misery!
O death, thou art unfavourable!"

No Christian resignation is found to temper the complaints of the old bard, his spirit is of the earth. Sunk in unmitigated wretchedness, he laments his loneliness, and the loss of his brave sons, all distinguished by the gold-torque, the peculiar badge of a Celtic chief. He names them individually in his lament, but chiefly dwells on the bravery of Gwenn and Peil. One only, unworthy of his race (Kenzilik), he would have preferred to have been a woman.

- "Oh, Gwenn! I knew thy worth:
 Thou wert an eagle lighting at the mouth
 of the stream.
- "I had four-and-twenty brave sons, Bearing the gold torques, chiefs of war. Gwenn was the bravest—the son of his father.
- "They built a hall with broken bucklers, Raised in lairs, each above each,— Bucklers broken by the hand of Peil.
- "Maen, and Madok, and Medel— These my sons were valiant men, Bold brethren of Selef, Heilen, Laour, and Liver."

The cuckoo was the observed of the former poets, though rather neglected by our Tennysons and our Longfellows, and our Barrett Brownings. Several of the verses addressed to the bird by our poet, are rather obscure; but it is evident that lovers and happy individuals formerly found their enjoyment enhanced by listening to the simple and hoarse melody of that selfish fow!:—

"At the harbour of Kiok, on the flowery branches,

Sung the gay cuckoos:

Woe to the sick who listen to them in their joy!

"Singer of joyous songs, your voice is tiresome:

Used to wander, to fly from the falcon, Very noisy thou art at the harbour of Kiok.

"How noisy are the birds!

The banks are damp, the leaves fallen,
the exile indifferent.

I conceal it not: very sick I am this

I conceal it not; very sick I am this night.

O riches, you resemble the earthen wase. The vase that holds the mead; I desire you not.

Happiness is repose; the key of knowledge, endurance.

"He was young, this son of sorrow, He was a chief in the prince's court; When he quits earth may be see God!"

There is no lack of mysticism in the poem of the "Boughs:" a few verses tollow:—

"The vigorous bough of the birch with green tohage,

Frees my test from the snare: *
Confide not a secret to a young man.

"The strong bough of the oak in the word*

Free my feet from the chain Trust not a secret to a young girl.

** The vigorous branch of the brian covered with berrois.

And the blackbard in its nest, and the story teller.

Are never silent.

"It rains abroad, the fern is damp; The sea said white, the sea foam scattering.

The clearest light is man's intelligence,"

The song of the "Wind" gives very little information. Here are two of the most observant verses subsocially others in which nothing there striking is tool than that "swine dig up wild roots, the wind blows them there is trees avelant nessed I lives another grown men aveon mak, butter, and cause of the

"Commonly the oak's top is the nest of

the exact.

In the less of express talk now by
The eye of the exercise of the level one

"C non-the the fire turns through the

Surface to waste of the ways of the Control of the surface of the substitute of the

We take have of our hard with the contesta or impression that his mind and react were at last timed to better things to anothe smoke of warker of our to gonly, of the vail enjoyment of earthly goods of pleasures. All that remains of the works of Lywarch Hen is to be found in the "Black Book of Hengurt," and the "Red Book of Hergherst," before mentioned. Of these and the other literary treasures of the ancient Cymry we shall take occasion to speak at large when opportunity serves.

THE POEMS OF TALIESTS.

These comprise the "Battle of Argoed Loueven," the "Battle of Gwenn Estrad," the "Battle of Memao," "Song to Urien," "Urien's Recompence," and the "Song of the Death of Owen." These conflicts took place between Ida the firebrand, and King Urien, his sons and his bards. The following are extracts from the "Battle of Argoed Loueven the Elm of Argoed,":

"Saturday morning a flerce fight took place, -

From the rise to the set of the sun it lasted

The tire-brand bearer flew with four battalions

To crush Goden and Reghed.

"They stretched along from the woods to the hills,

But their lives were only for a day.

The brand bearer cried with loud voice, Shall histages be delivered? Are they prepared?

"Owen made reply, drawing his blue

they shall not be given; they are not

They never shall be,"

¹⁰ Per Teer cheef of tilled lands, cried out, ¹⁰ Warmers of correlans, plant the standart cortic ball.

If ar on the rayagers of the plain,

As form your langes against the heads of warrors

"In the Mosts of valets of the fight the masses grow to be

The pupil has tened to tell the victory; And I will edit tate it while life endures.

"Yen, even tell I become weak and aged, And the the cread anguish of death agrece. Let me not ends of I extelled Urien!"

*The birch was the excited of the bard probably because he engrass this thoughts on it. His offers exempted him from capturity.

A reference to the except, nof the Dru le from most human duties and punishments

Saturday was considered by the Celts as a lucky day to engage battle.

Thursday the reverse.

The battle of Gwenn Estrad was won by Urien and the garrison of Caltraez, against the Saxon holders of a fort in the valley of the Clyde. The besieged were either buried under the ruins or drowned in attempting the neighbouring ford.

In the fight of Menao the Britons were again the assailants and con-

querors, led on by Urien-

"This year a chief, prodigal of wine,
Of golden pieces, of mead, and of courage,

Courage without cruelty, has pased the borders;

"And, followed by a grove of lances,
And of chiefs united, and of brilliant
nobles,
Has rushed to combat.

"What abounding spoils for the army!

Eight times twenty beasts, and of one
colour—

Calves and cows!

- "Milch cows, and oxen, and riches of every kind:
 - I should soon cease to be gay, if Urien had perished.
- "I drink the wine of my chief;—
 I often drink the wine, his be the praise.
 Me he inspires, he sustains, he guides:—
 No one is his peer in grandeur.
- "If groans are heard in the valley, It is Urien who is striking.
- "If groans are heard on the hill, It is Urien who triumphs.
- "If groans rise on the hill side, It is Urien who spreads the flame.
- " If groans are heard in the walled fort, Urien is forcing the place.
- "There is no hunger for those Who make a foray in his company.
- "When he combats, sheathed in armour,
 Armour inlaid with sparkling azure,
 His bright blue lance is lieutenant of
 death,
 In the slaughter of his foes.

"Till I grow weak with years,
And the rude anguish of death arrives,
Let me not smile if I praise not Urien!"*

In these poems, and in the address to Urien on occasion of a festival, and in the "Recompence of Urien, there seems somewhat more of the mercenary bard than of the devoted and yet independent poet friend. The poems of Aneurin and Lywarch Hen are beyond suspicion, owing to the circumstances under which they were composed. Yet, withal, it is very probable that Taliesin's odes were equally sincere. Urien and Owen seem indeed deserving of most of the praise they received. Nennius extols them, so does Gildas, who considered it his duty to castigate the British princes for their vices. Taliesin was as warm in his eulogium on the dead son of Urien as in his praise of son or father when alive-

"Soul of Owen, son of Urien, May the Lord regard your need! The chief of Reghed lies under the green mound."

Taliesin's poetry, as will be felt, is of a more cheerful character than that of either of the other bards. But that was due more to circumstances than to temperament. The gallant Lywarch, the court favourite, the captivating young nobleman, had he undertaken to describe the festivals of his patron, would not have lacked gaiety of heart and gaiety of expression. The poetic remains of our bard are preserved in the "Book of Taliesin," a MS. of the twelfth century. Mr. D. W. Nash published an English translation of these in 1858.

Those who have devoted time to the subject of this paper, and to the manuscripts in which the different poems are preserved, have come to the conclusion that the remains of Aneurin and Lywarch Hen have received but small damage in their transmission to our times. It is, however, to be regretted that a considerable portion of Taliesin's lays

+ Ened Owen, mab Urien, Gobouelled ë Reen O'ch he red! Reged uz a kuz trom glas. Ned oez fas He kevezed!

[•] The translations given in this article, such as they are, have been made directly from the originals, and have received no aid whatever from any others yet made.

were tampered with by successive bards and copyists prior to the twelfth century. Of the Bard Merzin or Mirddhin, commonly called Merlin, it is supposed that not a single original triplet has been preserved. Merlin and Taliesin being looked on as prophets, the temptation to adapt their verses to the exigencies of politics and public occurrences, was too great for successive versifiers.

In concluding this article it is only just to pay a due tribute of respect to the gentleman whose writings have furnished its theme. Viscount Th. Hersart de la Villemarqué, a scion of the Old Armorican Nobility, has directed his life long labours to researches into the Archæology of the Ancient Cymry, whether of the Northwest of Britain, of Wales, of Cornwall, or of Brittany, and incidentally into the literary antiquities of Ireland and the West Highlands. He has collected all the poetic remains of Brittany from the months of the native people, published them with a literal translation into modern French, "The Barzaz Breiz," Bards of Brittany, and enriched the collection with copious and valuable notes.

He has also visited every library in England and Wales where Welsh manuscripts were reported to be preserved, and given a circumstantial account of such as he could discover, together with facsimiles of the most valuable. Of the difficulties he overcame in his search for the old lays of his native province he has left us an interesting account, portions of which we present:—

"But how to succeed in obtaining these pieces of which I had to a heard the action and some fragments of the verses." I had questioned many if the inhabitants of the plains, who frankly according to the plains, who frankly according to their unwarlike disposition made me conclude that they attached inthe importance were not the heroes. In the mountains, where the characteristics.

racter of the people is different, I did not at first obtain much better success, though I read in the eyes of the persons I addressed, in putting them in the path, and pressing them a little, that they could gratify me if they chose. But I was not known. I presented myself alone, and the mountaineer is suspicious. It was strange to see Monsieur explore the country with a paper-book under his arm instead of a fowling piece, and ask for the ballad of Arthur or Nomenorather than the hare's form or the partridge's nest. So he was silent and frequently had a smile of contempt on his lips as if to show he was not to be dup-i. But the manor-house and the pre-bytery came to my aid, and before these two moral forces the mistrust of the peasant gave way, and his tongue was unloosened. In entering deeper into his confidence I learned the motive of his reserve. These pieces, of which I had given title or extract, were these about which he felt a my-terious and sacred interest without thoroughly understanding them. In his eyes they possessed a political and terrible meaning, which be regarded with superstitious veneration. An old man said to me. 'They did not sing such and such songs to you, for they contain a certain certae. The blood bods, the hands tremble, the firebooks rattle of themselves, merely for hearing them. They contain words and name-I which bring the froth of rage on the lips of the enemies of Christians, and make their veins throb. When we have sung them marching against the Blens, we have seen them start as young war herses at the discharge of the artillery. When we have been singing them at night in the court-yard of the burnt chateau of one of our nobles, the stayes, firelocks, and pitchforks, p.led behind us have rattled and clashed as if they were tired of rest. When we have been teaching them to our children in the evening, the Bleus, miles away, have found it out, and next morning our houses have been sure un ted."

We intend at some length in a future article to treat of the Breton MSS, and the exertions made in the last and in the present century, to rouse the public to a sense of the importance of the old literature, and the desira decress of its preservation.

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In our paper on the Cymry, University for October, are furnished translations from this repository.

[•] Portions of this extract are a mere precis of the original. An English-speaking
stranger would be as unsuccessful ariong the native track at this day.

These are the very amount warlake terms still presented, and of which the living Bretons have bot the meaning. They regard them as spells.

I This word is here used in an antage to the sense to lives, or revolution to

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ABOUT CHARLES LAMB, HIS FRIENDS AND BOOKS.

ABOUT this unique and delightful being there has been plenty written in a loving, but official way. His ways and manner of life have been woven for us into a piece, and as we go over it carefully we find but few threads dropped. Some of these, and of very small importance indeed, may be thought worth while picking up. Anything, surely, will be welcome that helps, even in a small way, to bring us in contact with this engaging writer. As we might fancy ourselves in his room after his death, taking up his inkstand—his pen—the book he last read, with the leaf turned down —the folios; "my midnight darlings" he called them, half pathetically—"huge armfuls"—even his forsworn pipe, (and with what reverence and delicacy we would lay our hands on such relics); so we might relish these little "odds and ends," gathered up out of byways and out of corners—little shreds and patches of no great quality beyond having a reference to this arch-essayist, and most delightful man. For a writer so unique in his kind, where the species, as he himself said of a book, is the whole genus, surprisingly little has been said. Yet he might be studied over and over again—lectured and commented on by the hour and by the volume. It is pleasant to think that one so nice and dainty in palate as he was about the "dressing" of books—so sensitive and epicurean as regards typography, paper, and edi-VOL. LXV.-NO. CCCLXXXVI.

tions, should, in his own works, have been gratified by all the little elegancies of typography. To be a dandy, or petit maire, in such things is very pardonable; and there is a fond and delicate homage in the offering of fine type, broad margin, and toned paper, to a writer that we love almost akin to the flowers and draperies with which the altar of a patron saint is dressed. Charles Lamb would have looked down the line of his own books with fond admiration. They harmonize prettily.

One year Mr. Edward Moxon, whose name, someway, always chimes in a sort of "third" with that of Lamb—the man to whom Leigh Hunt called the "bookseller of the poets, and with no disparagement to him from the antithesis, a poet among booksellers'—starting in business, was anxious to show the public with what elegance he would equip his books. "You were desirous," said his friend, Lamb, to him, "of exhibiting a specimen of the manner in which publications intrusted to your care would appear. They are simply advertisement verses." And thus was introduced this pretty little volume, "Album Verses, with a few others," by Charles Lamb; an inviting title-page, with a graceful vignette of a "pastoral boy" busily writing. A bright, gay little volume, printed by Bradbury and Evans, now tolerably rare, and not to be seen on the stalls.

After all, there is a sort of fanciful

luxury in reading the book we love in the "original shape." Very few have had in their hands the first colbeted edition of the immortal essays a small, bright volume, entitled "Eda," not "The Essays of Elia," as they were to become later. Someway there is an aroma about these original blocks. It was the shape the author's own eve rested on and approved. It is a link between him and us; just as Charles Lamb, I bedeve, used by a sort of claim of "handshakings compally fancy be might have indirectly shaken Shakespeare's hand, The departal paper on books and editions lets us intera numberi littie whilms and money ferres of this sort which the back collector will comprehead. "On the contrary, I cannot read Beaum out and Fatcher but in folio; the octavo editions are painful to look at. But there are "things in books' clothing " which make one writhe and shaver, and which distress the eye; the well meant is informise between meanness and abundance between cheapness and good measure -between "nastmess" and a "good armful" notion, which takes the shape of the "complete works" in "one vol." with double columns. "I know nothing," says Lamb, "more heartless than the reprint of the 'Anatomy of Melan holy.' But he little dreamed he himself should be taken, packed and empressed, into that mean, straitened surt, many sizes too smail, like some positions of known, all straitened, with at a fold, or even a wrinkle. This seems a cruel and wanten degralation for one who has glocked in three clothes, and who condistret habits arms with freedom. As he said of Part of oit might be said to Mr. Moxon, "what need was there of uneart, my the lones of that fantastic, old, great men, to expose them in a wire at 2 short if the rewest tish in Yet never were the "shaldy genteed" double or hinns so freed and possible, or given in such religionates ing that of type and paper, but stal nothing (showry off the out an i pattern. Had this absorbation In the take it reset in the discort " Line" want a pleasant protest he would have given against the well meaning but grove antig tashion

The original "Eas," now open be- C. L. were written by Mr. CHARLES fore me, is at the sign of Taylor and Li , of the India House. Independent of Fleet-street we hear a of his signature their superior

Charles Lamb telling how a copy was waiting for a friend "penes Taylor and Hessey". It is tolerably rare. At the end is a good analysis of that famous London magazine in which they first appeared, requesting the attention of the public "particularly" to the six hundred original articles written by "gentlemen of the first talents;" and first in order among these contributions is placed "The Essays of Elm." How rich those six volumes were, may be conceived when they contained "The Opum Eater," Allan Cunningham's "Scottish Traditions," poetry by Montgomery, Keats, Clare, and Barry Cornwail; and a pleasant class of paper now unhappily dropped out of magazine province, on such subjects as "Specimens of the Early French Poets;" additions to Walpole's "Reval and Noble Authors;" additions to "Johnson's Lives;" "Tabletalk: " Speculations on Richter and the Germans.

Pursuing this bibliographical review I have before me now a little volume, in rather mean dress, dated 1796, being the "Poems on Various Subjects, by S. T. Coleridge, late of Jesus College, Cambridge," printed by Robinson of London, and Cottle of Bristol. It is curious that Talfourd should not have noticed the appearance of three of Lamb's sonnets in this collection, which was a year previous to the "joint stock" venture of Coleridge, Lamb, and Lievel, which is described in the More curious still " Memorials." that Lamb himself should seem to forget this modest entrance on the stage of his little verses; for in a dedication that came long after, he says, addressing Coleridge, "it would be a kind of disloyalty to offer to any one but yourself a volume contuning the early pieces which were first published among your porms. My friend blood and myself came into our first battle under cover of the garater Aux ' Coleridge in his preface introduces those soft and pretty initials "C. L. which were to have a sort of colour and harmony for the eye, and for forty years were to grow very familiar to the public. "The Effusions, Le says, "signed C. L. were written by Mr. CHARLES L. of the India House. Indepenmerit would have distinguished them." A style and title which seems to have struck quaintly on Lamb's ear, for when the new poems were getting ready he wrote out a full title-page with the same description.* These three sonnets are the ones commencing, "Was it some sweet device of fairy land?" which becomes "Effusion XI." of Coleridge; and "Methinks how dainty sweet it were," which is "Effusion XII.;" and "I could laugh to hear the midnight wind," which in his collected poems becomes one of a series, and is only distinguished by a number, but here has a lofty title,

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT BY THE SEA-SIDE AFTER A VOYAGE.

When the "Album Verses" came out a smart but very short and trifling criticism, done in a flippantly slashing style, welcomed them in the Literary Gazette. It is inconceivable at this distance of time how such a comment, scarcely to be compared with a really "severe" notice of our day, could have caused such deep resentment. But there was then savage warfare, semi-political, among those who used the pen professionally, and reviews were often the arms of politica.

tics.

"If anything," said this notice,
"could prevent our laughing at the
present collection of absurdities it
would be a lamentable conviction of
the blinding and engrossing nature of
vanity. We could forgive the folly
of the original composition, but cannot but marvel at the egotism which
has preserved and the conceit which
has published. What an exaggerated
notion must that man entertain of
his talents who believes their slightest
efforts worthy of remembrance; one
who keeps a copy of the verses he
writes in young ladies' albums, the
proverbial receptacles for trash!"

These were good set terms, and they finished with harder, giving great commendation to the typography, but adding "we could have dispensed with this specimen."

The whole was scarcely a column in length; but it excited the deepest resentment. Southey and Hunt rushed into the Times and into the Examiner with stinging verses and bitter prose. It was remembered long after, and yet it should have been recollected, that the Gazette had done ample justice to Lamb's other productions, and that with the high standard Lamb himself had furnished to his friends and admirers, these are poor and weakly, though graceful, rhymes. Long after noticing, "Elia's Essays," the same journal alluded to the attacks that had been made on itself. "And nearly the whole of the dirty would-be squibs and epigrams which issued from the scribbling clique alluded to, rang the changes on Peter Pindar's filthy idea expanded into the corresponding rhyme.' thing could be more cordial than their welcome of the Essays. They did not visit on his head what they owed to his friends. "But to return to this delightful volume," they said of the "last essays," which shall be "bound in fresh-clad hopeful green we were going to have said and gold -but that is too costly for the daily wear and tear of its future destiny. A genial expression of enjoyment, like what Leigh Hunt would have spoken. So, too, with the "Tales from Shakespeare." "The book is neatly bound in coloured cloth-a species of binding which has a very good effect, though, we fear, not very lasting." So with the "Specimens"—"a new and very neat edition of a book which ought to be never out of print, for it is full of sweetness and beauty." His verses they could not tolerate. "The gems, it may be, are not all diamonds and precious stones, but the Bristol stones and garnets are extremely pretty, and the best of their kind.

After all, what was this to the attack of the old Monthly Review, now in a sort of toothless dotage, but in which the old sour juices of Kenrick, chief of review "hacks," and of the Griffiths who wrung Goldsmith's heart, seemed still to circulate. It led off in this fashion:

"Some few years ago there was in this

^{*}Lloyd could have had no share in this collection, as Coleridge acknowledges every one's assistance handsomely, even to the "rough aketch of Effusion XVI.," and to the "first half of Effusion XV."

metropolis a little coterie of half-bred men who took up poetry and literature as a trade, and who having access to one or two Sunday newspapers, and now and then to the invazznes and reviews, puried off each other as the first writers of the day. Among them was Mr. Leigh Hunt, Mr. Prostor, better known under the Namby-Pamby title of Barry Cornwall. Mr. Hazlitt, some half a dozen others whose names we forget, and Mr. Charles Lamb, the inditer of the precious verses before us.

"Poor fellow" he looks more like a ghost than anything Luman or divine. His verses partake of the same character. They were gleaned from the allums of rarial dams. Is, who, hearing that Charles Lamb was an author, chose to have a moreous from his classic pen to show to their sires and loy is.

" At one time, from the causes which we have stated, and from the assenting and thoughtless smiles of one or two cold brated men, this individual gamed a reputation for quant wit. So quaint indeed does it appear to have been, that it has not kept. It has grown so musty to tait is no longer fit for use. Caurles Lamb, for each, thinks that such effusions as the 'Album Verses will be equally serviceable to Mr. Moxon. . . . Delicious to the ear of Miss Jane Towers was, no doubt, the address of a post who had never charged to see her fair face. Our only regret is that the book was not only clasped right, but locked, however in release the consequences night has been to poor Moxen.

the How far such a publisher as Mr. Moxon ought to be cors bred, as an also ougher in your transaction, is a question that would admit of n. d. 2.5.

the eight to be ability I the greatest effender of all, and the least bigroom proishment assign a letter obtained with should be to give him an four or two in the hopper."

It will searedly be believed that this could ever have been penned so lately as thirty years ago. Lumb however, was not farly open to the heavy charge of putting by or taking copies of all solght versis for their bines. Not I ag ago a gertha in feind thicking Westerlein in a book sellers window, with some verses on the fly-leaf, not included in the collected works.

" W SIA PA S' TANW"

"National of Table 1

" Tis a book kept by no dorr young labor from w.

Of who bitheleg langean buothers thing of 1 know,

A medley of scraps, half verse and half prose,

And some things not very like either, God knows.

The first, soft effusions of beaus and of belles,

Of future Lord Byrons, and sweet L. E. L. s.;

Where wise folk and simple both equally join,

And you write your nonsense that I may write mine.

Stick in a fine landscape, to make a display--

A flowerpiece, a foreground! all tinted so gay.

As Nature herself, could she see them, would strike

With envy, to think that she ne'er did the

And since some Lavaters, with headpieces conto al,

Have agreed to pronounce people's heads physiognomical,

Be sure that you stuff it with autographs plenty.

All penned in a fashion so stiff and so dainty,

They no more resemble folk's ordinary writing,

Than lines penned with pains do extempere writing,

Or our everyday countenance (pardon the stricture)

The faces we make when we sit for our picture;

Then have you, Madelina, an album complete.

Which may you live to finish, and I live to see it.

"C. LAWR."

Talfourd has only glanced at the rude treatment "John Woodvil" met with from the young Edinburgh Econophiceney, but a specimen of its past complaceney, and almost boyish manually with "Mr. Lamb, will be amusing. It is to the same note which Salney Smith struck in the first number, where, dealing with Parr's sermons, and Parr's wig, telling of the "houndless convexity of first of the latter, and recovering the reviewer out of a trance by removing the former to a distance. The play, say these agreeable wags—

"first line, what we believe is a novelty on the stage, a peak of church bells giving their surmous to morning service.

Mary rest . Hark the Fills John. J. Se. in search the his dehin. J. Se. in search the church bells of St. Mary Uttery.

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Margaret.—I know it.

John.—St. Mary Ottery, my native village. In the sweet shire of Devon. Those are the bells.

"The exactness of John's information is of peculiar use; as Margaret, having been some time at Nottingham, may be supposed to have forgotten the name of the parish, and perhaps of the sweet shire itself; and the cautious and solemn iteration at the close, in an affair of so much moment gives an emphasis to the whole that is almost inimitable."

They then remark on the extraordinary development of "drunkenness" through the piece; and reading it over now, it must be confessed that this phase seems to recur a little often.

'(Enter at another door, Three calling for Harry Freeman.)

'Harry Freeman! Harry Freeman! He is not here. Let us go look for him. Where is Freeman? Where is Harry?

Exeunt the Three, calling for Freeman.

"We may here remark, as tending to increase the confusion so happily expressive of drunkenness, the ingenuity of the artifice by which four speeches are given to those persons, without stating to whom the fourth shall belong."

But a more severe stroke follows :—

"If the plot and character of 'John Woodvil' be not sufficient to establish its antiquity, its language will powerfully concur. The most ancient versification was probably very rude."

Then quoting a sentence from Burton. "which Mr. Lamb introduced, perhaps, as descriptive of his own composition:"—" The fruit, issue, children, of these my morning meditations, have been certain crude, impolite, incomposite (what shall I say?)

It must be said that a book of the class of "John Woodvil," coming out in our own day, and from the hand of a writer so obscure as Lamb then was, would have been a very

tempting plot to be set before a critic.
"Elia" is a book of the sort that should be "eterne." Too much honour could not be paid to it typographically. There should be an "edition of luxury," with "toned paper," and new type, and "bevelled boards," and rich in illustrations. Apart from such dainties it would bear a commentary, and glosses, and

scholia. Above all, one would like foot notes, with parallel passages, out of his letters and from his life. Thus, we remember his rambles on lending books, and his exception in favour of Coleridge. He says he enriches when he returns, furnishing splendid marginalia and MSS notes, instancing rare old "Daniel," the English historian, and other names. Now it is curious that, not long ago, this very "Daniel," thus enriched, was brought to light; and in our proposed (Utopian it may be) annotated "Elia" we should have a reference to these notes.

Lovers of Leigh Hunt, who like to hear him chatter pleasantly in his Tatler, and Indicator, and London Journal, will remember the fond personal tone of criticism with which he dealt with favourite books, and the beauties of favourite books. He is like an epicurean over a choice dish. No doubt, like his friend Lamb, he was tempted to say grace before banquets of books, as before banquets of meat. This doting and almost succulent relish has something genuine in it; though Hunt seems to have been almost too catholic in his taste. He found some sort of beauty in every page almost. He scored profusely with his pencil. His welcome to the fifth edition of "The Tales from Shakespeare" is, in the fullest sense, of that quiet "purring" enjoyment with which he used to hang over a book he loved. In that pleasant daily "Tatler," "price one penny," whose motto was "Veritas et varietas," he speaks heartily and with beaming eyes:

"There is a certain neatness and painstaking in the vignettes to this volume, and a meritorious wish to make every figure tell. It is a pity the artist has made his figures so tall, and for the most part so weak in their bearing. The letterpress is delightful. The beautiful simplicity of this series of tales made us, when a child, hold it, as we still do, one of our favourite books one of the few we especially love. that we would carry on a journey or save from an accident. It is a book in every way calculated to diffuse the love of the great dramatist, which must have made Mr. Lamb conceive and accomplish his benignant and pleasant task." No one, in truth, so lovably appreciated "Elia" as Hunt. Here is the Landon Journal, where Hunt had "full swing," and could perfect his whims and fanctes with the freest fundamenty - a book of the most value is edulationable reading we can find a late this he copied choice lets of "Had," with little introductions specially his own, as

There throweth, gentle reader, the carried decord of Mis. Battle and her weist a game which the nation, as then will see, which that he carried play for ever, and accordingly, in the death is protect that not the count of her match. Enc.

To another place he says affections arely, "We wish that the Lordon Joinal should contain what yer has been said in any quarters calculated to a charger to one exertent tratel. and to the corse the desire of the read ing public to become acquainted with him. In this painted of his Leigh Hunt had a pleasant practice of reading a form, as it were about with his readers, and pointing out beauties to them by scorner special passages. The first of his selections from Lamb, and only the first, i.e. read in this way, and it is of some little interest to see what strokes specially excited his imagination. He picks out the "Burid Somety," underlining "what stars is there in death which the hounters with the ne wealth in premient of a latel to plack on all wrat victory in the grave which the drop and the vervet problem not a name of least estimate disputational which, it was be reconcered, refers to an undertaker's advertisement, and its exquisitely but digrens. He are senets "ngay subpots, and the make one description of the old in a consulper set out for their party, who had as approxima-.. **.**\ to retain from Living here. shiver of name purpose you attack it is be trinspaint to so with their dish the new trinspaint to so with the rectinasi o from who who a color to something they can a fact of, as four is brave, static feet to be a first of marnial ele, il consol the first on it y a grain, a poste forest, with a power of ed a diship guidance it is a facily. series of the definition of them in the two. or rather with an utterigh time of what it demands. Was the reserve

such a description, such exquisite contempt, as in the phrase "dishling minims of hespitainty," and such cautious accuracy in the announcement that closes the sentence! "To be continued," the first of the specimens was prefaced, "until his works are gone through;" but, unhappily, the journal, like all Hunt's journals, was already tottering, and presently fell.

That was a very pretty trait of Charles Lamb, which is found in one of Hunt's Indicators, and which is worth pages of description; "and thought low natural it was in C. L. to gire a kies to an old tido," as I once saw him do to Chapman's Homer." The same piper* gives us a charming sketch of Lamb among his backs :-"I be a ve I dol mention his bookroom to C. I., and I think he told me that he often sat there when an ac. It would be hard not to behave him. His library, though not abounding in Greek and Latin, is anything but superficial. The depths of pink sophy and poetry are there, the imminent passages of the human heart. It has some Latin too. It has also a handsome contempt for appearance. It looks like what it is a selection made at precious intervals from the book stalls; new a Chancer, at 9s 2d.; now a Mon-taigne or a Sir Thomas Browne, at 25 . 1 ow a Jeremy Taylor, a Spin ze, at ald English Dramatist, Proof, and Sir Pintip Sidney, and the I dis are 'real as imputed.' The very perusal of the backs is 'a disstate of humanity. There Mr. So they takes his place again with on al Releal friend; here Jeremy Conter is at prace with Dryden; tions the lon. Martin Luther, her d who with the greater lamb, Sewell; trece Gaznan d'Alfarache thinks I meet he company for Sir Charles Gran in agreed the risolaimaduntted. From the first, first tastical Duchess of New 1886 with the laurel on her head, she excel with grave honours." A. who prome t how Margaret. In term of Newstatte, recting to Cracks Lamb, and recall his burle que affecten for that book, must see " of he has been pouring this come tanky into Le ... Hurt s car.

a curious likeness there is between this paper of Hunt's and Lamb's delightful paper on "Books and Reading," which, it must be said, appears to have been later in date. Leigh Hunt was then abroad in Italy, and his "Indicator," "My Books," appeared on the 5th of July, 1823. Now, Lamb's first "Elia" series was published in that very year; and if Books and Reading" had been written he would have included it in his collection. It might have been that the odd fancies and even expressions might have been part of his daily and nightly talk—even of his letters, which he had poured out upon his friends, and which were vividly present to Hunt's mind. A few casual passages will show this singular resemblance. I am almost inclined to believe that we have actually thoughts of Lamb's, which, with a nicer sense, he dropped out of his own essay. In his relation to William Hone—

the chatty and entertaining compiler of the "Every Day" and "Table Books"-Lamb comes out pleasantly. It was a sort of "Athenian oracle," or, better still, the "current notes" of the day; and there were correspondents who wrote and answered each other. The grateful dedication is worth preserving apart :-

" To Charles Lamb, esq.

"DEAR L.,-Your letter to me, written the first two months from the commencement of the present work, approving my notice of St. Chad's Well, and you afterwards daring to publish me your 'friend,' with your proper name annexed, I shall never forget. Nor can I forget your and Miss Lamb's sympathy and kindness when glooms outmastered me; and that your pen spontaneously sparkled in the book when my mind was in clouds and darkness. These 'trifles,' as each of you would call them, are benefits scored upon my heart; and I dedicate this volume to you and Miss Lamb with affectionate respect. "W. Hone."

This speaks of a world of kindly and delicate acts, and very likely of pecuniary aid. With the good personality, which was a feature of his time. Hone brought them on in the very first month of his book :- "Yet Bridget and Elia live in our own times; she full of kindness to all, and of soothings to Elia especially; he no less kind and consoling to Bridget, in all simplicity holding converse with

the world, and ever and anon giving us scenes that Motteux and Defoe would admire, and portraits that Denner and Hogarth would rise from

their graves to paint."

Hone had described, and pleasantly described, the memoirs of Captain Starkey, "a fine uncut copy Captain Starkey, of which was penes me" (a favourite expression of Lamb's), and which in a few numbers after brought out some of that delightful "drollery" which, besides good as any official essay of Elia, furnishes a bit of biography really valuable. From it we find that both he and his sister went to a school where Starkey had been usher about a year before they came to it—a room that looked into "a discoloured, dingy garden in the passage leading from Fetter-lane into Bartlett's Buildings." " Heaven knows what languages were taught there. I am sure that neither my sister nor myself brought any out of it but a little of our native English."

Bird and Cook, he says, were the masters. Bird had "that peculiar mild tone-especially when he was inflicting punishment-which is so much more terrible to children than the angriest looks and gestures. Whippings were not frequent, but when they took place, the correction was performed in a private room adjoining, whence we could only hear the plaints, but saw nothing. This heightened the decorum and solemn-" He then described the ferrule itv. "that almost obsolete weapon now," and "the malignancy, in proportion to the apparent mildness with which its strokes were applied. To make him look more formidable -- if a pedagogue had need of these heightenings -Bird wore one of those flowered Indian gowns formerly in use with schoolmasters, the strange figures upon which we used to interpret into hieroglyphics of pain and suffering This is in Lamb's most delightful vein. So, too, with other incidents of the school. "Our little leaden inkstands, not separately subsisting, but sunk into the desks; and the theatrical "Cato," a reminiscence of which was supplied by Mary Lamb. "She describes the cast of the characters even now with relish. Martha, by the handsome Edgar Hickman, who afterwards went to Africa, and of whom she never afterwards heard

tillings: Lucia, by Matter Walker, whose sister was her particular friend; Cato, by John Hunter, a masterly deciaimer, but a plain boy, and shorter by a head than his two sons in the scene," &c. This is charming, and in Lamb's freest, gayest manner. The whole paper should have been in Ella, just before the Christ's Hos-

pgral.

Later on he furnishes a little rambee, "In ve Squirrels," beginning -"be it remembered that C. L. comes here and represents his relations," a king, "what is gone with the cages, with the climbing squirrel, and bells to them, which were formerly the indispensable appendage to the outside of a tinman's shop, and were, in fact, the only live signs! One, we believe, st.ii hangs out on Helborn; but they are fast vanishing with the good old modes of our ancestors.

A correspondent, Tim Tims, gossloing about the ass, brings out Lamb again to plead for this suffering servant. Nature did prudently " in farmissing him with a tegument impervous to orginary stopes His back offers no mark to a puny forman. To a common whip or switch his side presents an absolute H:s jerkin insensibility ... is well forlified. Can templating this natural safeguard, his fortified exterior, it is with rich I view the shok, foppish, comord, and curried pers not this annual, as he is transmuted and disnatural and at watering places, &c., where they affect to make a paltrey of bim. Fig. on all such a telesticating. It will never do. Master Groom's Sometime of his boost shagey exterior wai peop up in spite of you his good, rough, tative pincapple coating.

Pincapple of the How truly after Lambs mand, the decent in our gesting at agrees in image, which, on a sec this officion, shows as quite a different plea. Nothing, too, is in respectively as in Lim transhis arry and species wort the " &c.

Next, we have a lattle dutch of verse, called "Hero. Massegs.

Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him.

With all his tire and travelling glories round him.

But, surpassing these specimens is a little scene in the second volume. which shows us Lamb himself in one of his best attitudes, at a stall, "Rummaging over the contents of an old stail, at a haif book, half old iron shop, in 94, Alley, leading from Warden street to Soho, yesterday, I lit ution a ragged duedecimo, which had been the strange delight of my infancy. . . . The price de-manded was sixpence, which the owner a little squab duodecimo of a character himself enforced with the assurance that his own mother should not have it for a farthing less. On my demurring to this extraordinary as extron, the dirty little vendor reenforced his assertion with a sort of oath, which seemed more than the occasion demanded: "and now said he I have put my soul to it." Pressed by so solemn an asseveration, I could no longer resist a demand which seemed to set me, however unworthy, upon a level with his dearest relations; an L depositing a tester, I bore away the tattered prize in triumph." It turned out a deluse n, but he thought it would have been a treat for "mond Hoyk" Another instance of Lamb's tender delicacy, as he knew Hone had been already pleased at being called "friend" Lim

He is again "brought out" by an allusien to Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, whom he had not and so nat his dwelling. "A string colour of burnt bones, I remember, baseling with the scent of horse flesh recking into dog's meat, and only releved a little by the breachings of a few brick kilns, made up the a'm splicie" This is one of Louis we neighful "gatherings" of eddiness, and even the quaint position of the word "Tremender," is worthy of study "It a tew legs followed him, he goe on, "it seemed rather from helat than in expectation of What faults he had I know not. I have heard something of a piecad Coor so. But some little deviations true the precise line of restatude might have feen winked at in so tortuous and stigmatic a frame.

In the "Table Book" he wrote the well known "Specimens, and his

[&]quot; Margaret, Wast specially a use in the firest?

[&]quot;Some Not many. Sinc few, as thus -

To see the our to bed and to arre-Like some hit a seriet with glewing eyes

little note to "friend Hone," introducing them, is in his own airy key. "Imagine," he says, speaking of himself in the British Museum, "the luxury to one like me . . . of sitting in the princely apartments, for such they are, of poor condemned Montague House, which I predict will not be speedily followed by a handsomer; and calling at will the flower of some thousand dramas. It is like having the range of a nobleman's library, with the librarian to your friend." (Mark, to your friend.) "Nothing can exceed the courteousness and attentions of the gentleman who has the chief direction of the reading-rooms here; and you have scarce to ask for a volume before it is laid before you." These were happy days indeed for the readers.

We may stop here a moment, to put side by side with this sketch! a little note which I have found in an old Gentleman's Magazine. The editor then perfectly remembered Charles sitting there, and making his extracts, and Miss Lamb "doing us the honour of showing us her brother's MSS. previous to publication. He also recollected "her incredulity and goodnatured peevishness," when he informed her that he also possessed most of the plays from which Lamb had so laboriously made his selection. It was scarcely good-natured information.*

There is a letter addressed to Charles Lamb on the score of the "Turk in Cheapside," recommending the oriental as a subject. The imitation is good. "Methinks you would handle the subject delightfully. They tell us he is gone." But he did not accept the invitation. He also took up an ambiguous question on Maid Marian—wrote a bit of fairy imagery on the Defeat of Time. These, with a few sonnets, are his contributions—gratuitous of course—to "friend Hone's" collection. They are as gay and delightful as anything he has written.

The reckless coterie in young Blackwood were a little embarrassed between their admiration of one who was after their own heart, and their political fury against the "crew" to which he belonged. They were They were nettled at Hunt's rude admiration of "Charles Lamb," he wrote, in 1818, "a single one of whose speculations on humanity is worth all the half-way-house gabblings of critics on the Establishment." This strange phrase infuriated them; yet they found out ex: uses for Lamb. "Probably his good-nature," they wrote, "endures their quackery." But later a pseudo Docter Petre wrote a furious letter on some paper in the London, not knowing it to be Elia's: calling, too, the paper on "April Fools," "columns of mere inanity and very cockneyism.' In the "Noctes" they discussed the magazines of the day, and Buller asks-"Taylor and Hessey's Magazine-is it better ?"

TICKLER.

"Sometimes much better and often much worse. Elia in his happiest mood delights me; he is a fine soul; but when he is dull, his dulness sets human stupidity at defiance. He is like a well-bred, ill-trained pointer. He has a fine nose; but he won't or can't range. He keeps always close to your foot, and then he points larks and titmice."

By-and-by he was on the staff, and was dotting its pages with little delicate sonnets, signed with his delicate "C.L." Some of them are not included in his collected works, as the "lines written in consequence of hearing of a young man that had voluntarily starved himself to death on Skiddaw." But a more important contribution, which I think has not been enough noticed, is one entire farce, which figures a little inappropriately in one of the numbers. It is called "The Pawnbroker's Daughter." The plot, it must be said, is a little forced, and the humour rather in the tone of the old dramatist. It turns upon a

The same hand writes in another place:—"Mr. L., in his own style, hath neither peer nor follower. We hope he is now quietly seated in the company he likes, Burton, Fuller, and Ben Jonson, with, perhaps, Old Burbage and Penkethmans dropping in. We shall never forget our suppers at Islington—Miss Lamb (truly Agna Dei) opening the door, and Lamb preceding us up stairs.

^{&#}x27;Summum proper ibat Lambere tectum.'"

† They only want a word or touch of correction here and there (which he himself would have furnished) when the same word reads too closely.

pawnbroker's daughter running away; and on a sentimental butcher, called "Cutlet," who says, "reach me down the book off the shelf where the shoulder of yeal hangs!" but, most curiously, it has the original draught of the later essay "on the inconveniences of being hanged," in a character called "Pendulous," a situation which seems to have struck him in some specially humorous light. There is this difference, however, that the lady he loves is anxious to put herself on a perfect equality, by being arrested and tried; and there is something of Lamb's jerking humour in the following finish to the play:

"Just. (to Pendulous). - You were, then, tried at York?

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" Pen. I was -cust.
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"Min F - And may -"Pen - Marry :- I know it was your

word.
"Miss F.—And make a very quiet—

" Pes. - Exemplary -

" Miss F .- Agreeing pair of -

"Pen. -- Acquitted feloxs"

There is also a Cockney song of Lamb's, in many verses, the first of which runs

"A weeping Londoner I am. A washerwitten was my dam, She bried me up in a cockl 'ft, And fed my mind with sorrows soft."

Mr. Patmore came into possession of a drama or opera written by Lamb, the genuineness it which there seems no reason to d abt. The scene was laid in Gibraltan, and from the char acters and little tints of the plot fire nished by the description of the circu acter, seems to have been suggested by the tone of the "Wonder" hua "Bold Stroke for a Husband" Lowlace, "a man of fortune, refused by Violet i, enasts for a so, her, and goes Underhasg me out, for Gabrait at too, disguised as an officer. There is Captain Ly-11- and Mrs. Ly-11-. with whom Bloomer, an aide de camp of the Governor, is in love a Welsh officer and a Scotch officer - and characteristic of Lamb-a wider de-nomination of character "Trulla,"

rwe, that bread r was not Lamb s

strength; and as "Mr. H——" failed, so would have failed "The Pawnbroker's Daughter" and this Gibraltar opera."

In Mr. Patmore's rather attenuated recollections, he comes out pleasantly and consistently with the accounta. Once he used to wear a snuff-coloured suit, which brought out Wordsworth in this description:—

"But who is he with modest looks tod chol in honely russet brown, Who mornurs near the running brooks A music sweeter than his own? He is retired as noonday grove; And you must love him ere to you He will seem worthy of your love."

This seems almost a portrait of Lamb, and was, no doubt, as amusing to him as Coleridge's expression of the "gentle-hearted Charles." Later he took to a complete perfect black, with "smalls" and silk stockings, such as we see him in the curious pertrait in Franc's Magazine. This old portrait looks characteristic, presenting him at his table, with his knees gathered in, and a folio " tilted up" before him, with two candles, and the perilous decenter at hand. The head was disproportionately large to the little frame. He had black crisp hair standing up straight, a large nose, hooked - a wonderful eye-a yet mere wonderful smile of sweetness, which threw his friends into delight. One who was a sort of Boswell to Coleraige, has said that a certain "Mr. Harmon, of Throgmorton-street, a stock broker, had precisely the same simle, which furnished a text for some descritful, speculative rambing on the part of Coleridge, who tried to account for this coinrider on. It was send there was a decidealy Jewish east in his face. He himself used to maintain not in his fancitul somet that his proper fanny name was Lomb; and from this feeling he took the title Elia.

Every lover of Elia, and every reader of Level's life, will be prepared to associate with ros house at Islington some of the most delightful evenings that could be conceived. Such would be a septed as the best human exemplar of the "Noctes Censeque Divini." We would hardly be prepared to hear that the echarming in "degenerated" into

[&]quot;Just .-- Condemned?

[&]quot; Pen. - Execution.

[&]quot; Just - How?

a sort of show place, where empty heads and "impertinents" came to stare, because many were eager to get admission, and to say that they had spent "an evening with the Lambs." Further, that the host himself was a stupid, unentertaining sort of man; and his sister used to "bustle and pother about like a gentle housewife, to make everybody comfortable;" but that "you might as well have been in the apartments of any other clerk of the India House, for anything you heard that was deserving of note or recollection."* With the common run of people he was odd, extravagant, grotesque, and unnatural; as Hazlitt said, always on a par with his company, whether high or low." But to see the true man, we should see him with one or two dear friends, when, we are told, he was perfectly natural, and made no violent puns or strange speeches. Strangers, therefore, generally took away with them an impression as of something odd and buffooning, and even disagreeable.

One of his most delightful letters is to this Mr. Patmore:—"Dear P," it ran, "I am so poorly. I have been to a funeral, where I made a pun, to the consternation of the rest of the mourners. And we had wine. I can't describe to you the howl which his widow set up at proper intervals.

O I am so poorly. I waked it at my cousin's, the bookbinder, who is now with God; or if he is not, it's no fault of mine.

These are only scraps out of a most wonderful letter full of a boisterous and delightful extravagance.†

From the same source we learn some traits of Lamb really characteristic—how, when he boarded with a sort of "save-all," Mrs. Leishman, at Enfield, who "screwed" every penhy out of him that boarding could screw. She, on settling day, made a charge of sixpence for the extra sugar that Wordsworth put in his tea. How he told of his embarrassment when a poetical youth in the country, corresponding with him, enclosed his miniature; and above all, what seems to be a genuine trait of his nature and habits:—a friend would come in, not opportunely, and find Lamb, as in "The Fraser Sketch," with his folio "tilted up" before him, revelling in, say Sir Thomas Brown or old Davenent: it would be a friend whom he would be really glad to see; yet it was an interruption; he would have preferred going on with Sir Thomas Brown; and his anxiety to disguise any ap-pearance of this "unwelcome" made him fidgety, and bustling, and unnaturally hospitable. This is quite conceivable. A cento of stories was submitted to him in MSS.; and his marginalia are very pleasant. Thus:—"'Pleasurable.' No word is good that is awkward to spell." "Looking like a heifer' I fear would do in prose. . . . I should prefer garlanded with flowers, as for a sacrifice,' and cut the cow alto-gether." "'Apathetic.' Vile word." "'Mechanically.' Faugh! insensibly -involuntarily-in anythingly, but mechanically!" "Reaction' is vile slang." "Physical. Vile word."

Thomas Moore met Lamb two or three times at breakfast and dinner; and it is amusing to see the "not bad!" air of patronage and doubtful approbation with which the poet received his efforts. He plainly considered him a jester, a little above Hood or Hook. He introduced him at a Mr. Monkhouse's, an amphytrion, who was glad to furnish good dinners and perfect silence for the pleasure of having such men at his table.

Patmore.

[†] This letter is not given in "Talfourd."

Patmore's "My Friends and Acquaintances."

Wadsworth stayed with him, and Moore came to dine with Words worth, without knowing this Mr. Monkhouse. It was a produgious party, for there were Rogers, Wordsworth, Cheriage, and Charles Lamb and his sister. "A clever fellow, certainly," says Mr. Moore, "but tull of viliations and abortive puns, which he missuress of every manute." 110 told of his saying, on a young barrister getting his first brad, "Thou first great cause least under to shill He praised. Defoe's "Colonel Jack" He warmly, and told Moore that he got £170 for two years. Lacton Magarow contribution . "I then ght more," writes Moore; as a certainly it seems a slender payment. But the most delightfully characteristic of Moon's recollections, and deliciously after the Lamb manner, is the whom of making a collection of all the authors mentioned in the "Dunemer Tilis is a real but of Liia, translated into practical life transmuted into the concrete, and that, two, without losing the bloom

When he get with Hayden, the buckless painter of a "bread canvas." someone said they were like a poir of bys. The boosterous some todam Haydon's buy, and their with it in amment, most the simple complicator of stamps, who had corresponded with Wordsworth, and who not him. unia kay, when Lamb was present, is a linerable . The comptroner asked the poet the wanderful question, "Dan't you think, say Newton was a great genius " when Lamber on, and tak iz up a catefo, sach postely, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phreness and gove pin to Then, at every remark of the percomptrode consumer i

"Dather labordaming my * m ! In Wint to a first of * tree less in?

Quite in the same way is his his more us treatment of the post whose friend had schmitted is more newly principal veces, to his in post on the way to be the gettier of at denier, and the post is we ask white Limea attlebets the actions arrival. When he can be not post to be empty and a context, a literary denies by or treatment lattice to authorize the control deniety of several is well as a verse of write when I was very young, and

then quoted a line or two, which he recollected, from the gentleman s book, to the latter's amazement and indignation. Lamb, immensely diverted, capped it all by introducing the first lines of "Paradise Lost," "Of man's first disobadience, ' as also written by hanself, which actually brought the gentleman on his feet, bursting with rage. He said he had sat by and allowed his own "little verses" to be taken without protest, but he could not endure to see Milton pillaged. This seems to be one of the best stories about Lamb, and the saturation one in which he would have revened.

A lady once bored him a good deal "Such a charming man ! I know him' Bless him' To her, Charles, after repetition of this encommum, "I know ham," "Well, I don't-but n him at a hazard." "dipping story, as illustrative of Leades stammer, is well known. "I am to be did dipped," he said to the bathing men. "All right, sir," and he was painted forthwith. He came up gasping "I am to be di di ppe-d." and he went down again. The third time he got it out "only once." To some one, talking of matter effact non, he atmonrated gravely "how I am a matter of lie man." Sa too, his taking his pape out of his mouth, to ask a disputant "did he mean to contend that a thief was not a good man? So, too, his calling Voltare a very good Messiah -for the French. So, too, his judgment on cover women. Mrs. Mulbald he pronounced the "only endurable elever woman he ever knew. A deniest tak with Miss Limb, on Leasking a frond "Charles, who is Mr. Pittie cott "A cherk in the Incom "Then way ask hom and House give up the others older friends f" Para in said Charles, "was always civil. When the smoking club at Don Saltero was broken up he offered me at the organisms and apparatus, with I declined, and therefore I asked him here to right. I never conditions to give paint. Have I not because of the gentle marted Charles wish I was your game shall I now di Cara

We can also st hear him gravely arguing this point

"That is in this meet who were eld. He plus must, we may fancy, we to when I was vary a large and have been the least agreeable phase

of his wit. "I'll Lamb-pun him," however, is truly characteristic; besides we should hear the voice, the struggle for utterance, and see the face, and the bright eye and smile. Good, too, were the puns after Swift's manner—deriving the name of the Mant-chou Tartars, from their cannibal habits; and that of the Chinese-Celtes, from sell-teas.*

The reader will be glad to see a stray letter of his, not "collected," and the like of which is not to be found in any "complete letter-writer," under the form of acknowledging books from a publisher. He is writing thanks for the "Maid of Elwar," by Cunningham, and for Barry Corn-

wall's songs :--

"Thank you for the books. I am ashamed to take tithe thus of your press. I am worse to a publisher than the two universities of the Brit. Mus. 'A. C.' I will forthwith read. 'B. C.' (I can't get out of the A, B, C) I have more than read. Taken together, 'tis too Lovey. But what delicacies! I like most 'King Death.' Glorious 'bove all 'The Lady with the Hundred Ringss,' 'The Owl,' 'Reply to what's his name' (here, maybe, I'm partial), 'Sit down, sad Soul,' 'The Pauper Jubilee' (but that's old, and yet' tis never old), 'The Falcon,' 'Felon's Wife,' 'Dannu,' 'Mdme. Paisley;' but that is borrowed—

Apple pie is very good,
And so is apple pastry,
But,
O Lord, 'tis very naisty...

but chiefly in Dramatic Fragments, scarce three of which should have escaped my specimens had an antique name been prefixed. They exceed his first so much for the manner of poetry; now to the serious business of life. Up a court (Blandfordcourt) in Pall-mall, exactly at the back of Marlboro' House, with house-gate in front, and containing two houses, at No. 2 did lately live Leishman, my tailor. He is moved somewhere in the neighbourhooddevil knows where. Pray find him out and give him the opposite. I am so much better, though my hand shakes in writing it, that after next Sunday I can see F. and you. Can you throw B. C. in? Why tarry the wheels of my Hogarth.'

He delighted in children, and in telling them strange, wild storics. No doubt, he liked to see their trusting wondering, little faces as he told. A young girl, daughter of a late dramatist, was often taken out by him on a day's junketting; and she has told how they never passed a punch's show, but stopped and sat on the steps and saw them all in succession. But there were, unhappily, other things which he could not pass by either; and she was left outside many a gin-palace while he went in. Of this sad weakness there can be no question. It is best in such cases not to resort to well-meaning and weak palliation, but to own the truth honestly.

Allusion has been made to his friendship with Haydon. When the luckless comptroller had his head so comically examined by Lamb, that inspection took place in presence of the painter's "Jerusalem." Lamb celebrated that work in another way, sending some Latin lines to "The

Champion"::--

"In tabulam eximii pictoris R. B. Haydoni in qua solymeei adveniente domino Palmas in via prosternentes mira arte depinguntur.

Quid vult iste equitaus? et quid velit iste virorum

Palmifera ingens turba et vox terque brinda Hosanna?

Hosanna Christo semper, semperque canamus.

Palma fuit semel Pictor celeberrimus olim; Sed palmam cedat, modo si feret ille superstes Palma Haydone tibi: tu palmas omnibus aufers.

Palma negata macrum, donataque reddit opimum

Si simul incipiat cum fama increscere corpus Tu cito pinguesces, fies et amicule, obesus. Affectant lauros pictores atque poetæ, Sin laurum invideant (siquis tibi) laurige-

rentes
Pro lauro palma virid anti tempora ligas.

"TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

"CAROLAGNULUS."

"What rider's that? and who those myriads bringing

Him on his way, with palms, Hosanna singing?

Hosanna to the Christ—Heaven, earth should still be ringing?

In days of old, Old Palma won renown, But Palma's self must yield the painter's crown,

Haydon, to thee. Thy palms put every other down.

[·] Letters and recollections of Coleridge.

This letter is from the Athenanum.

[#] These were contributed to "Notes and Queries" by Mr. Elmes, of Greenwich.

If Flaus' sentence with the trust ngtie.

That palms awarde i micks men plump to

Front Horaco, Hay ton soon shall mut h in back with their

Painters with pasts for the heard view But should be laureated in lattly claims

Wear to sett by which can pale. Hayof a transplacety ... 1 "

How delightful that lattle diminutive, "Car sugamus". It is almost sweeter than his own Inglish hames. Lambs in has, indeed, to be written. The materials have grown prodigiously. As an instance of unex-plored grounds, Cattle noutlens see

ing a Miss Null ford's "portfolios piled up and fixed with letters of Lamb. Southey, &c. These, it may be susperted, have not been used. There are some so its, and odds and ends of the act is and speculations, which he called "trage talk" which found their way to the Atheneum shortly after be death. They are headed, distinctly and oddly, " By the late Ella 1 Like everything of his, they have a char ever. To the same journal he contributed the year of his death some criticisms on the modern Ili alish pointers and their want of imaginate in leading off with the wild gigroresque of "M." Martin and his tribe of "Pelshazzar's Feasts" and " Last Judgments,"

WHO IS THE REIR !

CHAPTER XL

"What's that mutter? There her unof us here have taken a thousand pound this day moming to Stringer o

ten occors. The quarter towh, who was boated was be, many to aware. Its foreign conditions, men's trade Lears and diseparting a trade to be most part were strong to the colors in the cown to a soften in The disepart west in an his way to war is a little of the first of the little Similarities, he to a site a section of the Its entraction was not by collabora-Its entration was not we control a counter on the relief state of a relief particles of the relief to the relief t room was full for all some as mintre link in the stations of the The paper as off of each of culmary funds. The first confidence two atmospheres will a more sore if intelerable to extra a training was to after easily ingest on his comevalently rather property to be to be Wise to the tracks for all the core

Chanring reached Lord mat about a room, he opened a door which led to a private room toy ml. Here he at store by true aware of the object of I seem to a strong heavily coult Treturn to with a round head and track to whome a lake, and huge showy roots. Though named Ac-Filler he was in to like one's idea of At A H was playing dominoes with that in these interest which the a the from stomalways excites among Fretchisen of his class, and was e way ve to orige his opponent, a community of his branchistic languagement to he have to who to the mens of y II. spirs rage united the two profession settors and then Association or growled recognition

there is a littley began to con-versely and their own language, and the little sum life, entirely in the given to out many listeners. rule the ofterprise which had aug-20 to 1 to 4 to he maid when he Charter give the key to fit to be 20 bit fed to he fitted when he consisted when he is an High Macleverer's order to sometime an inquiring a second to the error. He knew that one of served an afficient is in we sport, the two parts objects was compared uning rapilly through to one of twely light and he dreamt of mingling revenge with profit, if in any way it could be abstracted from Wickens's waggon. But how to do this? Neither of the two Frenchmen could think of a method; so they called the tailor into council.

"Can it be done?" said he, "why, of course it can. Get a light spring cart; stop at some public they'll have to pass; then ask them in to drink, and the thing's done. Oh, it's easy enough."

"But the plate goes up to morrow," said Chartier. "There's no time to get a cart and make the arrangements."

"What muffs you Frenchmen are!" was the little tailor's inward reflection; but he did not utter it aloud, having much respect for Tessier's enormous "Leave it to me," he said. "We must go down to Riverdale tonight, that's all. I've a pal there that will help us. There's a train in about half an hour. Who's got any money?"

"I have—plenty, plenty," said the discharged valet, eagerly. "Let us

start at once.'

"Just one go of gin, and I'm your man," said the tailor. "None of your absinthe, thank you; it don't agree with an honest English stomach.

If Soft Charley's stomach was honest, it was the only part of him that deserved the epithet. He and his two friends were soon safely ensconced in a second class carriage for Riverdale. On the platform they were observed by a gentlemanly lounger, who was breaking the rules of the company by smoking a capital cigar; and who, though he seemed to look at nobody, saw everything and everybody, and could have given a very fair account of all the passengers by that train. For a great railway director, or bank manager, or something of the sort had suddenly disappeared, taking a few thousands -fifty or so-for his travelling expenses; and Somerton, the detective, was watching the trains on that line, in the hope of arresting the defaulter's flight. I am sorry to say he failed; and the brilliant financier has been living with superb recklessness in cities where extradition is unknown. His generosity to the poor is a proverb; and he most liberally sent a ten-pound note to a widow lady, who thwaite. VOL. LXV. - NO.. CCCLXXXVI.

lost some thousands by the failure of the company which he managed.

But if this heavy bird of prey was doomed to escape, the detective did not fail to mark down the covey just on the wing; and, when the train was off, he telegraphed to the chief constable at Riverdale that an Englishman and two Frenchmen, two of the party well-known thieves, were in the last carriage but one. Now Riverdale is very proud of its chief constable, and with reason. He was a Cambridge man—third wrangler of his year. He went to the bar, but got no briefs. His father lost largely by railway speculation; so the young man went to Australia to try his fortune. He was moderately successful; but when, after a few years, he returned to his native country, he found that there was no ordinary profession or occupation open to him. Too old to take any course common to men of his position, he was too energetic to be idle; and when his father's old friend and solicitor, Parker, suggested his becoming a candidate for the post of chief constable, the idea delighted him. And he did the duty admir-Australian adventure superably. added to Cambridge analysis made him a capital chief of police. And, Riverdale being a thieves' metropolis, he had ample opportunities for showing his skill. He never missed the slightest: so, when Mr. Somerton's telegram reached him, Mr. Severne gave immediate orders for the surveillance of the three travellers.

But he was baffled this time. Soft Charley was quite as quick-sighted as Somerton, and had recognised the detective instantly, and wondered "who he was after." As the time passed on, however, the strong tobacco which he smoked from a short clay pipe, caused him to become reflective; and it suddenly flashed upon him that Somerton would be very likely to telegraph. The train stopped at few places; but one of these was Linthwaite, about five miles from Riverdale. Here the tickets were collected, and here Charley promptly decided that they would leave the train. Behold the three rascals, therefore, at about sunrise on a frosty November morning, deposited at the little roadside station of Lin-

"Now, said the little tailor, who had become the a latewholz of leader in the enterprise, "y a know the Black Dog r is not Unions, a between they and Michigan by a and the intibour go activité a light some breaking to the on the tenden read, and the waggon's since to pass there. Lily class Riverdale and see my pal-

Meanwhile the train was in Payer dule, and no thieves! The intelligent other who had been dire ted to wait for it, so it ascertained from the guard first too basks had if we at Linthwaite, and made his report to the chief constable accordingly. Or course Mr. Severne saw clearly that the evasion of the men at that point was an individuable argument as to their intentions, but what could be denet. His rest, a mind would not permit han to accept deteat. He 🚅 a cup of collection red his horse, and rode towards Lastinvaite. Half a mile from Riverdale is met a man whose appracance mathed to be for a thief to the chief costace's ke n eye. But Soft Charley knew Severne better than Severne how ham, and duringly accessed him with

"Be pard ney unhamme, but new

far is it to Riverdale .

Some men naght have been thrown off their guard by the question, not so Severa . He flattered houself that rekrew a thief ther unitly could identify one by morely looking at his back, so he said.

"Y was a from Lot below to made track with a tallet for Rose dabi. Why are you get out at Lin

"Wash't very well, your leadent," said the factor of period get a on p of hadely a make in

"And what have you can

your companiens, the Proposition of Medical will your hor is a series of a symmette tryt getwork being meeter to all hard in Leville, There is a fifty traderantship of every every very

honorie da 2 te de a de 1900. Titulatoria de la decembra of the Kill State Server of 12 1/1/10 1

addings.

Brings to the control was rather planned with the two part. The physical states and a part to wards funtaments in species of the of-With Ann Special to the assist what the market sees in

had become of the two Frenchmen. The tailor was thinking how he should get his work done in Riverdale, or as to leave the town before elevent long your means tensied the idea of another macrylew with Mr. Severne. Severne himself rode on to Linthwaite, but could hear notiong of the two Freighmen, whose movements had not been noticed in the early morning. So he returned to the town, and had hardly reached his head quarters when Soft Charley left Riverdage in a light spring cart, drawn by a fast trotting black pony. The poly's haveer was driving a notability of Rayandale, keeper of a little paoin lause in one of the numerous alleys leading to the rope walk ; a prize fighter, a cra keter, an angler, a betting man, learing the name of Jonathan Buston. As birds of a feather flock together, we may as-une that he was a thirt.

It was late in the afternoon when Wishens's waggen reached Manleven a. The lar y carrier was there himself, reserved to see the clasts sately started, and some miles on then way. Two nen were with him, and Hugh Mauleveter had ordered two of his own properto goaiso. One of these was a green, the other an under hoops to ugh to how a both. The plate seemed safe enough.

The Black D 2 inn is at the corner, where the read from Maulevent needs to high road from River hale to London. A pleasant blaze came from its red attreed our as the war, a reacted the turn. At the des, steed Lone Charter, lazily sho king a serar. Of course he reasar a trada to come in and drink.

"All resit, and Wakers, who was roung a core, "you go in and have a za s to warm you. The wall out ofe. Theyer dealk, you know,

Here was a light complication. Chartier of the erest urge ham to come in without exciting suspection. But Sitt Care a way oping to the occasuch He and Buston and Tessier were some or that the surer withrown by the states, were Chartier and the "fact man were a near, he who period to the Problems of

"Pul that stat been eff his here. Cable im by the threat that

It was done in an instant. At the same moment Chartier, who had slipped away from his guests in order to see what was going on, came to the assistance of the other two, and they lifted the smaller chest from the waggon into the springcart. Meanwhile Tessier, an adept in such matters, had gagged Wickens with a piece of rope, shut him into the stable, and taken away the key, which happened to be in the door. The four men inside were too busy with their beer to notice any slight noise. In a few minutes, however, Chartier's absence was observed, and one of them said-

"Hollo! where's the French-

man ?"

"Out talking to master, I dare say," was the reply; and they went

on with their beer.

Half-an-hour might have passed when a horseman rode rapidly up to the doorway of the Black Dog. It was Hugh Mauleverer. He had been dining with Lord Riverdale, and intended to sleep at the Court; but somehow or other a vague fancy had stolen into his brain, connecting, in an inexplicable way, the platechests he had sent to London with the sinister look he had noticed on Chartier's countenance. He laughed at the idea as intensely absurd, and tried indeed to persuade himself that he had some other reason for leaving the pleasant company of Lady Vivian and her father, and riding a good many miles on a cold, cheerless November night. As he neared the town, he noticed a waggon standing at the door of the Black Dog; so, pulling up sharp, he shouted to the landlord. His well-known voice brought everybody to the door.

"Well," he said, recognising the men from Mauleverer, "this is careless work. Where's Mr. Wickens?"

"He's here, sir, with Louis," said

the groom.

But neither Wickens nor Chartier was to be found, and an inspection of the waggon showed that the smaller chest was gone. The cob was there; but nobody thought of looking for the unlucky carrier in the stable, where he was locked. When Hugh heard from the landlord that there had been a spring-cart at the house, he at once saw how the robbery had been committed, though he

was completely puzzled by Wickens's disappearance.

Hugh had ridden from Riverdale Court without a groom. He ordered the man who had come with the waggon to mount Wickens's cob, and follow him. Then he pushed his black hunter, Thunderbolt, into a gallop, taking the road towards London.

Meanwhile, the thieves were not perfectly satisfied with their position. Four men and a plate-chest are rather a pull on the energies of a pony. They scarcely thought any single man would start in pursuit; but somebody would mount Wickens's coband give information to the county police. The little tailor's scheme was to get into a quiet by way, break open the chest, divide among themselves the more portable articles, burying the rest, and then separate. Burton knew well that if he did not get back to Riverdale in a few hours, the keen-sighted chief constable would suspect him. So they drove on as fast as possible to where a network of lanes was connected with the highroad, intending to seek safety in the labyrinth.

The night was dark. The little pony held on gallantly. But Thunderbolt's mighty stride was rapidly bringing Hugh Mauleverer towards them, the groom on Wickens's cob being nearly half-a-mile behind. Hugh Mauleverer had a revolver in his pocket, and with that and his heavy hunting whip he had not much fear as to the result of the encounter. When he caught a glimpse of the cart in the darkness he rapidly resolved how to act. He pulled Thunderbolt into a trot, rode forward till he found himself abreast of the thieves, and then fired at the pony's head. The poor little animal fell dead at once, and the four men were thrown into the road. "Confound it," thought Hugh, "I'd rather have shot one of those scoundrels than the pony." Pulling up Thunderbolt right in front of them, he said, in a loud voice-

"You can run away or not as you like. I know some of you, at any rate. There are five more barrels ready for you, if you mean fighting."

But they meant nothing of the sort. Soft Charley, who being a light weight, fell soft, had already stolen away. Burton saw that his chance of escape was lost, as his pony and cart must be identified. Tessier, though a Herculean baute, was not murders onsly inclined. Charter had a jestol, and would have fired at his master; but, he kely for Hugh, his right arm was broken by his fell. The fatal shot had not been fixed many minutes before the tramp of horses was heard; and there arrived on the scene of action to growin, Mr Cheet Constable Severae, and a mounted policeman. For the injecting the chief constable had heard the Printen who was enronmany suspents a had att Riverdale in its storegent, in company with a terrached care its appearance; so he is a velor an evening rate in sear hier risition rate game.

W. kens's cole was put into the

spring cart, and the plate-chest and three of the timeves were conveyed to places of satety. But Soft Charley was not to be found. He coolly walked back to Riverdale, which he rightly thought the very last place in which the police would look for him. I forget the sentences prononneed on Chartrer and Tessier and Burton; and the only majortant fact in connexion with the affair 14, that Hugids discharged valet managed somethow to escape from his custodas and was et loose again, with hatted more rancorous than ever for the man who had foiled his schemes of revenge. How he regretted that broken arm, which deprived him of the luxury of murder

CRAPTER XII.

"God save you merry gentlement. Let nothing you dismay.

Antily yers be your festival this holy Christinas Day:
And let the you'd log blaze (way and some the midnight gloom,
While the wanter wind is howang outsite your pleasant room;
And let the rully wine flishing, and pennel songs go bound,
While the waist the run out must bring, and the bosterous balls resonnd;
For let it is the time of poye of Christ, our Saviour's little.

Who was its first true gradiement that ever trief this earth "cold Carol.

Christmas I of come in the antique fashion. There had been a heavy fail of show, shoulded by a starp from Hanting was stopped, and the skide ratz musically in the freeen himself to brealtist everywhere. Mr. Grey steen C. Listmes, Eve with his dividated at Color Cottage, raying to cave the real membra for some emitter . Laly draw ever to Herey of T. . . . to neet hom. and her perise or see was stateling at the statem as after evolved with a gentien original properties. It was a with a try shalo yety cout a cost tregent of outliers was set to a fishare bosses. He was so for a good hars to rate. He come roles well handly Harmon's And Alborry's loweth portrainte de latra como é late, waler jers latel will these things write after led to be those or a step a ege, and who can continue at e who we have the world the state of the grant heavy are tree a second a tree. Surwaya pretty potate for the part reddicat to the keep of the north east wind, with the east ver Ler shoulder a tress or two of fer

hair. Her fur trimmed driving jacket showed a popular figure—her white gauntlets a shapely little hand. The traveller carried away a mental photograph of Lay.

The up train started a minute or two before the arrival of the down train, so the stranger was gone when Mr. Grey arrived, chilled by his firty in leavile, but when he and his daughter had exchanged greetings, and the pony was tretting away towards Cenar Cottage, Lily said.

"Oh, paper, I wish you could have seen a cent eman that came to go by the trans met new. I never saw such a hands one min.

a hards one mine.

"Why, Lely," loughed her father,
"is a larges of two at first sight!
What was he like.

"Very tall, paper, with blue eyes, and light hair, and he looked so treme i only proud. I don't mean unplementally proud, you know, but as it is wast t attaid of anyloody or anything. I should like to know who he is. He soked like a duke, at least."

"Had be got on his occupet, Laly, or did he wear the strawberry leaves outside his but?"

"Ah, you're laughing at me, papa;

but he really was wonderfully handsome."

"Well, dream about him, child. Write a romance and make him the hero. You won't want any of my Christmas boxes after this piece of excitement."

As Mr. Grey and his daughter sat together that evening, Lily took a pencil and sketched the face and figure she had seen.

"There, papa," she said; "that's my hero; only not half handsome enough. What do you think of

"I'll keep it, Lily, and see if I meet him," said Mr. Grey, after rather a close inspection. And he put the sketch in his pocket-book.

At just the same hour Lily's hero was waiting in an elegant drawing-room in Piccadilly for the lady of his love. Need I say who they were—this Paris and Helen of our romance?

The Mauleverers were a race of men impatient of difficulty, and Harry was by no means the least impatient of his race; but in this love-chase of his he found himself baffled with no apparent reason. He loved Helen Fitzmaurice fiercely; she half confessed that she loved him, but she obstinately maintained the impossibility of marrying him. It kept him fuming in a state of perpetual anger. He kept up the siege as pertinaciously as the Greeks before Troy, but was confoundedly irate that the town was so long in surrendering.

"There never was such a woman," he thought, as he waited in the soft light of Helen's exquisitely furnished drawing-room. "I shall have to run away with her by sheer force. What the deuce can she mean by all this shilly-shally work?" And with a sudden impetuous movement he upset a small table at his elbow, bringing down with a crash a whole host fragile trifles. At this moment Helen entered, looking, as he thought, more beautiful than he had ever seen her. Something had excited her, evidently; there was a dangerous light in those profound inexplicable eyes, and a firm compression of the lips showed that the ludy's temper was anything but placid. A shrewd observer might have speculated on the peril of marrying the charming owner of those eyes and lips, but our Harry, being blindly in love, thought only of

her beauty. A shrewd observer also might have noticed that the fair Helen's excitement was of a somewhat indignant description; she looked very much as the goddess of the silver bow must have looked after her ears were boxed by the angry wife of Zeus. Harry saw only the dancing light in her liquid eyes, the crimson flush on her beautiful cheek, and felt more in love with her than ever. But his ear caught a strange tone in her voice as she abruptly said-

" Now, Harry, this is the very last time you and I must ever meet.

Her obvious excitement tended to make him cool, and he quietly said-

"Perhaps you'll tell me why ?" She looked at him for a minute with a strong stare, then sinking back on a seat she buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly. Harry didn't half like it. He belonged to a class of men who, however earnest their feelings, hate a scene; men who would rather face a charge of bayonets than a crying woman. I don't know whether Harry Mauleverer will fall in your estimation, friendly reader, but he certainly felt much less in love with Helen Fitzmaurice when she began to cry. He heartily wished that it wouldn't be rude to light a cigar and smoke till the tears were over. Had Helen been his wife I am sadly afraid he would have done it. "Harry," she said, at length, "I am forbidden to see you again."

"Who has any right to forbid you?"

he exclaimed, passionately.

"You must not ask. I can say no more. We must part for ever."

"Nonscnse," said Harry, fiercely.

"I am not to be treated in this way. Give me some reason for such an astonishing mode of behaviour.'

"Not to-night, Harry. I am not well enough. I have been very much vexed and excited. I'll write to you Where shall you be? to-morrow.

You must go now, really."
"I'm going down to Riverdale Court in the morning. You can write there, if you like," said Harry, rather sulkily. "I don't see why you need

hurry me away when I haven't been here five minutes."

"You must go, dear Harry; so don't be cross. You might see that I am very miserable about it. I'll write to you to-morrow; I will, indeed."
"Well," he said, "if I must, I

must. I shall come here as soon as I get to k to town. Good bye, Heart?

1:2

LOW

The pretty willow terraits 44 mate give her wikess, and then seet

"No, Horry, you are not to come here are n

"Won't I he exclaimed, haighingly.

As he hastely buft the door, which he was tople tien again to enter, he almost knocked down a man nearly as tall as houself.

"Wry, Herry" exclaimed the passer by, "when did you come

"Hogi, by St. Goage "The olive's the passes upde type agriculture. "I only came to town tool m. Geing down to the Capt to morrow.

"Garg to make love to VAL in I suppose, so I the order business "Well, you'll oblize the old govile man. I may not down, too.

"Is Guy Lattical george do you

know "Singto, Hell, a than elChrist mas Day with the Hall for years. We shall find him at the station to more

As in fact they did . The express was just on the point of starting when Gay in the a lush of the carrier was restricted in their worth and any Ecu^{*}: 1

TO STATE LANGE OF BOMES asked to a tell as hereafters have be at noticing where you discor-

"Not expended to we seed Hugh, "How rate you are" to a your to kee

"Not In a rear to be against to Company from Harry to shear has had to er on Lend to heaven and if I domess I this from social have why are restricted her what have burners to be not be will

"Her level so a Herry "Know anyone there" Any least

A Year the submary that King sites Reliable Country and Systems er - contrat at a

"Yes, I khok an also that I see I Har y "Hat I away so a sure of themey state in yestern yestern yestern water on, whom I to again yestern to security. She was in a tasket earn age, water g for some banky beautiful to the down tra:n

"Her wan in they just a constant

" What was in the first

her beauties 1. She was just the kind of party one maightes.

F 5.

not tone the for Them the lovesble. Plane, the 'dy mort ! Astelat'

"By Jove " said Hugh, "lit's a case of love at first signt, and the tellow has taken to quote Tenovs in You're not as good looking as Launcelot, you know, Harry

"I'm not so sure of that," be retorted. "If these area at Pritons were at all like their Welsh and Cornish de establista it does not argue much volve to think one's self-landsomer than the best of them. But do you happen to know the body, Guy you who know everybody !

"I tilak I do said Luttrell. "Some day or other, when you are chier and steadier. I may, perhaps, Meanwhile write introduce you. somets in for how un?

"What's her trame!"

"What should you think! No, no, my young friend. I'm not going to be your a complice in hely killing. If you are destined to love her, you meet her again without my

After this the enterestion charge c) and Hack narrated the adventure. the plate chest,

"The boye," is of Harry, "I envy y a I d have given a triffe to have halt oper suct to sevidens. Lucky to you into the two

"I never liked the look of that Probabilities of yours," said Guy, "But note we are, and there's the drig from the Court. I'm not sorry, 1 7 010

Caristons was always a pleasant time at Riverdie Court | Lady Vivian made the poor, for males round, hapby for each day at least. Not a colthe twent without a good dinner on Car chair Day When first she took the factor of as I, the Earl was ratter standahzer at her sending a for the end salourand a productions law toot forms procling to a notonous

The rotte not target she replied "You know, porch that we cele brate to be their there to day. don't wink He ever made any dif-• The fir thicens people and S 2000 :

Level Riverage Full intended to grote the comple of Her Majesty "The year expect the All Cutationers, whose Curistinas pitts are distributed

to poor people "of good character;" but Vivian's decision was too much for him. So he gave her her head; and I believe he found there was considerably less poaching after the commencement of her reign. The sole dissentient was Mr. Pringle, bailiff of the home farm, who did not at all relish seeing the earl's prime shorthorns slaughtered "for the like of them;" but Vivian had become absolute.

A large party had assembled on the present occasion, and the house was full. You cannot transfer to paper the effect of a great Christmas festival at such a place as Riverdale Court. The enjoyment was unlimited. The evening terminated with a general meeting in the great hall, when everybody, from the Earl down to the "foolish fat scullion," finished the day with Sir Roger de Coverley. His lordship's taste was not quite in this direction; but Lady Vivian had resolved that everybody should have thorough enjoyment, at least one day in the year; and to his daughter the Earl could refuse nothing.

The two Mauleverers joined Guy Luttrel in his dressing room when the Saturnalia ended. There, velvetcoated, slippered, not cigarless, they warmed themselves with regalias and soda negus. The fire burned frostily

blue.

"I wish," said Hugh, "we could keep Christmas in this fashion at Mauleverer; but there must be a woman to manage affairs. It makes me quite dismal to think of the old place shut up, and not a single creature the merrier for us.'

"My dear fellow," said Guy, "one There are of you should marry. thousands of girls who would be glad

enough to have you."

"Harry had better look after his

Henley beauty," said Hugh.

It was three o'clock before Guy Luttrel found himself alone, and when he did so, he became reflective, meditative. He pulled his lounging chair in front of the fire, where the great logs were mouldering ripely; he drew a table to his elbow, and filled another tumbler, and lighted another cigar; he fell into a pleasant yet perplexing reverie.

"Shall I do it?" he thought. "Am

I too old? What will she say if I ask her? What will Riverdale say?

What will old Mauleverer think? By Jove! a man never becomes too old to be foolish. Of course the world would say I married for money, and so on. Who cares? Mr. Luttrel, M.P., and the Countess of Riverdale. It's an odd juxtaposition. If our men got in they'd give me a peerage, but I prefer the Commons. It's a queer business, and I should like to know if Harry means to cut the Fitzmaurice.

After a few similar reflections our friend reluctantly relinquished the pleasant blaze and went to bed.

Of course, the Court being full, breakfast was served in a far larger room than the Earl's favourite octagon. Guy Luttrel did not get down till about eleven. He then went to the sideboard, devilled a couple of turkey's legs in a fashion of his own, and sent them to be grilled, and looked at the addresses of his letters. None of them seemed worth opening. so he crammed them unopened into his coat pocket. All this time he noticed nobody in particular, but he suddenly became aware that Harry Mauleverer was opposite him, reading a letter, with a perplexed and disgusted countenance. It was, in fact, that letter which Helen Fitzmaurice had promised to write to her adorer. It was slightly incoherent, but Harry gathered from it that the fascinating widow had left Piccadilly for ever, and that he must never expect to see her again.

Which spoilt the poor fellow's

appetite.
When Guy had finished his breakfast he went in search of Lady Vivian. She was in the Holy of Holies with the Earl.

"Let us go down to the lake and skate," he said. "Gregory tells me that the ice is in capital condition."

A party was soon formed. Curiously enough Lady Vivian was the only feminine skater. All the other ladies were unskilled in the pleasant art. I don't know any way in which a pretty girl looks more charming than when she is skating. As she flies gracefully over the ice, a man of amorous tendency may be forgiven for wishing to follow her on the keel of steel, and woo her as she flies. Anyway, 'twas thus Guy Luttrel felt when beautiful Vivian sped gaily across the lake.

Destiny was busy on this brilliant December day. As Vivian flew over the flashing, grinding ice, Guy Luttrel suddenly overtook her.

"Can you talk while you skate?" he a-ked.

" O, yes.

"Well, I want you to answer a single question. You taught me yourself the best way to put it.

"Well," she said, "what is it? Go on. How mysterious and diplo-

matic you are.

" Vicini Ashleigh, will gon be my wife f said Guy.

Sile looked at him for a moment archly; she gave herself a sudden impetus, and spun rapidly found on the cracking ice which encircled a lable selet, then returning towards him she kissed her gove to him and

"Yes, Mr. Guy Luttrel, I w.ll." And with that she skimmed topolly

away towards where the shaters were more numerous.

"I wonder if anybody else ever made a proposal on the ice," said Guy to himself.

"Vivian," said he, as they walked towards the court, "I have an im-

mense number of things to tell you. The Earl won't object, I know, though hell probably think me too oid, but I shall tell him you are the best judge of that. But I've a mystery to unfold to you, Vivian; and if it horrafics you, you must withdraw your consent.

"Well," she said, "what is it! Make haste, do. I'm dreadfully inquisitive. Have you murdered any-

body !

"No," he said. "The fact is that -that I've been married once al-Tradiv.

"Oh, that's it. You've kept it a pretty secret. And is that all (

"No; the worst is to come. If you marry me you II be a stepmother. I've a daughter in existence.

"Oh. Guy," said Vivian, "how ad I am! You're not joking, are glad I am 🗀 you, now t How old is she t I shall

love her en.

"You're a good creature, Vivian, that's a fact. I shouldn't like to be any body's stepfather myself, so I can appreciate your kindness of heart. And now I'll go and tak to the Earl, and have it over before dinner-time.

CHAITER XIII.

" Vita quid est hominis? Viridis flores, ul is horti, Sile oriente oriens, Sole cadente, adensal

Yzs, Guy Luttrel was a widower, with one daughter, though not one of his innumerable friends suspected it. His life had hed its love story, like that of nost men who make any mark in the world. The younger son of a younger son, he found lands if the possessor of a few thousand pounds when he left Oxford, and be ing under dear as to his future course, he accepted for the time a tutorship in Cumberland. His pupils were the children of a gentleman farmer a man who knew the value of a good odu as tion, but did not oursit spay the proof for it; so he offered a hundred and fifty pounds a year to anyledy who would give his children, three boys and a girl, the instruction they used of Our friend Guy saw his advertise ment, and had no difficulty in obtain ing the appointment. It was rather a waste of intellect, dentities, but ty was then a young man, with no money and no connexions; and if there are "village Hampslens," " mute, ingle is us Miltons," are there not undeveloped Cannings and Dis-Tack- I

Mr. Asiaton, Guy's employer, hved at Parrack House, some miles from Carlisle. Pency ideral, after his fashion, he offered that a cottage rent free, in addition to his salary. This stupendous generously even ame Guy, especially when he examined the cottage and formed it lettle better than a pigstye of the with; so he wight for i sign 2s, and found them at a village about five notes from Ashton's house a quiet vil age al-ive the river Eden, which King Arthur's father vainly tried to turn out of its course. as is narrated in the old ri ynac -

Let Uther Pendragen ! what he can Eden shall run where hoen ran

It will be seen, therefore, that he

had ten miles of inevitable walking daily—five miles to his teaching, five miles back; but he often did a good deal more, and he has assured me that those lonely walks over the Cumbrian hills gave him greater enjoyment than most of his later experiences. Every day he was at Barrack House by nine, having had his dip in the noisy Eden, and his breakfast, and his five-mile walk before that time. His lonely evenings were devoted to poetry—for Guy was a young man, be it remembered.

Old Ashton was simply a rather ill-tempered blockhead. Mrs. Ashton was too good for her husband; but, being "mated to a clown," the necessary result had followed. The eldest son was an exact likeness of his father. only better tempered; Guy could not teach him anything, though the poor fellow tried hard to learn; but he was a capital shot, and supplied the family with rabbits-those game flavoured little wild fellows that live upon heather and ling, and are delicious eating. The family lived almost entirely on mutton and rabbits. Ashton reared countless sheep, and had been very successful with his southdowns; and the hills on his estate swarmed with rabbits. So the ordinary programme was boiled rabbit and curried rabbit for a lunch, and mulligatawny soup and roast mutton for dinner. Guy had never eaten so much rabbit in his life as in his six months' luncheons at Barrack House.

The second son was singularly clever, and intensely idle. The third was a mischievous little pickle of nine, whom it was necessary to castigate about three times a day. But the most anomalous of Guy Luttrel's pupils was Lucy Ashton. She was the eldest of the family, being nearly eighteen; she had a great love of learning, but was not at all clever; she was quite ignorant of the world, and possessed singular simplicity of Her father and mother character. evidently regarded her as quite a child; indeed she came into the school-room in a short frock, and was as meekly submissive to her instructor as if she had been a child of eight; possibly even more so.

Guy Luttrel was at this period given to mischievous influences. His five hours' work a day left him ample time for the day dreams of youth. I

must admit that the poetic effusions wherewith he solaced his evenings were chiefly of an erotic character. He praised imaginary beauties. There was a ladies' school in the village, recruited from the city of Carlisle; but I regret to say that the young persons who came thither for instruction were rather hard, and gaunt, and bony. I hope the Carlisle lasses were prettier when King Arthur held his court there—that is, if Carlisle was really Camelot—or at that later period whereof Albert Græme sang—

"It was an English ladye bright, (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall) And she would marry a Scottish knight, For love will still be lord of all."

Guy looked at these petticoated guys when he went to church, and compared them mentally with Lucy There was something fas-Ashton. cinating in this girl's simplicity-in her very ignorance. She was dreadfully dull at her lessons; it was quite painful to see her earnest endeavours to understand things which nature had made quite unintelligible to her; but that she was a loving, tender little thing, nobody could deny. So Guy somehow or other was always thinking about Lucy when absent from her, though in her presence he often felt disposed to box her ears for her incapacity to understand or remember things which it was his duty to teach her. Perhaps she might have got on if he had told her to conjugate Amo.

And how did Lucy feel towards Guy ? It is a difficult piece of analysis. She had never seen a being of his order. Her father was a crosstempered agriculturist; her grandfather and uncles were of the same breed. The previous tutor had been a snuffy German of sixty, who used to pull her ears when she made mistakes. She felt very much like Miranda on her first encounter with A desert island is not Ferdinand. more isolated than a farm among the hills, hundreds of miles from the great centres of civilization, and Miranda was better off than Lucy, for her father was a duke, and a gentleman, and a man of culture, not to mention his magical attainments. Now old Ashton was no conjuror .-that's quite certain.

Foolish little Lucy was fascinated, certes. Our friend Guy occasionally

wr to lyrice which found their way to the days us perfor and the Carlike Paterst. Poor Lucy could not paske much of trem, their rhythm was respons, and the writer had caught conciling of See by's subtrety ; but they all meant bees, and where is the gerl who cannot behold Eros through rect prost vol. verbal or otherwise ! to they surreptitions'y seissored these of ermed sough, and kept them in a little volume, wherein a so she write hown what she called a dury. And I am afraid the unit ils G L. occurred in the draty, as we also at the bettom of these versited purrilities which were offered to the Patriot's Environmental et al.

Here, over upon a time, there came an awful explosion. It was evening. Everybody was in last save Mr. Ashton, who was smokeng a total Let be be went metairs. Lucy had treaten her dury, and the nitte ye one, covered with back leather, h, of with gurbsh folly and bad spelling and grammar, was close to her father's effow. By Ill luck be not col it. He was a structions, montistive man; a bully area a craven. He read some of his daughter's high ratrials, and detected references to Gay Larger's savings and water as Of come for was at once intranced, and rushed up to his wites room and to Lucy's in a state of frement ons exestement. It is not worth while to record all that is said and did, but he gave his ionschold an univernight, and car e down to breakfast next morning with the aspect of a thunderstorm

Guy, as I have observed, I of to wolk his interaction to work to miles village longer get. At att half was be negative net the post can, and be facia good deal of correspondence, having begun to dalets in Letoi uniteret ire. On the morning after Mr Ashton's trate explicing. Guy received a letter of considerace disportance. It is formed him that has plater achieved the Hon and Rev Philos March mont, had ordered by a waying it in all his property. Goy kiew that this was to come to he some the entry but Was to color les unele Daney was only about forey, and the prospect has seemed remote. Now he was unexpectedly present of heavy twelve haron I a year He was to

L It was a

delicious summer morning, and the ether was filled with the lark's wild music. Guy read his letter two or three times, then le sat on a stile and began to think. Nor, be could carry out his amortion; could realize his youthful dreams. Now, he could publish his poems, which were to be more popular than Byron's. Now, Le con'd enter Parliament, and be a second Canning. Now, he could enter the patrician's cuty, which was open to him by bath. Now, he could, if he liked, marry Lucy Ash-11.11

He could; but would be? He knew quite enough of the world to be aware that a bachelir with a th as old a year can have far more social erroviners than a narried man with the like income. He also knew t. at Lucy, though a dear little thing, cald never be presentable in the higher spheres of tashion. But Lucy's misty blue eyes haunted him; he feit that, though by nature unfashiorable, she was loving, and simple, and time; what we call experience had not cast and the pictry of his character, and he decided in favour of the "ttle gurl at Barrack House, And having decided, he started on his wark, rather disgusted to find that his solveniv would make him full had all uril to Punctuality was at that time one of his weak-

Me had de. Mr. Ashton was passed ing at at his grounds like an angry firework. He was just the sort of man to jump to the conclusion that his tutor had been making love to him daughter. He atchis breakfast in a state of sorky sucrees. He read pravels for coursely. Then he went out to watch for Guy Luttrel's comment: and Guy Lutted was half on hour litte. What even aftersed alose did the anaty Ashten heap upon Guy in that half bent.

At height the tutor's tall figure became visite. He had made, as was the worth a cut across a field in att k : Mr Ashton's southdoors were to ding. Crist of this thick was a tamens rath against whom Guy had been often warned by the year 2 Asia as an impetuous tells w, given to litting at peoplea light. A rain of this sort in really to re duringer us than a built The bull s attack comes nearer the eve. and agile men have been known to dodge their taurine assailant, take him by a flank movement, and catch hold of his tail. It requires rather more than Lord De Guest's wind and speed, but is possible, notwithstanding. But a ram drives at you low down with tremendous impetus; and, unless you have a good thick stick, to run is your only chance.

Guy swung along, knowing himself late, and with a pleasant resolution in his head, at about five miles an hour. To him, on the field-path, came Mr. Ashton, the veins of his forehead swelling with anger. He was a man of middle height, whom Guy could have easily extinguished.

"So you've been making love to my daughter Lucy, you damned pauper!" he exclaimed. "What!" cried Guy in amaze-

Mr. Ashton's reply perished in oblivion; for before he could begin to articulate, the southdown ram, angry at the invasion of his territory, had taken him in the rear and thrown him on his back with startling sud-The animal just missed denness Guy also.

Guy Luttrel looked round; the ram was returning to the charge. It was lucky that a tough ash sapling was the tutor's companion in his walks. When the fierce little quadruped charged him he sprang aside, and caught his assailant a tremendous blow on his forelegs. were broken, and he dropped as if Mr. Ashton also had a fractured leg. and it by no means increased the amiability of his temper to find himself indebted to Luttrel for defence and assistance.

There were few lessons that morning, it may be supposed. The master of the house was carried to bed ; his eldest son rode off to Carlisle for a doctor; his wife and daughter had to attend to him. Guy benevolently took charge of the two younger boys, biding his time for an interview with Mrs. Ashton, in whose good sense he had some confidence. The interview arrived in time, and when Guy deli-berately offered himself, nephew and possible heir of Sir Fownes Luttrel, Baronet, of Lissington, and absolute possessor of more than a thousand a year, as a tor for little Lucy's hand, e hady . delighted. And the

marriage came off, and Guy took his pretty, simple, loving bride to Windermere, his favourite lake; and there, forgetting ambition, he spent the short sweet year in which Lucy was given to him. Unfathomable depths of simple love did Guy Luttrel find in that fond heart. Marvellous is the magnetism of love. As the sun gives colour to the passionatehearted rose-gives the artist's power to mere chemicals, iodine and bromine—so a man's love gives to a woman what without it she had never dreamt of. Lucy, whom everybody thought rather a silly girl, was transformed by Luttrel's love to a creature worthy of sonnets from Shakespeare or songs from Shelley. Here is a lyric which Guy sang to her as they floated on the queen of English meres betwixt Bowness Bay and Wray Castle :-

- "Droop, droop, soft little evelids! Droop over eyes of weird wild blue! Under the fringe of those tremulous skylids Glances of love and fun peep through.
- "Sing, sing, sweetest of maidens! Carol away with thy white little throat ! Echo awakes to the exquisite cadence Here on the magical mere afloat.
- "Dream, dream, heart of my own love! Sweet is the wind from the odorous sout :--Sweet is the island we sail to alone, love-Sweet is a kiss from thy ruddy young mouth."

Thus it would seem that Guy was really in love with his dull pupil. And verily he was. And sad, indeed, he was when the same hour brought him a daughter, and took from him his wife. Poor Lucy! she had one year of perfect happiness; and perhaps there are few, men or women, whose fate is so far fortunate. One year of perfect happiness! Why, old Jenkins, of Brompton-upon-Swale, who is said to have lived to be 169, might well have bartered a century and a half of his slow existence for such a year. Oh, those summer afternoons upon-

"Winding Winandermere, the river-lake,"

with Lucy's lustrous liquid eyes looking upon him as his oar lazily dipped in the lucid water! How many, many a time their memory returned to Guy Luttrel in the after years!

But he shook off his grief. He

entered the world, and was triumphant. He carried very thing before him. Lattle could be see of the little gra, Lucy's legaly, who was so dear to his heart, and inthe drift the men who saw him in Pallament and in society, dream that he was night save a bachelor. But he took good care of

Lucy's baby, and left her in good hands; and primps the ingenious reader may already have guessed that she was none other than the List Grey who lived in charmed seclusion at Colar Cotage, and whose beauty had surprised Harry Mauleverer.

CHAPTER XIV.

"And so I won my Genevieve," - Coloradge.

Mr. Disparet remarks, in "Con tarmi Femnig. that "gereral hanpaness cannot flourism but in societies where it is the cust in for admades to marry at equation. Mr. Distance was two dry six, miniatried, when he wrote his houvement " psychoice at a matter. I do not know whether he has changed no opinion. But the male human creature of eighteen is, to my to man zo a most unmarring able annual the is to ther man nor toy, and to fit tim with a bride of proper age you must who that child of fourteer or fitteen, "which is absurd," as old ha ha often ole serves. When to marry is, indeed, a question next in dahenity and meportan e to chea to marry. This last is a post on which every man must solve for himself, which, if wrongly slived, will rule him ter life; and wice a most all men so ve wrongly. But the former may a that of approximate and Here is our fire on Guy Lattick who has had his test love, and a happy marriage year, at the age of one or two and two ty Now he takes of a second experment, at the end of his ender would have been utterly sent to enter the great word in Leading pany, and whose into a fine a winpace with his at the very home, st distance. As a row in we will have Vivian Asi etc., he askin we field that shouth regularly court full his age, was his equal or rather, our plements in quoties in all and mound. Vivin wo, inderstanding he thought a who give the energy when I am beard to the mighty emastude of the world, will be my true and puissant ally in the saleman of London. Poor Lucy of an inever-

have dure these things. But he remembered the yearning look of me finate love in those sweet blue eves of hers, and he knew that the teaching of the Orient set the angels of love above the angels of knowledge. Then as to himself. His fiery youth was over the no longer cherished the ilbusion that love or ulassitists his turigrown desires; in knew that he must have power and tame and luxury in order to constitute life; and now he liebi it. And Le also knew that, such long the coor, it would be a misery for both parties if it were a Lucy Asiat in whom he married. He would obtain no sympathy in his puisuits, she would think herself to elected, and would more away her long hours of lareaness; but the prespect was different with Vivian. This gal anti-high spirited creature would give nothing for a husband who sat down quartly, leaving the would in these area of his existence. She would delight to see Guy's name in the papers, to hear of his speeches in drawing recines to know that he was a power in Pogland. Ay, and she could be policia well, with her weekly to options, her charm of matter, to, literry wit, her high cities in Stelland conquer socoty for the His swift imaginatich span 2 to ward to the pleasant breakfast to be at which Vivian and he should to rea a other their projests to the law, to the more pleamant from the pars, at win h they sheme excluded posteral for social information.

"When the high bours of the public are

And we next with hampague and a chicken at last.

He came to the conclusion that it would be wise for him to marry

Vivian, if she and the Earl could agree that he was not too old. Hugh Mauleverer the elder, amid the Apennine cyclamen, little guessed what mischief was thwarting his favourite scheme.

According to the science of probability, a man's expectation of life is roughly calculable by subtracting his age from eighty, and taking twothirds of the result. Thus a man of twenty-nine may expect to live thirtyfour years; a man of thirty-eight, twenty-eight. Now, I think the best marrying age for a man may be established on mathematical considerations as that at which his expectation of life exactly equals the time he has lived. Then, if all goes well, he will have been half his life a bachelor, and the other half a married man. He will have entered on a career, made (let us hope) some money, gained some experience before his marriage. Now at thirty-two a man has probably thirty two years to live; this, therefore, is the mystic age at which to invoke Hymen.

A question which may perplex people who trouble their heads with such subjects is this: what sert of a wife best suits the neoteric literary man—the "intellectual Brahmin," as the Spectator delights to call him ! Somebody once said that the wife of such a man ought to be as much like his mother as possible. But how delightful to have a wife like Edith to Coningsby—a wife such as Vivian will make if she marries Guy! Only in these cases, observe, the husband is a man of action, of political occupation. And the cases in which modern authors find it difficult to get on with their wives lead us to conclude that generally the "intellectual Brahmin" is an effete, effeminate animal, who should not marry at all.

A glorious sunset was burning itself to death in the west, throwing out the dark forms of the deer trooping to be fed across the frosted snow. Several of the skating party were in the audience-chamber, lingering for a brief chat before the dinner bell rang. Guy wanted to see the Earl, as we know, but his lordship had been called to his sanctum to read some despatches brought by a mounted messenger; so he among others was lounging and looking at the purple occident, where the halls of Hyperion

were thrown open to receive his foamflecked steeds. Wynyard Powys was there; he had just published a tragedy, and he was now lecturing whoever would listen on the dramatic faculty.

"If I had to write an essay on the dramatic faculty," said Hugh Maule-verer, "I would begin thus:-There is no dramatic faculty.

"Like a sermon of Sterne's, or Punch's advice to people about to

marry," said Harry.
"But," retorted Wynyard Powys, " you cannot be serious, surely. The highest poetry is dramatic; and the poet's noblest gift is the faculty of

creating character.

"Mauleverer's quite right l" said Guy Luttrel. "Take Shakespeare. I suppose if there is a dramatic faculty, he had it in perfection. Well, Hamlet is Shakespeare, and Mercutio is Shakespeare, and Jack Falstaff is Shakespeare, and Portia is Shakespeare in petticoats, and Rosalind is a feminine Shakespeare in doublet and hose. You'll see the matter most clearly in minor characters, where there can be no mistake. Take Launce, or Speed, or Armado, or Launcelot Gobbo: these are not natural characters -- they are merely Mr. William Shakespeare acting the part of a clown or a magnifico.

"Treason!" said Powys.

" Not a bit of it," remarked Hugh. "I am glad you agree with me, Luttrel. My theory is that no human being can depict any other human being except himself. Having a versatile imagination, he may put himself into innumerable different characters. but it is himself still. Shakespeare was the world's supreme dramatist; but all his creations are Shakesperian, not human. In poets of lower power we more readily perceive this -recognising Milton in his own Satan, and Byron in his Giaour and Corsair.

"I don't follow you," said Wynyard Powys.

"Of course not," replied Luttrel; how should you! You poets are lost in the blaze of your own genius."

"That's a fine saying of Matthew Arnold's," said Harry Mauleverer—

'We mortal millions live alone."

" Fine, because " Each one of us is a self much more to the responsibility of a dramatic faculty. There is but one drama slafe; but one dramatist, the Creator of the

" Inch why do we read postry and

novels a asked Powvs.

150

"For excellent reasons," observed Hugh Manleveter. "Insoluble problems are always interesting. People will never tire of searching for the quadrature of the chele, perpetual motion, the phalesophic's stone. And in poem and romance the willer tries to reveal himself, and the reader tries to understand him, and though neither the one nor the other is possible, there is exto me interest at out the attenue.

"A senied letter always excite our riosity," sand Guy, "even though the recan't possibly be anything interesting in it. We are placed in a world of inexhaust, is resources, as lose therefore endowed with an inexhoustible inquisitive ices. Your wife, whom she asas ver who a certain suspenduslooking letter was from, is acting on the same pain upo which set Sir I same Newton questioning the skies, and Sir Humphrey Davy the elements.

"We're all bacheloss, lan aed

Powys. "Ay," cried Harry. "L: the galled Jule wince, our witness are un-t.

" As yet, "said Lattick

At this he is lift a servant came up to Latital, and the name to it Lord Rivertale wisted to speak to him Where ip in our triend Gay asserted to the H lyet House Out a starcase he met Lady Vivian, was waits pered

"Lord X, has respected. I heren't

maid a world to person.

So Guy with the title octable ! room, where he is an a the Land and mid-line of the state of the wife of from the his and a set a lought papers on the two at his rand had. The odd peer worse is perpertional disjusted. He even thy add not hee the news that had read bed for p

"Gay," rescal, "I am deviceglad you are here. I very year niver, and I don't worthy into advise me against my satisfical t

I am informally between 1

"Well," and Gay, "Increasy Nursances generally vanch when you look at them. What's the mat-ter i"

" X. has resigned. The Queen has sent for Y. Z. is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. They want me at the Foreign Odlice.

[Feb.

"Shows their sense. You're the

only man in England fit for it.

"Don't flatter, my good fellow. I'm too savage to enjoy it."

"I don't flatter, Riverdale," said Guy, very seriousiv; "and you know You're awate of my theories about politica matters. I think the Foreign Secretary, in the present state of affairs, holds a far more important pesition than any other member of the Calenat. I think you the only man fit to be Foreign Secretary, for you are master of that diplomatic science whose elements are too much for mest men. And so, I repeat, they slow their w slom in making you."

" But my dear Guy, it is such a bore. I am used to lotes eating. I am translating Aristophares. I like to enjes a fazy life with Vivian. Why the dence should I sacrifice invielf for

the republic

"Weil, he w. look here," said Luttrel. "Lotos is nece, but monotonous, You can't translate Aristophanes half as well as Frere. You are very jolly with Vivian; but what will you do when she marries! Then you'll have to serve the republic for want of letter oscupation.

"The tree is of the man of Uz came out in exactly your fashion," said Lord Roo cale. "I don't think Vivian is a a _ at hurry about being

married.

"Wesl," soil Luttrel, "we need not complicate politics with erotical What die von mean to do t

"I don't see how to refuse. I wish I did They I want you to be some-

than ; or other, of course.

"I be your Under Secretary, if you think the place will not be too Twill give me infinite nach für nie pleasure, upon honom, to defend your body in the Compions You see, I happen to be aware that you understate of descriptions so I shall be able to hight for you with a clear consource. And it is a charming game to a local distance are not twenty men in the House who have the least noto red the matter. They want free thore, easy to con, and so on , but of marketing the tane and might of Englated among nations they have no stea. They remain the of a fellow

who perpetually physics himself for his personal health, but has not pluck enough to make any defence against people who choose to kick him.

"Then you would take high ground," said the Earl, "and declare the importance of making the power

of England felt.'

"Most assuredly. Our insular position renders it more easy for us to evade our responsibilities; but such evasion is as imprudent as it is dishonourable. I am quite sure you will agree with me that the logical result of non-interference is a coalition

against England."
"You are right," replied Lord
Riverdule. "Well, I suppose I must take office. 'Tis a bore—an unmitigated bore. Mind, you are pledged to be Under Secretary; will the Riverdale people re-elect you?"

"I am not much afraid," said Guy. "And now, my lord, if you have made up your mind what reply to send to town, I have something of greater importance to talk about."
"Greater importance!"

"Yes," said Guy, in a quiet tone; "I have something to say, which you must be kind enough to receive with-out indignation. I may as well out with it. I am in love. I want to marry: the lady is your daughter."

The Earl leaned back in his chair, without uttering a word, and took a long look at Luttrel. After a while

he said-

"Guy, my dear fellow, there never were two creatures better suited to each other than you and Vivian. There's the difference in age, I know"-

"There's the difference in rank and wealth, my lord," interrupted

Guy.
"Pshaw! You have no right to talk to me in that absurd way. You

don't mean it, Guy, you know. If your brains aren't worth more thanmy thousands, I am much mistaken."
"Well, Riverdale," said Guy Lut-

trel, "I'll say no more about that. I knew beforehand, pretty well, what you would say on these points; but the difference in age between us is rather more important.

"It is, Guy, it is," said the Earl.
"The question is perplexing. Of course the chances are that you'll die before her. But, on the other hand, men like you and I, given to politics, busy in brain, have a habit of long life. If you should live to be eighty, Vivian, at sixty, will be quite as old as you. Positively I don't see many objections."

"I see a good many," said Guy. "The two principal ones are, that the lady whom I desire to marry is young enough to be my daughter; and will have fifty times my income. But there is another; I am a widower,

with one daughter."

"The deuce," said the Earl.

At this moment Vivian entered the Holy of Holies; and observed that the bearer of despatches would miss the last train, unless he received an immediate answer. So the Earl scribbled a few lines to Lord Y., and Guy and Vivian looked at one another somewhat significantly.

At length the letter was finished and sent off. Then Lord Riverdale

turned to Vivian and said-

"Well, Witch, do you mean to marry Guy! He seems to fancy you might suit him."

"I'll marry him to oblige you, papa," said Lady Vivian, getting up and dropping him a graceful cour-

"To oblige me i" retorted the Earl,

emphatically.

And then the dinner bell rang.

THE BUAD OF HOMER *

Exen supersive effort to femiliarize, teeted and the actions in which they by translation the epoc of Homer a poem which, from the imaginative power and beauties with which it abounds, is invested with a perenmal interest assertant, be received by the aretary would with welcome , and when remark old for many excelligners like the present, with adonration and applause. The withorship of the great poems who is continued for somany ages the bibles of the Greek peoples, the sense of their history, theology, and drama, remains a standing cause in the Chancery Court of craticism, in which Worfard Mu or have well high exists if the pleadings on either side. The histo-rical dates of the peaced in which Homeravol, and of the Siege of Proy the great pagamerusade of collective Greece against Asia still continues, and will ever remain, a subject of speculation. The most probable so-lution with respect to the origin of the works to which at Homeric paternity has been assumed, seems to be this: After the return of the Greek peoples to the Pennisula, after the destruction of the westernmost of the Baby' mine satrapa's, the events of the war constituted a stable them, for the entern lets and burds of the respective rates, whose function, like all offers of the principle ages, was a series the tell with exerting respects fratering by Harry will et li embodied in england withe in the first metaposition vents and staranters of the and a 20 were fore ted and drawn with the finite of tredition. as in the case of their tight their in had arrest the near League Continues me make question a visited with the river vellors. Cours of the value of a readwhile the suggested and recessive the immedial recessions all the results and results the theory participant posteroides to k place, and the stones of the 2 ds were introduced act offer to ads, to illustrate and ennotice by the removes ference the heroes they specially pro-

took part.

Aircally, in this period of tradition dikt sandige, the chiefs who had salled to the Freque war had retreated into them against guist land of fable, with the deities of Olympus. The chief event which had occurred in the existence of the Greeks as yet continued, denieless, a perpetual and prominent theme of song, in which, on a danines ing basis of authentic detail, an inmense superstructure had been raised by the imagination of successive generations of the bards of the Grock nation. Presently about three ages after the destruction of Troy is the assumed time, but properiods occurred the great migration of the posthern Greeks to the coasts of Asia, whither they carried their traditions, and where the bards became acquarated with many others connected with the siege, handed down both by the Greek speaking people of the region fronting Thrace, whose roce and that of the Troad, Herodotus says, were identicale though there must have been a large Asian intermixture, and by the Asian peoples of the south, among whom they mediated. Here the bards, who long subsequently remained an institution, became a could present of other tradition I congan Asistic colouring with person to the characters and events of the war ; and these songs, which represented the siege, &c., from the Ti son point of view, they used as mater its for their compositions. In this form they were adstressed to the Greeks at feativals and zomes, sor zomotile palaces of Greek charterie, in glorification, however, of the climates of their people, and the great expedition against Troy was the dear report.

Moss rave of ubred, in an age before the writing was known, whether it was possible to transmit by more ryon, at a marinting to sogreat a bright as the "limit "Odysses,

^{. &}quot;The Barl of H mer, read to be not Finglish verse to I livered Earl of Derby," 2 vols. London: Murray. 1914

and others. Even Homer, who appeared ages after the immense Greek ballad literature had grown into existence, makes no mention of written characters, except on one occasion, and in a dubious expression, referring to the letter Bellerophon carried from Prœtus to the Lycian king. Such an objection is rendered of no value, however, when illustrated by what we know of the druids and other primitive theocracies, whose entire body of knowledge, poetic, moral, and physical, was memorial. In such a state of society the cultivation of the retentive faculty among the theocratic class, with its three orders, constituted their only means of preserving the civilization they had attained—the only protection against relapsing into barbarism, and remained in long later and more enlightened epochs of antiquity the chief faculty cultivated in the system of education. In the time of Homer, who calls the Muses daughters of memory, the art of minstrelsy and rhapsody, represented one of the leading elements of existing civilization. The bard pursued his business, for such it was, by every means of study and research which emulation and genius suggested; and when he appeared, a vast ballad literature existed among the long constituted body of the Ionian aoidai, who somewheresembled the Arabian and the southern and eastern storytellers, and improvisatori, who have the natural gift of narrative talent and character delineation.

When the poet or singer remains at once chronicler and historian of the life of a family or people—theogonist and national annalist — he forms the most important personage in their primitive social state; and doubtless a generic resemblance existed between his position and requirements in the early ages of the Greek as of many other people. Thus we find that the qualifications of a Celtic *filé* or poet involved the knowledge of two hundred and fifty prime stories, or those embodying great events, such as destructions, battles, navigations, tragedies, sieges, and so on; and two hundred secondary stories, referring to social incidents, humorous or other. The poetic order were regularly trained in schools, and their characters formed on the highest VOL. LXV.—No. CCCLXXXVI.

models, purity of mind being regarded as a sine qua non for the exercise of their elevated and important profession. When qualified according to the judgment of their teachers, they were allotted a portion of land, and possessed many exclusive advantages, such as indemnification from taxes, &c., being regarded the while as objects of the highest honour and admiration. Among the imaginative Greek races who settled along the Asian coast-line, the position of the aoidai was possibly, in many respects, similar. Their business was to possess a store of national traditions in verse, and extemporize themes suited to the life of the time, which they sung at festivals, games, and in the palaces of chiefs-subjects religious, heroic, national, or social. From the mass of such traditional material as existed among this order respecting the siege of Troy, Homer selected the class of ballads relating to the greatest of the mythical Greek chieftains, Achilles, whose wrath, the subject which informs the action of the "Iliad." constitutes its most dramatic element, as it eventually produces, when consummated, the proximate cause of the taking of Troy. Achilles has been said to be the only character in the "Iliad" which is highly idealized, and it is hence supposed to be a pure creation of Homer's genius; but the leading idea on which the sublimity of the character rests -- namely, that, though conscious of being predestined to death the moment Troy is taken, he heroically advances to effect that object, was possibly traditionized in the mythical songs previously composed in his celebration. It is difficult to say in what state social civilization existed in Homer's day; the savage traits which Achilles, the glorified model of Greek heroism, displays, may have been preserved in some of the old ballads; but from the general tenor of human nature, as depicted in the "Iliad," were very likely drawn, as we find them, to suit a congenial audience. The subsequent tragedy of the Greeks indeed showed that ferocity—nay, the utmost criminality of character-when painted in relation to the power of destiny, received universal admiration; just as did Macbeth, when the witch was an object of popular credence. As regards the story of Pisistratus being

in his az etter proposition track existed m mana-sart i Le alida et when Calmus, the factor in any heads eastern, from the east in smill thinke introduced into Grove has to have been in use in As a an electric Use is a class, and not a release to the factor Hen, desprender of bards was Spice and Honey

The usa the balance of probability is in favour of the supposition fact. the two great positionic net the pule conseptions of Homel both a conse-tion of bollads providing to a special exent and to ships tell of a fem t period, the graph is of Period in as mandes to be his work, where he market specifically be adopted by particular to the control of the money of all by frath to Wiles are also found in the convergence of the conver guar traffect (all and the control of the as to the fact of the vectors in the table. The transfer of the vectors in the fact of the second of the table. must rom when all on a research asere tive factors (processes on 1990) a High and the second sec

the first who transferred to writing now the maje-ty of a sunset, mirrors the "Had" and "Orysson, who else with truth the simplest weld delected, arranged, and medical by product, marrockands write in Homer, it seems in they produce that its test, le billows to heaven, swe s in dath sympolicy with the movmotts of the fourgost,

The section of good poster translate to be there a significantly is of the figure reforms attended in school been as in the randown to const regorden community. Many have conprocessed by cament who largard to include to be or ness poster powers. yet there is had a one we object our polity tone is interested a gaveys from elected to a constructor, to however, stop to the facility and genus as payers in sit is removed by a tree are eaand probable to the thest part usar probabilities and the readment the six obvious . that the or so that translators has been As he such as the protents, and one of There is the suspension wheat this from one transformation has been wronger in decha tesa toch dipatrig from the It am of you can which such origin a positive seasoften in the Sands A. or a Actor Schotland, of the oping, hever the form.

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of Miltonic verse, with its classical structure and phraseology, to which his ear was attuned; and hence, though nearer the original than Pope, is unlike the simple and powerful poetry and sonorous minstrel verse The defects in such of Homer. works are attributable to many causes, the first and most obvious of which is the writer's inferiority of genius to the most imaginative poet of Greece; secondly, the mistake that in rendering his poetry familiar to English readers, it was necessary to modernize it; thirdly, and this is included in the second category, the selection of a form of verse different from and inferior to the original - a defect which, destroying one of the chief elements of verisimilitude, arose partly from example, but was doubtless chiefly attributable to the great and perhaps insuperable differences existing between the respective languages. Chapman's Homer stands nearest to the old bard -nearer in parts as to the spirit, it superadds something of the metrical form, and thus conveys somewhat of his antique manner; Cowper's, at a greater distance, in the imitative dress of the author of "Paradise Lost;" whereas, unlike the aged rhapsodist, with snowy beard, and robes floating in the wind, as with inspired gesture he strikes his harp to some theme of heroic inspiration, in Pope's we see Homer in the costume of Queen Anne's day, tastefully and affectedly picking his steps down Fleet-street, with a Brummagen lyre under his arm.

Until the form of verse in which Homer wrote, or an approximation thereto, is attempted, despite the congeniality of the translator's powers, we can never have in English, or any other language, a true representation of the ancient poet; and possibly, except in German, in which Vos's translation is the closest approximation, such a work can hardly be expoeted. The great difference between the "Iliad" and any of our renderings is this, and it is one which translators appear never to have considered - namely, that the one was composed to be sung, whereas the others were written to be read. The Greek heroic hexameter of Homer's ballad epic possesses a flowing structural vigour, and various continuous music, which the English, different in syn-

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tactical and prosodial structure, and delicient in polysyllables and particles, can never attain; and the effect of confining the flowing majesty of the rhapsody within the limits of the English heroic verse might be illustrated by turning any superior and suitable metre in which a poem was written into an inferior - say that that of Tennyson's "Locklesly Hall" were turned into ten-syllabled rhymed verse.

How weak is the effect produced by the monosyllabic endings of the lines in the English heroic hexameter compared with the dactyle-spondale terminations of the Greek rhapsody, which seem specially shaped for accompanying the terminal vibrations of the singer's harp. Few as yet have attempted this form of verse in English, whose difficulty is patent to every experimentalizer; hardly anyone succeeded, except in couplets and passages; while none have ambitioned to sustain the metre throughout any long work except Longfellow, in his "Evangeline," which would have been more pleasing in many another metre. The Greek lyrics and choruses of the dramas, from their lineal limits, stand a much better chance of being accurately reflected in English than the hexameter. Even in imitations of antique metres, when the utmost accuracy has been preserved, as in Tennyson's fragment, "Boadicea," written in Galliambic verse, the multiplication of final combinative words essential to the imitative harmony, produces an exotic and disagreeable effect on the ear, and proves the almost insuperable difficulty in the way of reproducing the longer and more impassioned order of antique metres in our language, and the hopelessness of sustaining them agreeably to any length in one whose structure is logical, unlike the flexible. harmonious, and magnificent material afforded by the imaginative Greek and Latin. In such efforts the desire to retain literality-the first essential of translation - constitutes a constant impediment in reproducing the heroic If long sustained, how bexameter. stiff and monotonous would a literal version in this metre become :--

"The race of the son of Peleus, Achilleus, sing, oh goddess,

Destruction-winged, which wafted th' Acheans' woes multitudinous,

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If, as P is n give it as his opinate a present stabletich of the "That would require temperate to exclude, an Intz ship of the following in the object of th and metricist, were a to all expect demanding a literate to excite Much, therefore, as we could we be to see a flates at one fill their powers. both the automic sport and to be it the poem would be repedition, w can happy to post to order as despete the whole a cold with the species expressed by Lad Daly will specface on that it austice is even to be done to the cost flow and need a simplicity of the chard out posted can only be in the heroid book Verse

In this, the latest and it is visal restricts the finest of his right Herber in Indian verse will be as a tracted. Long Decly has to be than a conditional of with which the second of taken, that I have been all as between version's metring this partiette. ong racional constraint with the experience for a particulation remain out of the work was even do for tensir of the end of with the formation of the end of t tervals of process of the standard derivatives of the standard derivative of the standard derivatives of the stand

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Which botted to the assumption the chief merits. In the hinds of the most vivid top spirits another, the heroic blank vite in which it is written has become a most flexible represent a ve measure, and as set a one and that it displays notice of being more and on that of M lies or Cowper, and rather recomhas that of some of the Linzabeth an dramatists in its general sportage ty and case, conditioned in participate course, to the releasity of all e high closely to lineal and structural literatry. The large speeches are rendered with colleger determe and flow, many of the descriptive battle. processing it so on a man strength and energy, and the same is with a degree or supersor has been some Hence (10 d) space norm to the world be an agree. able daty to extract many per 2 % illustrative of the execusion and general ments of a well-with promises to supersystems. As the codense in the estimate in a the Rhalesh read to person, which them so veral of the battle poor could be the concludof the slope in the total anti-, in which the T. pare are vistories, and the sall the protest of non-and tombod gots in the twent of him will be the Grocks transplant to be, with many of the species, satisfies, and deat po to december to the reason and a section Total Lawrence of the first spectors of the interview is the co. Act has not Principles to twenty the Flok, when the latters been to the Greenings of to be to the bow of Hot of the The view and more the preside, the most in the " Last

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Him willist then venture to the Greenen

Alone, and to the presence of the man Whose hand hath slain so many of thy

Many and brave? an iron heart is thine! But sit thou on this seat; and in our hearts.

Though filled with grief, let us that grief suppress:

For woful lamentation nought avails. Such is the thread the Gods for mortals spin.

To live in woe, while they from cares are free.

Two coffers lie beside the door of Jove, With gifts for man: one good, the other ill;

To whom from each the Lord of lightning gives

Him sometimes evil, sometimes good befalls;

To whom the ill alone, him foul disgrace And grinding mis'ry o'er the earth pursue:

By God and man alike despis'd he roams. Thus from his birth the Gods to Pelcus gave

Excellent gifts; with wealth and substance bless'd

Above his fellows; o'er the Myrmidons He rul'd with sov'reign sway; and Heaven hestow'd

On him, a mortal, an immortal bride. Yet this of ill was mingled in his lot, That in his house no rising race he saw Of future Kings; one only son he had, One doom'd to early death; nor is it mine To tend my father's age; but far from home

Thee and thy sons in Troy I vex with war.

Much have we heard too of thy former wealth:

Above what Lesbos northward, Macar's seat.

Contains, and Upper Phrygia, and the shores

Of boundless Hellespont, 'tis said that

In wealth and number of thy sons wast bless'd.

But since on thee this curse the Gods have brought.

Still round thy city war and slaughter rage.

Bear up, nor thus with grief incessant mourn;

Vain is thy sorrow for thy gallant son: Thou canst not raise him, and mayst suffer more.

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire: 'Tell me not yet, illustrious chief, to sit, While Hector lies, uncar'd for, in the tent : But let me quickly go, that with mine

I may behold my son; and thou accept The ample treasures which we tender thee: Mayst thou enjoy them, and in safety reach

Thy native land, since thou hast spar'd my

And bidd'st me still behold the light of Heav'n.

To whom Achilles thus with stern regard:

'Old man, incense me not; I mean myself To give thee back thy son; for here of late

Despatch'd by Jove, my Goddess-mother came,

The daughter of the aged Ocean-God: And thee too, Priam, well I know, some God

(I cannot err) hath guided to our ships. No mortal, though in vent'rous youth, would dare

Our camp to enter: nor could hope to pass Unnotic'd by the watch, nor easily Remove the pond rous bar that guards our doors.

But stir not up my anger in my grief; Lest, suppliant though thou be, within my tent

I brook thee not, and Jove's command transgress

He said; the old man trembled, and obeved: Then to the doorway, with a lion's spring, Achilles rush'd; not unaccompanied; With him Automedon and Alcimus, His two attendants, of his followers all, Next to the lost Patroclus, best esteem'd:

They from the yoke the mules and horses loos'd;

Then led the herald of the old man in, And bade him sit; and from the polish'd

The costly ransom took of Hector's head. Two robes they left, and one well-woven vest.

To clothe the corpse, and send with honour home.

Then to the female slaves he gave command

To wash the body, and anoint with oil, Apart, that Priam might not see his son; Lest his grieved heart its passion unrestrain'd

Should utter, and Achilles, rous'd to wrath, His suppliant slay, and Jove's command transcress

When they had wash'd the body, and with oil

Anointed, and around it wrapp'd the robe And vest, Achilles lifted up the dead With his own hands, and laid him on the

couch: Which to the polished wain his followers

rais'd. Then groaning, on his friend by name he call'd:

Forgive, Patroclus! be not wroth with If in the realm of darkness thou should

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son waistcoat, canary-coloured shorts, and blue stockings, and flaxen wig, was driving his plump horses, and guiding his plough, undiscouraged, as when last he saw him.

Boots and Mrs. Jones came out. Sir Jekyl was too eager to wait to get down; so from the saddle he accosted his buxom hostess, in his usual affable style. The baronet was not accustomed to be crossed and thwarted as much as, I have been told, men with less money sometimes are; and he showed his mortification in his face when he learned that the

two gentlemen had left very early that morning. "This morning! Why you said

yesterday they would not go till even-ing. Hang it, I wish you could tell it right; and what the de-I do you mean by Strangers ! Call him Strangways, can't you. It's odd people can't

say names.

He must have been very much vexed to speak so sharply; and he saw, perhaps, how much he had forgotten himself in the frightened look which good Mrs. Jones turned upon

"I don't mean you, my good little soul. It's their fault; and where are they gone to ! I wanted to ask them both over to Marlowe. Have you a

notion ?"

"They took our horses as far as the 'Bell and Horns,' at Slowton." She called shrilly to Boots, "They're not stoppin' at the 'Bell and Horns,' sure. Come here, and tell Sir Jekyl Marlowe about Mr. Strangers.

"You said last night they were going to Awkworth;" and Sir Jekyl chuckled scornfully, for he was

"They changed their minds, sir." "Well, we'll say so. You're a won-

derful fascinating sex. Egnd, if you could only carry anything right in your heads for ten minutes, you'd be too charming." And at this point Boots emerged, and Sir Jekyl continued, addressing him-

"Well, where are the gentle who left this morning ?" as

"They'll be at the Horna, sir." "Where's that ?" "Slowton, sir."

"I know. What hor " Eight o'clock, sir."

"Just seven miles. The Sterndale road, isn't it !

"Yes, sir.

And that was all Boots had to tell. "Will ye please to come in, sir?" inquired Mrs. Jones.

"No, my good creature. I havn't time. The old gentleman - what's his name l"

"I don't know, sir, please. He calls the young gentleman Guy, and the young gentleman calls him sir.'
"And both the same name?"

"We calls'em both Strangers, please,

"I know. Servants, had they?" "Yes, sir, please. But they sent 'em on.

"Rich—don't want for money, I suppose. Eh t"
"Oh! plenty money, sir."

"And the servants called the men Strangways, I suppose, Eh !" "Yes, Sir Jekyl, please; and so the letters came.

"You never happened to hear any

other name?

" No, Sir Jekyl."

" Think."

Mrs. Jones did think, but could recall nothing.

Nothing with a D?"

"D, sir! What, sir?"

"No matter what," said the baronet. "No name beginning with D --eh !"

" No, sir. You don't think they're going by a false name I" inquired the lady, curiously.

"What the devil puts that in your head ? Take care of the law; you must not talk that way, you foolish little rogue."

"I did not know, sir," timidly answered Mrs. Jones, who saw in Sir Jekyl, the Parliament-man, Deputy-Licutenant, and Grand Jurer, a great oracle of the law

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long ride, and still longer fast. But he was accustomed to such occasional strains upon his strength without any such results. Ah, no! He had come within the edge of the shadow of judgment, and its darkness was stealing over him, and its chill touched his heart.

These were the dreamy surmisings with which he rode slowly toward the house, and a few good resolutions in a nebulous embryo state, hovered

uncomfortably about him.

No letter of any interest had come by the early post, and Sir Jekyl sate down tête-à-tête with his pretty daughter, in very dismal spirits, to

Beatrix was fond of her father, who was really a good natured man, in the common acceptance of the term, that, all events, let them alone. I'm tired is to say, he had high animal spirits, and liked to see people pleasant about him, and was probably as kind as a selfish and vicious man can be, and had a liking, moreover, for old faces, which was one reason why he hated the idea of his housekeeper's leaving him. But Beatrix was also a little in awe of him, as girls often are of men of whom they see but little, especially if they have something of the masculine decision of temper.

"You may all go away now," said the baronet suddenly to the servants, who had waited at dinner; and when the liveried phantoms had withdrawn, and the door had closed on the handsome calves of tall and solemn

Jenkins, he said

"Nothing all day—no adventure, or visiter, Trixie—not a word of news or fun, I dare say ?"

" Nothing -not a creature, papa; only the birds and dogs, and some

new music.

"Weil, it is not much worse than Wardlock, I suppose; but we shall have a gay house soon - at all events plenty of people. Old General Lennox is coming. His nephew, Captain Drayton, is very rich; he will be Lord Tewkesbury, that is, if old Tewkesbury doesn't marry; and, at all events, he has a very nice property, and does not owe a guinea. You need not look modest, Trixie. You may do just as you please, only I'd be devilish glad you liked one an-other—there, don't be distressed, I say, I'll mention it no more if you don't

like; but he'll be here in a few days, and you mayn't think him so bad."

After this the baronet drank two glasses of sherry in silence, slowly, and with a gloomy countenance, and

then, said he—
"I think, Trixie, if you were happily placed, I should give the whole thing up. I'm tired of that cursed House of Commons. You can't imagine what a bore it is, when a fellow does not want anything from them, going down there for their d --d divisions. I'm not fit for the hounds either. I can't ride as I used-egad! I'm as stiff as a rusty hinge when I get up in the morning. And I don't much like this place, and I'm tired to death of the other two. When you marry I'll let them, or, at of all those servants. I know they're robbing me, egad. You would not believe what my gardens cost me last year, and, by Jove, I don't believe all that came to my table was worth two hundred pounds. I'll have quite a different sort of life. I haven't any time to myself, looking after all those confounded people, one must keep about them. Keepers, and gardeners, and devil knows who beside. I don't like London half as well as the continent. I hate dinner parties, and the season, and all the racket. It doesn't pay, and I'm growing oldyou'll not mind if I smoke it?" (he held a cigar between his fingers)---"a complaint that doesn't mend by time, you know. Oh! yes, I am old, you little rogue. Everybody knows I'm just fifty; and the fact is I'm tired of the whole thing, stock, lock, and barrel; and I believe what little is to be got of life is best had-that is, if you know how to look for it-abroad. A fellow like me who has got places and properties - egad, they expect him to live pro bono publico, and not to care or think two pence about himself- at least it comes to that. How is old Gwynn !"
"Very well, I think."

"And what has she to say for herself; what about things in general !" "She's not very chatty, poor old

Gwynn, and I think she seems a little—just ever so little—cross." "So she d

She was alwa she isn't

but den't be afted I I Ike H D n and for all the first terms of the next to all

"I women who the day he led" said the base is the highly, as he this wi the stump of his color into the fire. If it shall be a dished a miracle as anything Level sow.

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daughter.

"And your graditions at High nothing of normally and a monitrem. "No papar a track to

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Here he shok the ashes of its

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Trixing and a sit of fait volumes see all in a reverse, and it is that by the control ways. answer. So B days was spire then

y du of making one; which she was and of, for Lasty Allee was good to I ever quite to the second in a man I har after her way, and she was total don't expect out at

"We must ask her to ceme, you know. You write. Say I thought one would have a better chance of prevalence. She won't, you know; and sommen the latter."

Seas the Lemant rese, and stool From v with his back to the fire; the years bely need also, and ran cony to the drawing room and her dollar, and althost at the some monext a servant entered the room, with a letter, which had come by the Lee person

O'llive nough, it had the Slowton

potronik. "Devial, add" exclaimed Sr Johyko, when eachly en it, and so they himself hast by on the sale of a. I we be Ir do it spen and read at Sardeks party somes more ready, to be take any graph, "Goy Strang-

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second of the territorial her with the control med to be "Glad to see you Dennie. Glass of the pay to New World to down pointed. It is not a state of the state of t why the two constraints and the property of the constraints of the con to the fitter of the declaring field to the fitter of the

at the San Johy Compared Mrs.

"Mr. Streetways, the years con-ternor lead to be black well as I say roll to SMr Variannere.

"Tronk years."

The low keeps have and the kindsydistin of alores, withdrew. In icas than a week



assemble, and in a few days more old Marlowe Hall began to wear a hospitable and pleasant countenance.

The people were not, of course, themselves all marvels of agreeability. For instance, Sir Paul Blunket, the great agriculturist and eminent authority on liquid manures, might, as we all know, be a little livelier with advantage. He is short and stolid; he wears a pale blue muslin neck-handkerchief with a white stripe, carefully tied. His countenance, I am bound to say, is what some people would term heavy -it is frosty, painfully shaven, and shines with a glaze of transparent seap. He has small, very light blue round eyes, and never smiles. A joke always strikes him with unaffected amazement and suspicion. Laughter he knows may imply ridicule, and he may himself possibly be the subject of it. He waits till it subsides, and then talks on as before on subjects which interest him.

Lady Blunket, who accompanies him everywhere, though not tall, is stout. She is delicate, and requires nursing; and, for so confirmed an invalid, has a surprising appetite. John Blunket, the future barenet, is in the diplomatic service, I forget exactly where, and by no means young; and lean Miss Blunket, at Marlowe with her parents, though known to be elder than her brother, is still quite a girl, and giggles with her partner at dinner. and is very nerive and animated, and sings arch little chansons discordantly to the guitar, making considerable play with her eyes, which are black and malignant.

This family, though ne ther decorative nor entertaining, being highly respectable and ancient, make the circuit of all the good houses in the county every year, and are wonderfully little complained of. Hither also they had brought in their train pretty little Mrs. Mabeny, a cousin, whose husband, the M. jor, was in India—a garrulous and good-humoured syren, who smilled with pearly little teeth, and blushed easily.

At Marlowe had already assembled several single gentlemen too. There was little Tom Linnett, with no end of money and spirits, very good-to sentiment, and ing too,

not-

Old Dick Doocey was there also, a colonel long retired, and well known at several crack London clubs, tall, slight, courtly, agreeable, with a capital elderly wig, a little deaf, and his handsome high nose a little reddish. Billy Cobb, too, a gentleman who could handle a gun, and knew lots about horses and dogs, had ar-

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rived. Captain Drayton had arrived: a swell, handsome, cleverish, and impertinent, and as young men with less reason will be, egotistical. He would not have admitted that he had deigned to make either plan or exertion with that object, but so it happened that he was placed next to Miss Beatrix, whom he carclessly entertained with agreeable ironics, and anecdotes, and sentiments poetic and perhaps a little vapid. On the whole, a young gentleman of intellect, as well as wealth and expectations, and who felt, not unnaturally, that he was overpowering. Miss Reatrix, though not quite twenty, was not overpowered, however, neither was her heart pre-occupied. There was, indeed, a shadow of another handsome young gentleman only a shadow, in a different styledark and this one light; and she heart whole, perhaps fancy-free, amused, delighted, the world still new and only begun to be explored. One London season she had partly seen, and also made her annual tour twice or thrice of all the best county houses, and so was not nervous among her

peers.

And General and Lady Jane Lennox had come. The general, a tall, soldierlike old gentleman, who held his bald and pink, but not very high forchead, erect, with great gray projecting moustache, twisted up at the corners, and bristling gray eyebrows to correspond over his frank round gray eyes—a gentleman with a decidedly military bearing, imperious but kindiy of aspect, good-natured, prompt, and perhaps a little stupid.

Lady Jane—every body knows Lady Jane—the most admired of London belles for a whole season. Golden brown hair, and what young Thrumly of the Guards called, in those exquisite lines of his, "slumbrous eyes of blue," under very long lashes and exquisitely-traced eye-brows, such briliant lips and teeth, and such a sweet oval face, and above all, so

waist, negot to somale of common velocities was a heavise with a feet to be for a tree with to be be eletted in left a specific for a tree wrough herself on one of the reach, though with O2 of the bond help on a But there were the court reasons will the simple of off or, in those to in In his was acrown tring as not five domines, and was subject has lettered hood, and two saids table to take, did not concerning so

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beautiful a figure and were brill a. I may term the rubments of a double chin altogether an ugly and even Distance fact, but with no new of cherzy and decision, one looked with Wen let from this gross, fierce, earneal counter, so cate treating outlines, and proportions of the baronet's face, and wonlered bow the two men could really be brothers

Tree decrision k his brother's hand in per and and smiled and nesided brody less and there, right and lett, at the essential table has recognition, and or to keed a harshor chuckle ti an his brother scas he took his place extemperized with the quet bigerdemain of a consummer butler by Robey, and answered in a bask, abound voice the smaling magnities of tricicis

" Hope you have picked up an and the on the way, Dayes," said the becomes. Dives generally carried a positive confederations with inch the oil Counties way, and proffy good mut-tensive too only mands to ime.

"Copital are copital mutton copits from topical the colesiastic manages for resolvention, while country team of fative, he get some as an experiment in a test as identified as 2 who held, as I even the entires had possibility to tory, and called ever If we have the strong special same s every plan which the observed, and this district I compete soft by confirmants, with

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i "Pictry we ... they don't knew a low to p to ben. I think, quite." the artsworld Dives, datalong a lot of fish and a policies of and punching it is list to the second of the second form of the sec

most a many and a "I haven't heard," said the rector,

and drank off half his glass of hock.

"Can't believe it, Dives. Here's Lady Blunket knows. He's the aged incumbent of Droughton. A devilish good living in my gift; and of course you've been asking how the dear old fellow is.'

"I haven't, upon my word; not but I ought, though," said the Rev. Dives Marlowe, as if he did not see

the joke.
"He's very severe on you," simpered fat Lady Blunket faintly across the table, and subsided as if the exer-

tion hurt her.

"Is he? Egad, I never perceived it." The expression was not clerical, but the speaker did not seem aware he had uttered it. "How dull I must be! Have you ever been in this part of the world before, Lady Jane?" continued he, turning towards General Lennox's wife, who sat beside him.

"I've been to Wardlock, a good many years ago; but that's a long way from this, and I almost forget it, answered Lady Jane, in her languid,

haughty way.

"In what direction is Wardlock," she asked of Beatrix, raising her handsome, unfathomable eyes for a moment.

"You can see it from the bowwindow of your room—I mean that oddly shaped hill to the right.

"That's from the green chamber," id the rector. "I remember the said the rector. view. Isn't it?"

"Yes. They have put Lady Jane in the haunted room," said Beatrix, smiling, and nodding to Lady Jane.

"And what fool, pray, told you that," said the baronet, rather sharply.

"Old Gwynn seems to think so, answered Beatrix, with the surprised and frightened look of one who fancies she has made a blunder. "I of course we know it's all folly."

"You must not say that—you shan't disenchant us," said Lady Jane. "There's nothing I should so like as a haunted room; it's a charming idea --isn'tit, Arthur!" she inquired of the

"We had a haunted room in my quarters at Puttypoor," observed the general, twisting the point of one of his moustaches. "It was the storeroom where we kept pickles, and olives, and preserves, and plates, and

jars, and glass bottles. And every night there was a confounded noise there; jars, and bottles, and things tumbling about, made a devil of a row, you know. I got Smith-my servant Smith, you know, a very respectable man--uncommon steady fellow, Smith -to watch, and he did. We kept the door closed, and Smith outside. I gave him half-a-crown a night and his supper-very well for Smith, you know. Sometimes he kept a light, and sometimes I made him sit in the dark with matches ready.

"Was not he very much fright-ened?" asked Beatrix, who was deeply interested in the ghost.

"I hope you gave him a smellingbottle inquired Tom Linnett, with a tender concern.

"Well, I don't suppose he was," said the general, smiling good-humouredly on pretty Beatrix, while he loftily passed by the humorous in-quiry of the young gentleman. "He was in fact on dooty, you know; and there were occasional noises and damage done in the store-room-in fact just the same as if Smith was not there.

"Oh, possibly Smith himself among the bottles!" suggested Linnett.

"He always got in as quick as he could," continued the general; "but could not see anyone. Things were broken-bottles sometimes.'

"How very strange?" exclaimed Beatrix, charmed to hear the tale of

"We could not make it out ; it was very odd, you know," resumed the narrator.

" You weren't frightened, general ?"

inquired Linnett.

No, sir," replied the general, who held that a soldier's courage, like a lady's reputation, was no subject for jesting, and conveyed that sentiment by a slight pause, and a rather alarming stare from under his fierce grey eyebrows. "No one was frightened, I suppose; we were all men in the house, sir.'

"At home, I think, we'd have suspected a rat or a cat," threw in the

Rector.

"Some did, sir," replied the general; "and we made a sort of a search; but it wasn't. There was a capital tiled floor, not a hole you could put a ramrod in; and no cat neither—high windows, grated; and the door always close; and every now and then

semetiding broken by night.
"Delightfur" that's what Mes.
Crowe, in that charming book, year
know, "The Night Side of Nation." easis. I forget the name, but it's a German word, I think the pily guest it near s. Resket something, isy tit, Beet Carne short for Beet is. "I do said much as 100 old Mass Plunket, who thereis Beatrix's enthus as in become because I chose to eximit the anaparetty take. tic -in.

"I didn't erg it was a glost, ie adve," interpred the general, with a grave regard for his veracity i "lonly we were puzzied a bit. There semething there, we all knews, and sometimy that early reach up to the high shelves, and break thougs on the floor too, y is see. We find been watching, off and on, I think, some three or four weeks. And I be all one night, carly, a row in the stars room, a deviceful towart was a total Smith was en death, as we used to say, that mild, so I left it to here: and he could have surgest, yet know, if he wasted belonger to Low ! And in the meaning reservition to swit adding that to a Small was dead in the store room, and electric

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And May be used to season like it. references and a second expression

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"What Sould whosper i has nett in his negation sear

"He lay in a basket; you never saw such a boute," continued the general; "he was very near killing another of my people."

"So Here was your ghost f" said

Daney, archiv.

"Worse to en a glost," observed Sir Poul Phasker

"A dos od deal," acquie-eed the

general graves.

"Yen a very much annoyed with version out there in India a remarked Sar Paula

"So we are, ship agreed the gene

"It's very lead, you see, to meet with a generate thest, M.s. Markette,

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"I down like to Pink my room

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CHAPTER IN.

CONTRACT OF STREETS MUDICAL CROSSES FRANCE CONTRACTOR

Beging gets on the both so how lows, you do not be a local to a and a region of leading to the security. by ready, bruttery after with reserve of always maded to an approxima-Jekys to what he termed the book settlement, where he haven bed among deal chairs and takes, with a little camp bed, a diporty of wax camiles and a branaut little tire.

There is the best of the high part "hate is been a realized to a realized to the property of the night kinds of at the desiryon. "May I considerable will

"Corners, sear Land

"Year of y mean at "Never we be me." "By Jove sand the rector, "it's later than I thought-you're sure I

don't bore you !"

"Not sure, but you may, Dives," said Sir Jekyl, observing his countenance, which was not quite pleasant. "Come in, and say your say. Have a weed, old boy t"

"Well, well--a—we're alone. I don't mind. I don't generally not that there's any harm; but some people, very good people, object—the weaker brethren, you know."

"Consummate asses, we usually call them; but weaker brethren, as

you say, does as well."

The rector was choosing and sniffing out a cigar to his heart's content. "Milk for babes, you know," said the rector, making his preparations.

"Strong meats" --- "And strong cigars; but you'll find

these as mild as you please. Here's a match."

The rector sat down, with one foot on the fender, and pulled away steadily, looking into the fire; and his brother, at the opposite angle of the fender, employed himself similarly.

"Fine old soldier, General Lennox," said the eleric at last. "What

stay does he make with you !"
"As long as he pleases. Why !"

said Sir Jekyl.

"Only he said something to-night in the drawing-room about having to go up to town to attend a board of the East India Directors," answered the parson.

"Oh, did he?"

"And I think he said the day after to-morrow. I thought he told you,

perhaps."

"Upon my life, I can't say—perhaps he did," said Sir Jekyl, carelessly. "Lennox is a wonderful fine old fellow, as you say, but a little bit slow, you know; and his going or staying would not make very much difference to me."

"I thought he told his story pretty well at dinner—that haunted room and the cobra, you remember," said

the rector.

The baronet grunted an assent, and nodded, without removing his eigar. The brothers conducted their conversation, not looking on one another, but each steadily into the grate.

"And, apropos of haunted rooms, Lady Jane mentioned they are in the green chamber," continued the rector. "Did she? I forgot - so they are, I think," answered the baronet.

Here they puffed away in silence

for some time.

"You know, Jekyl, about that room! Poor Amy when she was dying made you promise—and you did promise, you know—and she got me to promise to remind you to shut it up; and then you know my father wished the same," said the rector.

"Come Dives, my boy, somebody

"Come Dives, my boy, somebody has been poking you up about this. You have been hearing from my old mother-in-law, or talking to her, the

goosey old shrew!"

"Upon my honour," said the rector, solemnly resting the wrist of his cigar hand upon the black silk vest, and motioning his cheroot impressively, "you are quite mistaken. One syllable I have not heard from Lady Alice upon the subject, nor, indeed, upon any other, for two months or more."

"Come, come. Dives, old fellow, you'll not come the inspired preacher over me. Somebody's been at you, and if it was not poor old Lady Alice it was stupid old Gwynn. You need not deny it—ha, ha, ha,—your speaking countenance proclaims it, my dear boy."

boy."
"I'm not thinking of denying it.
Old Donica Gwynn did write to me,"

said the pastor.

"Let me see her note?" said Sir

Jekyl.

"I threw it in the fire; but I assure you there was nothing in it that would or could have vexed you. Nothing in fact but an appeal to me to urge you to carry out the request of poor Amy, and not particularly well spelt or written, and certainly not the sort of thing I should have liked any one to see but ourselves, so I destroyed it as soon as I had read it."

"I'd like to have known what the plague could make you come here two days—of course I'm glad to see you—two days before you intended, and what's running in your mind."

"Nothing in particular—nothing I assure you, but this. I'm certain it will be talked about—it will—the women will talk. You'll find there will be something very unpleasant—take my advice, my dear Jekyl, and just do as you promised. My poor father wished it, too—in fact directed

know it ought."

"Upon my soul, I know no su h thing. I'm to pull down my house, I suppose, for a sentiment ! What the plague barm does the room do anybody ! It doesn't hurt me, nor you.

"It may hurt you very much,

Jekyl.

"I can't see it ; but if it does, that's my affair, said Sir Jokyl, sukily. "But, my dear Jokyl, surely you

ought to consider your promise.

"Come Dives, no preaching. a very good trade, I know, and 1 !! do all I can for you in it, but I in he more to be hambaged by a sermon than you are. Come ! How does the dog Usent you get on ! Have you bot tled the pipe of port yet, and how is old Monthers, as I a hed you at dirner! Talk of she ting, cating and drinking, and making merry, and get ting up in your profession, by the by, the bashop is to be here in a fortnight, so manage to stay and meet ham. Talk of the port, and the colparson's death, and the tithes small and great, and I d hear you with respect. for I shall know you are speaking of things you understand, and take a near interest in a but pray denot task any more about that stufed eld room, and the staff and non-close these wemenouseetwithit; and, one for all, believe to when I say I have no no tion of making a fine of myself by shutting upon palang down a rolar which we want to use. In do not such the 21 and 80 Jokylo in an the domestick with an eath, and churk nghi e shuapor las e gar into the fire of the water block to it. and looke for whom also become Mentor, the very impersonation of ungoedy obstance

"I had some more to say, Jenyl, but I tance you don't be to bear it "Not a word of it, replied the

bar-net

"That's ecough for me," said the parsets, with a wave of his hand, like a man who had negative himself of

"And how so in do you say the hishop is to be here?" he inquired after a passe.

"About ten days," answered Sir Jekyl, et li a good deal ruffled.

The rector stood up also, and I um-

it, and and it ought to be done you med something like "Rule Pritantia" for a while. I am atraid he was tionking aitogether of hauself by this time, and suddenly recollecting that he was not in his own room, he wished his brother good night and departed.

Sir Jokyl was vexed. Trere are few things so anneying, when one has made up his mind to a certain course, as to have the misgivings and evil auguries of one's own soul aggravated by the vam but ominous disc suasions of others.

"I wish they'd keep their advice to the inserves. What leavily need there be t. Do they want me to be wint the room with old Lennex and his wife in it ! I don't eare two pence about it. It's a gloomy place. " Sir Jelyl was charging the accelental state of his own spirits upon the aspect of the place, which was really hardsome and cheerful, though antique.

"They re ad in a story, the fools! What is it to me! I don't care if I never saw it again. They may pull it down after Christmas, if they like, for me. And Dives, too, the scamp, taking pulpat. He that keef nothing but some orders and memory. As worldly a dog as there is in Eng-La. d

Jekyl Marlowe could get angry energh on occasion, but he was not prene to sair tempers and prevish Lumours. There was, I wever, in t now, something to remor him un contest calculated direct dile, and that was trackles expected prosts, Mr. Guy Strangways and M. Valbar-rere has not kept tryste. The day appointed to their visit had come and general or no appearance made In an or mery case a limited and hit years on his hould account to i stolk a miscattage, out tree was in this the mayower specialty which exected and sokehold is hand, and hourised has steps and has believed, suspendes . and he takes the constraint a istanda. little by a Here's feet when he was Linker's hille to se men

Next in analysis post bag brought Sir Jokal two atters, one of which reserved, and the other rather vexed inn, though not very profoundly, This latter was from his motherin law, Lady Alice, in reply to his cavil note, and much to his rperige accepting his invitation to

"Cross-grained old v

coming, for no reason on earth but to vex me. It shan't though. I'll make her most damnably welcome. We'll amuse her till she has not a leg to stand on; we'll take her an excursion every second day, and bivouae on the side of a mountain, or in the bottom of a wet glen. We'll put the young ponics to the phaeton, and Dutton shall run them away with her. I'll get up theatricals, and balls, and concerts; and I'll have breakfast at nine, instead of ten. I'll entertain her with a vengeance, egad. We'll see who'll stand it longest.'

A glance on the foot of the next letter, which was a large document, on a blue sheet of letter paper, showed him what he expected, the official autograph of Messrs. Pelters and Crowe; it was thus expressed—

"MY DEAR SIR JEKYL MARLOWE, "Pursuant to yours of the -- th, and in accordance with the instructions therein contained, we have made inquiries as therein directed, in all available quarters, and have received answers to our letters, and trust that the copies thereof, and the general summary of the correspondence, which we hope to forward by this evening's post, will prove satisfactory to you. The result seems to us clearly to indicate that your information has not been well founded, and that there has been no movement in the quarter to which your favour refers, and that no member, at all events no promiment member, of that family is at present in England. In further exenation of your instructions, as conreyed in your favour as above, we have, through a reliable channel, merned that Messrs. Smith, Rumsey, (nd Snagg, have nothing in the mator of Deverell at present in their office. Nor has there been, we are assured, any correspondence from or on the part of any of those clients for the last five terms or more. Notwithstanding, therefore, the coincidence of the date of your letter with the period to which, on a former occasion, we invited your attention, as indicated by the deed of 1809"—

"What the plague is that?" interpolated Sir Jekyl. "They want me to write and ask, and pop it down in the costs;" and after a vain endeavour to recall it, he read the passage over again with deliberate emphasis.

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"Notwithstanding, therefore, the coincidence of the date of your letter with the period to which, on a former occasion, we invited your attention, as indicated by the deed of 1809, we are clear upon the evidence of the letters, copies of which will be before you as above by next post, that there is no ground for supposing any unusual activity on the part or behalf of the party or parties to whom you have referred.

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"Awaiting your further directions, "I have the honour to remain,

"My dear Sir Jekyl Marlowe,
"Your obedient servant,
"A. D. Pelters,
"For Pelters and Crowe.

"Sir Jekyl Marlowe, Bart.,
"Marlowe,

"Old Swayton."

When Sir Jekyl read this, he felt all on a sudden a dozen years younger. He snapped his finger, and smiled, in spite of himself. He could hardly bring himself to acknowledge, even in soliloquy, how immensely he was relieved. The sun shone delightfully; and his spirits returned quite brightly. He would have liked to cricket, to ride a steeple-chase—anything that would have breathed and worked him well, and given him a fair occasion for shouting and cheering.

Very merry he was at the social breakfast table, and the whole party very gay, except those few whose natures were sedate or melancholic.

"A tremendous agreeable man, Sir Jekyl-don't you think so, Jennie?" said General Lennox to his wife, as he walked her slowly along the terrace at the side of the house.

"I think him intolerably noisy, and sometimes absolutely vulgar," answered Ludy Jane, with a languid disdain, which conveyed alike her estimate of her husband's discernment and of Sir Jekyl's merits.

"Well, I thought he was agreeable. Some of his jokes I think, indeed, had not much sense in them. But sometimes I don't see a witty thing as quick as cleverer fellows do, and they were all laughing, except you; and I don't think you like him, Jennie."

"I don't dislike him. I dare say he's a very worthy soul; but he gives me a headache."

"He is a little noisy, maybe. Yes,

halout duly by a squies and the homest general, which prosteds of thete and an electrosic was official of his own or in internal 1, a sorta like

The 100 multipe was refler a ple cast teless. In no reat police; In Phike to contribute of the contribute of their soft of their life is soft. Luminosed, don't you think

"I have good home in a solid body

The general, not known grey of vivil 1990 to the control of the control of the best side in silety extra begy do not 120. Listaria, in 1's following the rand a seaf win hospital for the a view. and, honor because of the randosome with a discount so the could A Washington

The grown community with not all the every life is not short the grotion discrete in the total two away Mrs. Theory of the control of the Mrs. Theory of the horizontal the Control of th

Jane la sur chiqui con a service.

and raised his het.

"Sagaiweller for two" [1] In the Charles we street that its You make determine the world a what see he is seen by a form or two to a you to a your and the seen two transports of the land Cotton Gryche, already as it to be to the Lord Cotton I seems of the land Cotton I seems of the specific transport of the land cotton I seems of the land cotton

FAV. Bereich auch bewählten dies a

"The attractor size.

Let we have been supported by the Markov and the Ma partition of the mwo back thought as a section value of the state cars, a I train. We don't you be The to have to

"We'l, I tlink it might do you road. Ley t. What die mer say, Sir 50,810

"Severy sorry to hear Lady Jane is sulfaned but I ready trank your adv. c. Comeral Lennex into so very fine and mild, and I think it might amuse L. 'y Jases,' and he glanted at the lady, who, however, wearing for lowite ain; smile, was conversue; with Miss Mobelly about a work little wante dog, with long cars and a blue (i'doo), which had accompanied her walls first, the house.

"Well, dear, Sir Jonyl wants to know. What do you say: Inquie 1

the windard.

200 apray jarrat geras you ploops. I die av I can no. Its an the out which refer eyes from severy Little I on, on whom she bestowed her may be to pulse and care so a

"You below to be strex, you charms ing lattle tory. The sure you do: and is a few years whiled to so int with other people without leave, you

manality I the famous

"You must not attack her so. She really leves Beatrix; and though she has a cont just to take the air with me, Let witte hk she cares two post of signate hard I know I don't

ver area to ber fort. "Yes, they do,

"West I shall venture may I? I'll order the corn in ear one. And w. Il say Gryston Broage, said Sir doxy's heatating notwithstanding, ment with a variational is counterance.

the disk of the Variaties countertainer.

The sold leaving was tring, dear, it will be all the interpretable to be readily at the disk of the disk of

CHAPTER X.

OLD GRYSTON BRIDGE.

GRYSTON BRIDGE is one of the prettiest scenes in that picturesque part of the country. A river slowly winds its silvery way through the level base of a beautifully irregular valley. No enclosure breaks the dimpling and undulating sward-for it is the common of Gryston—which rises in soft pastoral slopes at either side, forming the gentle barriers of the valley. which is closed in at the further end by a bold and Alpine hill, with a base rising purple and dome-like from the plain; and in this perspective the vale of Gryston diverges, and the two streams, which at its head unite to form the slow-flowing current of the Greet, are lost to sight. Trees of nature's planting here and there overhang its stream, and others, solitarily or in groups, stud the hill-sides and the soft green plain. A strange row of tall, grey stones, druidic or monumental, of a by-gone Cyclopean age, stand up, time-worn and mysterious, on a gentle slope, with a few bending thorn and birch trees beside them, in the near distance; and in the foreground, the steep, Gothic bridge of Gretford, or Gryston, spans the river, with five tall arches, and a loop-holed gatehouse, which once guarded the pass, now roofless and ruined.

In this beautiful and sequestered scene the party from Marlowe had loitered away that charming afternoon. The early sunset had been rapidly superseded by darkness, and the moonlight had surprised them. The servants were packing up hampers of plates and knives and forks, and getting the horses to for the return to Marlowe; while, in the early moonlight a group stood upon the bridge, overlooking from the battlement the beautiful landscape in its changing light.

Sir Jekyl could see that Captain Drayton was by Beatrix's side, and concluded rightly, I have no doubt, that his conversation was tinted by the tender lights of that romantic landscape.

"The look back on this old bridge from those druidic stones there by moonlight is considered very fine. It is no distance—hardly four hundred steps from this—although it looks so misty," said the baronet to Lady Jane, who leaned on his arm. "Suppose we make a little party, will you venture!"

I suppose the lady acquiesced, for Sir Jekyl oldered that the carriages should proceed round by the road and take them up at the point where these druidic remains stand.

The party who ventured this little romantic walk over the grass were General Lennox, in charge of the mature Miss Blunkett, who loved a frolic with all her girlish heart; Sir Jekyl, with Lady Jane upon his arm, and Captain Drayton, who escorted Beatrix. Marching gaily, in open column, as the general would have said, they crossed the intervening hollow, and reached the hillock, on which stand these ungainly relics of a by-gone race; and up the steep bank they got, each couple as best they could. Sir Jekyl and Lady Jane, for he knew the ground, by an easy path, were first to reach the upper platform.

reach the upper platform.

Sir Jekyl, I dare say, was not very learned about the druids, and I can't say exactly what he was talking about, when on a sudden he arrested both his step and his sentence, for on one of these great prostrate stones which strew that summit, he saw standing, not a dozen steps away, well illuminated by the moon, the figure of that very Gny Strangways whom he so wished and hated to see—whom he had never beheld without such strange sensations, and had not expected to see again.

The young man took no note of them apparently. He certainly did not recognise Sir Jekyl, whose position placed his face in the shade, while that of Mr. Strangways was full in the white light of the moon.

They had found him almost in the act of descending from his pedestal; and he was gone in a few moments, before the baronet had recovered from his surprise.

The vivid liken which he bore to a person wh wished to think like sudden; his vanishing.

with just the data of the following which for a tew hours for had been in servings as a condition in which, tell yell, and the serving of the conditioned by the Administration of the land by the serving of the serving in the data. theletier of Mercas Declarem i Chove was top a in ment demonstrated. He dropped Lody Jate's arm, and the getting his clayany, stode to the brow of the Lalock over wai hathe myster rious young man had disappeared. He had lost signt of home but be enough I in a few seconds, about fatty yards away, from is hind a scroon of them, walking swiftly toward the tea below by, on which stood a charse, sharp in the misty meanings to

Just in time to prevent his shoul ing after the figured rew on the poor of recent ring the volvels, he reads lected and checked in models. Confound the fell ws, if they defin thats prograte his hispatively should be run after them, or we swere to y that he should are a paradout to so? Had be not Polters and Convey lets terf. And suppose here here they rail is and engage the ventage and an task. what could be expect but a pure lost points hes. Certainly, to be the encumstances, pursuit with a have been stecially understance, and the har cost drew himself up on the collect the eminence and cast a haugity is a angry look after the young goods man, who was now stepping into the carriage, and supdenly be received of how very all he had to do a long Jane, and the Late I to a contract.

But So dough in that very short introductional left constant or his species. The sight of that young more building to fact out to the Imagenior creens tell beautified letter. He was a new have and a this unconcept that most troppet and his it as Ment research star in English to volve at weterst and so take the english to be the work with a total the first of area to destroy with the asset of draw of Marines with the tensor to be a second of the control of the first of the control of t Filler to the detect a province in its will two loss states of $(1,\alpha)$ ets by massing it. We set a refin to the there is a set of the line to the last 1 . :1 with two new cottons to pall the message message in the :1 . . avoiding the blight reach spot

Some of Sadow, Marine and chamself rapolity to apoing into that and intense the asiness from

other her as a man and a strength his rame a color of the was attack to be telescapitate ore of a goa view data of his activation to the porters, I believe. There were people in V. I here about a year agel and Liquite torget when Lacked you to come. I should never have foreign never have rever, is I you been true dere-

Sir delay sound, of comes, tell to especially by way of spelling a particular participation for the world and La filicie tarnolla negligoro ski ta A ant in which try, and I suppose too hidy for two land.

The same ages had now array had the bender this pretty road, as Manlows though not mand the a estere weptaway no can to and oil air oil. Store of been, with a nepert, year byey. way home, and a series have dark to the ground, starling, and radia year for General Lenney as in stollowed a and a very merry party, master 1 in tile half profficies buglance and lighting their canales, to ran upstairs and the same like three

Su Joky, was the host of the party in the tank at it exists be also hugh had deed away on the allow allower him, and away fled his stones like the liverage at Halliants of Carbon's rethe period of alusions, and clack the a had her land on his coulder as t stockless but

The 1 is butler, with a grave bow, are stell ism in mild accents

"The two Lentlemen, sir, as y u speace, to Mrs. Sumott, has six vel-als in his minutes before you, say, and the backblown sire to love day ar direct to and had them part of the rooms at the front, as you ordered, an should be kept for them, before Mrs. Grannier

"Blk of two gentlements" denout ded Sir Jokyl, with a thin 1 " Mr. Straigwaysara Mr. Varlari ere-

"The master, I thank, the total season Strangways, Trastways, Landson, on, awaz ayok wion yenez with a branch of the Heriot Globesters flowly, if you pen year which strangwiss is the name.

"Az Toolar, yeng centleman, tali and sucht, cic

"Yes, or cand a leavy gentleman

...

haccompanies him—something in years—a furriner, as I suppose, and speaking French or Jarmin; least-ways, it is not English."

"Dinner in twenty minutes," said Sir Jekyl, with the decision of the Duke of Wellington in action; and away he strode to his dressing-room in the back settlements, with a quick

step and a thoughtful face.

"I shan't want you, Storey, you need not stay," said he to his man; but before he let him go, he asked carelessly a word or two about the new guests; and learned in addition to what he already knew nothing but that they had brought a man with them.

"So much the worse," thought Sir Jekyl; "those confounded fellows hear everything, and have their noses everywhere. I sometimes think that rascal. Storey, pries about here."

rascal, Storey, pries about here."

And the baronet, half-dressed, opened the door of his study, as he called it, at the further end of his homely bed-chamber, and looked

round.

It is or might be a comfortable room, of some five-and-twenty feet square, surrounded by a low shelving as homely as the style of the bedroom, of books, of the "Annual Register," "Gentlemen's Magazine," and "Universal History" sort—long rows in dingy gilding—moved up here when the library of Marlowe was broken up. The room had a dusty air of repose about it. A few faded pieces of old-fashioned furniture, which had probably been quartered here in genteel retirement, long ago, when the principal sitting-rooms were undergoing a more modern decoration.

Here Sir Jekyl stood with a suddenlook of dejection, and stared listlessly round on the compact wall of books that surrounded him except for the one door-case, that through which he had entered, and the two windows on all sides. Sir Jekyl was in a sort of collapse of spirits He stepped dreamily to the far sh took down a volume of the thoughts were running in a gloomy channel.

"Is it worth all this?" he thought.
"I'm growing tired of it—utterly. I'm half sorry I came here; perhaps they are right. It might be a devilish good thing for me if this rubbishy old house were burnt to the ground—and I in it, by Jove! 'Out, out, brief candle.' What's that Shakespeare speech?—'A tale told by an idiot—a play played by an idiot—egad! I don't know why I do half the things I do."

When he looked in the glass he did

not like the reflection.

"Down in the mouth—hang it! this will never do," and he shook his curls, and smirked, and thought of the ladies; and bustled away over his toilet, and when it was completed, as he fixed in his jewelled wrist-buttons, the cold air and shadow of his good or evil angel's wing crossed him again, and he sighed. Capricious were his moods. Our wisdom is so frivolous, and our frivolities so sad. Is there time here to think out anything completely? Is it possible to hold by our conclusions, or even to remember them long? And this trifling and suffering are the woof and the warp of an eternal robe--wedding garment, let us hope—maybe winding sheet, or-toga molesta.

Sir Jekyl, notwithstanding his somewhat interrupted toilet, was in the drawing-room before many of his guests had assembled. He hesitated for a moment at the door, and turned about with a sickening thrill, and walked to the table in the outer hall or vestibule, where the post-bag lay. He had no object in this countermarch, but to postpone for a second or two the meeting with the gentlemen whom with, as he sometimes fancied, very questionable prudence, he had invited under his roof.

And now he entered, frank, gay, smiling. His eyes did not search, they were, as it were, smitten instantaneously with a sense of pain, by the image of the young man, so handsome, so peculiar, sad, and noble, the sight of whom had so moved him.

He was conversing with old Colonel

ocey, at the further side of the a. In another moment Sir as before him, his hand very in his.



"Very happy to see you here, Mr. Strangways.

"I am very much honoured, Sir Jekyl Marlowe," returned the young gentleman, in that low sweet tone which he also hated. "I have many apologies to make. We have arrived two days later than your note appointed; but an accident" -- --

"Pray, not a word -yeur appearance here is the best compensation you can make me. Your friend, Monsieur Varbarriere, I hope ---

"Yes; he too, has the honour. Wili you permit me to present him! Monsieur Varbarriere, my uncle, said the young man, presenting his reintive.

A gentlemen at this summons turned snearnly from General Lennox, with whom he had been takiter ; a septare policy meta, taker a good deal ween you appear hed blim that he is deal at first its his, "all slivered," has been a class for the Paritypes, conically from his 1 telead; grey heavily profession avebrows, hig untributed monstoone and beard, alto zetro racio adated to ewhich seemed to indicate that of the bination of strong sense and schoolity which we see in some of the model of Roman Physics of a finehead policeting at the brows, and keen dackeyes, in shadew, observing ad to a s from under the r grizzled post it are; these plints, and a hooken nose, and a certain weight and Essentially of countenance, gave to the large and rather pulled aspect, presented saliency to the Balenet, kometh is as we have said of the conact of regular hage can Visit hadens placed by a consequence of stiing me to the first, fore inclowed the post post to respect the entire carbons and the least of the Karland wars count with made and chain and towedery genewhen he will be an are profesto and to well a mark white and claimsy Lack of the mile late the level and

the kind of the office them.

Let keep the many two of his trains,

associately year of the sociation for the terms of the sociation may be soon. that is steady to show the way was pitched to a company of the control way to the distribution to the control with the control way to be controlled with the co William Control of State of Wasself Control of State of Programme Tale egy in the window of early five soft end notice the Rebrew e manarity, and which brings the nasals of that tongue into sonorous and rather ugly re-

"England is, I dare say, quite new to you. Monsieur Varburriere ?' inquired Sir Jekyl.

" I have seen it a very long time ago, and admire your so fine country very much," replied the pallid and bearded sage, speaking in French still, and in those bell-like tones which rang and buzzed unpleasantly in the car.

"You find us the same foggy and tasteless islanders as before," said the host. "In art, indeed, we have made an advance; there, I think, we have capabilities, but we are as a prople totally deficient in that fine deconative sense which expresses itself so gracefully and universally in your caluming part of the world."

When Sir Jekyl talked of France Le was generally thinking of Paris.

" We have our barbarous regions, as you have; our vineyards are a dull sight after all, and our forest trees you, with your grand timber, would use for broom sticks."

"But your capital; why every the one looks out at the window it is a fill up to one's spirits. To me, proferring France so infinitely as I et a said Sir Jekyl, replying in his guest's language, "it appears a mystery why any Frenchman, who can help it, ever visits our dismal region."

The enchanter Lere shrugged slowly, with a solemn smile.

" No wonder our actions are mys-

terious to others, since they are so offered to ourselves.

"You are best acquainted with the sent a of France f" said Sir Jekyl, With all any data for such an assumption, and saving the reverse of what Le su que ted.

"Very well with the south; pretty we i, indeed, with most parts.

Just at this moment Mr. Ridley's blacel and awful totals informed the company that dinner was on the there and Sir Jekyl hast ned to afford to Lady Blumbett the support of L s V. coms arm into the parleur.

Luiy Blunkett was not very intere tirg, and was of the Ablerman's opinion, that conversation passents one's fasting the green fat a Sar Jekyl I al. therefore, ti

catches glatice

more than Mr. Guy Strangways, and his eye oftener reviewed that ponderous and solemn face and form than any other at the table. It seemed that he liked his dinner, and attended to his occupation. But though taciturn, his shrewd eyes glanced from time to time on the host and his guests with

from time to time, what was going on an air of reserved observation that among his guests. Monsieur Varshowed his mind was anything but barriere had begun to interest him sluggish during the process. He sluggish during the process. He looked wonderfully like some of those enchanters whom we have seen in illustrations of Don Quixote.

"A deep fellow," he thought, "an influential fellow. That gentleman knows what he's about; that young

fellow is in his hands.'

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

SIR JEKYL heard snatches of conversation, sometimes here, sometimes

Guy Strangways was talking to Deatrix, and the Baronet heard him

say, smiling-

"But you don't, I'm sure, believe in the elixir of life; you only mean to mystify us." He was looking more than ever-identical with that other person whom it was not pleaeant to Sir Jekyl to be reminded ofhorribly like, in this white wax-light

splendour.

"But there's another process, my uncle, Monsieur Varbarriere, says, by slow refrigeration: you are first put to sleep, and in that state frozen; and once frozen, without having suffered death, you may be kept in a state of suspended life for twenty or thirty years, neither conscious, nor growing old; arrested precisely at the point of your existence at which the process was applied, and at the same point restored again whenever for any purpose it may be expedient to recall you to consciousness and activity."

One of those restless searching glances which the solemn portly old gentleman in black directed, from time to time, as he indulged his taciturn gulosity, lighted on the baronet at this moment, and Sir Jekyl felt that they exchanged an unintentional glance of significance. Each averted his quickly; and Sir Jekyl, with one of his chuckles, for the sake merely of saying something, remarked-

"I don't see how you can restore

people to life by freezing them."

"He did not speak, I think, of restoring life—did you, Guy " said the of the old gentlebell-toned French.

"Oh, no-suspending merely," answered the young man.

"To restore life, you must have recourse, I fancy, to a higher process," continued the sage, with an ironical gravity, and his eye this time fixed steadily on Sir Jekyl's; "and I could conceive none more embarrassing to the human race, under certain circumstances," and he shrugged slowly and shook his head.

"How delightful!-no more death!" exclaimed enthusiastic Miss Blunkett. "Embarrassing, of course, I mean,

to certain of the survivors. This old gentleman was hitting his tenderest points rather hard and often. Was it by chance or design? Who was he?

So thought the baronet as he smiled and nodded.

"Do you know who that fat old personage is who dresses like an undertaker and looks like a Jew?" asked Captain Drayton of Beatrix.

"I think he is a relative of Mr. Strangways."

"And who is Mr. Strangways?" "He's at my right, next me," answered she, in a low tone, not liking the very clear and distinct key in which the question was put.

But Captain Drayton was not easily disconcerted, being a young gentleman of a bold and rather impertinent temperament, and he continued leaning back in his chair and looking dreamily into his hock-glass.

"Not a friend of yours, is he?"
"Oh, no."

"Really-not a friend. You're quite certain "

"Perfectly. We never saw either -that is, papa met them at some posting place on his way from London, and invited them; but I think he knows nothing more.

"Well, I dol not lake to say till I knew, but I think him the old fellow. I have not seen the yearing man a most vulgar looking old person.

He's a wate polder, or manager of a factory, or something. You never saw

I knew Paris by heart you neer see such a thing in gentlemanly seciety tilere."

And the young lady heard him say, sations of "Bone" Lorenty to him self, as an interpetion, while he just raised the finger tips of the hand which rested on the table, and let them descend again on the stowy napery. The subset deserved no more troublesome _estme.

"And waste is the young gentle, man to asked Captain Drayton, after a little interval

Batrix toot him again.

"On There she Isn't his French very had-did it strike you? Bad arent I can tell in a moment. That's not an accent one hears anywhere.

Oddly enough, Sir Jekyl at the same time, with such slight interruptions as his agreeable attentions to Loly Blankett imposed, was, in the ride the t way in which such discussons are mentally pursued, observing up a the pendiantes of his two new guests, and dol not judge them

The elder was odd, take him for what countryly a pleased. Bearded irke a German, spinking good Freigh, with a good a cent, but in the loud fall to color a Siemard, and with a quality of various various and inthe syntax was defined person of permeanour made have Thursh " enting the Heat seek gas I have describe of the mentional during a and the second of the second o executive at the fig. Part Anathra 11. Carry Destruction The Walter Committee Charles a Region yet about Gay standardy, will be inagat, on the state of a closest to be necessarily

tions of the gentlemanly, and he knew the French people a good deal better than the youthful eagtain did.

The principal drawing res in of Marlowe is a very large apartment, and people can talk of one another in it without any risk of detection.

"Well, Lasly Jane," said the Parenet, sitting down before that handsome woman, and her husband the General, so as to interrupt a conjugal tite a tite, probably a particularly affectionate one, for he was to leave for London next day. "I saw you converse with Monsieur Varbarriere. What do you think of him (

"I don't think I conversed with him did I f He talked to me; but I really did not take the trouble to

think about him.

The General laughed triumphantly, and glanced over his shoulder at the Baronet. He liked his wife's contempt for the rest of the sex, and her occasional only occasional enthusiasm for him.

"Now you are much too clever, Lady Jane, to be let off so. I really want to know something about lumi, which I don't at present; and if any one can be joine to a wise conjecture, von, I am certain, can.

"And don't you really know who he is " inquised General Lennox, with a harizhty mi'nary surpase.

"The a nay honour, I have not the fab to to do a, abswered Sir Jekyl. "He may be a cook or a rabbit for asything I can tell.

The Greena's white evel-rows went some inches up the slanting ascent of his pink forel ead, and he plainly looked his an ize neat that Ludy Jane should have been subjected at Marlowe to the risk of being accessed on band terms by a cook or a real c His hips senswed themselves onconseries A data a small of and his eves went in seatch of the masqueradac-In med

"We had soo he sool the General, still exempt M. Varintriere, "at Futtyshur, a French fellow, fat like that, but not so tall in capital cook, by J. ve. and a very gentlen anly man. He was a white care and he had a year good vay of stowing tomatees at the ey. I think it was not

yes, it was and a menutrous gene-tomanale fellow he was. He was to expensive though , he cost us a great deal," and the General winked



slyly. "I had to speak to him once or twice. But an uncommon gentlemanlike man."

"He's not a cook, my dear. He may be a banker, perhaps," said Lady

Jane, languidly.

"You have exactly hit my idea," said Sir Jekyl. "It was his knowing all about French banking, General, when you mentioned that trick that was played you on the Bourse.

At this moment the massive form and face of M. Varbarriere was seen approaching with Beatrix by his side, They were conversing, but the little group we have just been listening to dropt the discussion of M. Varbarriere, and the baronet said that he hoped General Lennox would have a fine day for his journey, and that the moon looked particularly light and clear.

"I want to show Monsieur Varbarriere the drawings of the house, papa; they are in this cabinet. He admires the architecture very much."

The large enchanter in black made a solenin bow of acquiescence here, but said nothing; and Beatrix took from its nook a handsome red-leather portfolio, on the side of which, in tall golden letters, were the words-

> VIEWS AND ELEVATIONS OF MARLOWE MANOR HOUSE. PAULO ABRUZZI, ARCHITECT. 1711.

"Capital drawing, I am told. He was a young man of great promise," said Sir Jekyl, in French. "But the said Sir Jekyl, in French. style is quite English, and, I fear, will hardly interest an eye accustomed to the more graceful contour of southern continental architecture.

"Your English style interests me very much. It is singular, and suggests hospitality, enjoyment, and

mystery."

Monsieur Varbarriere was turning over these tinted drawings care-

fully.

"Is not that very true, papa—hospitality, enjoyment, mystery?" re-peated Beatrix. "I think that faint character of mystery is so pleasant. here." We have a mysterious ro She had turned to M. Vari iere. 40

house once, near Havre, and the stories were capital, and there were some very good noises too. We must get Dives to tell it by and by; he was younger than I, and more frightened."

"And Mademoiselle says you have a haunted apartment here," said the ponderous foreigner with the high

forehead and projecting brows. "Yes, of course. We are very much haunted. There is hardly a crooked passage or a dark room that has not a story," said Sir Jekyl. "Beatrix, why don't you sing us a song, by-the-

by !"
"May I beg one other favour first,
"may I beg one of the song!" said M. Varbarriere with an imposing playfulness. "Mademoiselle, I am sure, tells a story well. Which, I entreat, is the particular room you speak of I

"We call it the green chamber,"

said Beatrix.

"The green chamber—what a ro-mantic title!" exclaimed the large gentleman in black, graciously; "and where is it situated?" he pursued.

"We must really put you into it,"

said Sir Jekyl.

"Nothing I should like so well,"

he observed with a bow.

"That is, of course, whenever it is deserted. You have not been plagued with apparitions, General? Even Lady Jane-and there are no ghost-seers like ladies, I've observed—has failed to report anything horrible."

His hand lay on the arm of her chair, and as he spoke, for a moment pressed hers, which, not choosing to permit such accidents, she, turning carelessly and haughtily toward the other speakers, slipt away.

" And pray, Mademoiselle Marlowe, in what part of the house is this so wonderful room situated?" persisted the grave and reverend signor.

"Quite out of the question to describe to one who does not already know the house," interposed Sir Jekyl. "It is next the six-sided "It is next the six-sided dressing-room, which opens from the hatchment gallery—that is its exact situation; and I'm afraid I have failed to convey it," said Sir Jekyl with one of his playful chuckles.

The druidic-looking Frenchman and lifted his fingers with a on of perplexity, and 3KDI

a view of the side of the house where—levely. She sang in that tich and this room lies (" be inquired." plaintive contralto—so rare and re-

"I was looking it out," said Beatrix.

"I'll find it, Trixie. Go you and sing its a sone," said the baronet.

"I ve got them bed, papa. Now, Monsieur Variourriere, here they are. This is the front view—this is the sac."

"Fair very much obliged," said Monsie it, exactining the drawings carearly, "if ever in receips. This large boo wild downloads to it. Is it not set wilder out the chow long to took set wilder to in technique to the character of the side view. It probests that it, side of the older broken it is side of the older broken. It is wildered to the first the wilder to the first and the side of t

The state of the s

"The Lord errors Yes very clover very percent rule levery eyed them ever adalic carefully, he shall have them down

"As the sas well as a larger of larger, no daulth. All way cannot a late, say, and the sac Monacar Varlancers, "Are there here to

where the way is a strong of the strong of t

Proceedings of percent and Capter the Indian competition of the Capter the Indian competition of the Indian competition competition of the Indian co

Now I atrix was portly more than pretty. Some 10 placehold act.

I vely. She sang in that tich and plaintive contralto so rare and reinexplicably moving the famous "Come Gentil," from Don Pasquald. When she censed, the gentleman at her other side, Guy Strangways, sided not a complamentary—a real

"That is a wonderful sore, the very sperit of a serenade. Such extrance—such galety such sadness. Year It's post, Them is Morre, compares some soritual massic or hind voice to so shahe spoken. This is moonic lat sung, and so sung that I could dream (way harf a rate in hetering, and versich) who ut classes."

Mr. Guy Strai gways' strange, dark cyes bloked to be in her, as well an in all left of the hera be said these works.

It years have smiled, he hier up for a moment to the lower law as the heart with the law as the following the matter as a Whom to the product in a product to the law and the law as a law as a

"It is onto charmle a really. The normal and you know but I reply to I must extravagantly, especially stream, said that a softment at I thanks of the other portry." He was possibly a district a using a stronger term. "The said thanks of the latter thanks of the

He had his class in his eye, at I turned book the leafer the rong to the 1916 and

"Den't squile yes, Sweet operation, However, There be tend to Masses, at 1 but rever, Miss Malaye we will recover the force of the cover of the force of the cover of the cove

Capta Drayt is was not making less a transport well, ad tell it's one is well to was closed in the capture of the fall to exceed the left of the Capture of the left of the left

the process of the fine in words that the shift of the Process of the following the strength of the sweet to the that is set that is the Process of the part of the part of the fore.

"Once since we came, we rode proached, and chose to remind them, there, papa and I," answered Miss in that agreeable way, that he was Marlowe. "It looked particularly well this evening—quite beautiful in the moonlight."

"Is it possible, Miss Marlowe, that you were there this evening? I and my uncle stopped on our way here to admire the exquisite effect of the steep old bridge, with a wonderful foreground of druidic monuments, as they_scemed to me."

"Does your father preserve that

river l" asked Captain Drayton, coolly pretermitting Mr. Strangways

altogether.

"I really don't know," she replied, in a slight and hurried way that nettled the captain; and, turning to Guy Strangways, she said, "Did you see it from the bridge ?"

"No, Mademoiselle; from the mound in which those curious stones are raised," answered Mr. Strang-

ways.

Captain Drayton felt that Miss Marlowe's continuing to talk to Mr. Strangways, while he was present and willing to converse, was extremely offensive, choosing to entertain a low opinion in all respects of that person. He stooped a little forward, and stared at the stranger with that ill-bred gaze of insolent surprise which is the peculiar weapon of Englishmen, and which very distinctly expresses, "who the devil are you?

Perhaps it was fortunate for the harmony of the party that just at this moment, and before Captain Drayton could say anything specially impertinent, Sir Jekyl touched Drayton on the shoulder, saying-

"Are you for whist f"

"No, thanks-I'm no player."

"Oh! Mr. Strangways-I did not see-do you play l'

Mr. Strangways smiled, bowed, and shook his head

"Drayton, did I present you to Mr. Strangways!" and the baronet made the two young gentlemen technically known to one another, though, of course, each knew the other already, though they did not care to speak.

They bowed rather low, and a little haughtily, neither smiling. I suppose Sir Jekyl saw something a little

present, and wished them acquainted.

and of course, friendly.

He had now secured old Colonel Doorey to make up his party. The sober old Frenchman and Sir Paul Blunkett making the supplementary two; and before they had taken their chairs round the card-table, Captain Drayton said, with a kind of inclination rather insolent than po-

"You are of the Dolchester family, of course? I never knew a Strangways yet-I mean, of course, a presentable Strangways-who was not.

"You know one now, sir; for I am not connected ever so remotely with that distinguished family. My family

are quite another Strangways."
"No doubt quite as respectable," said Captain Drayton with a bow, a look, and a tone that would have passed for deferential with many; but which, nevertheless, had the subtle flavour of an irony in it.

"Perhaps more so; my ancestors are the Strangways of Lynton; you are aware they had a peerage down to the reign of George the Second.'

Captain Drayton was not as deep as so fashionable and moneyed a man ought to have been in extinct peerages, and therefore he made a little short supercilious bow, and no answer. He looked drowsily toward the ceiling, and then-

"The Strangways of Lynton are on the Continent or something—one does not hear of them," said Captain Drayton slightly but grandly. "Wo are the Draytons of Drayton Forest,

in the same county."

"Oh! then my uncle is misinformed. He thought that family was extinct, and lamented over it when we saw the house and place at a distance.'

Captain Drayton coloured a little above his light vellow moustache. He was no Drayton, but a remotely collateral Smithers, with a queen's letter, constituting him a Drayton.

"Aw-yes-it is a fine old place-quite misinformed. I can show you

our descent if you wish it."

If Drayton had collected his ideas a little first he would not have made this condesconsion

recy high I assume mine is only respectable presentable, as you say, but by no means so high as to warrant my inquiring into that of other protect.

"Inquiry! of course. I did not say inquiry," and with an effort Captain inquiry, and wish and Drayton almost laughed. Drayton almost dull," nequiesced

Mr. Strangways slightly.

Both gentlemen paused—cach seemed to expect something from the other each seemed rather angrily listen's g for it. The oster-sible attack had all been on the part of the gallant Captain, who certainly had not been particularly well-bred. The Captain, nevertheless, felt that Mr. Strangways knew perfectly all about Smithers, and that Smithers really had not one drop of the Drayton blood in his veins; and he telt in the sore and secret centre of his soul, that the polished, handsome young gentleman, so easy, so graceful, with that suspicion of a foreign accent and of foreign gesture, had the best of the

unavowed battle. He had never spoken a word, or looked a look in the course of this little dialogue, which could have sugge tod an idea of alterestion, or any kind of mutual unpleasantness, to the be, utiful young girl; whe, with one hand on the keys of the place, to ushed them so lightly with her fingers as to call forth a dream of an air rather than the air itself.

To her Guy Stantgways turned, with his peculiar since so winning, yet so deep can end matter smale that had in it a latent somers and fire eness, and by its very ambiguousness interested one.

"I upbraid myself for losing these precious moments while you sit here; and might, perhaps, the persuaded to charm us with another song,

So she was persuaded. Captain Dray! we till keeping guard, and applanding, though with no special good will toward the unofferoing stranger.

CHAPTER AIL

M. VARRARCIARE CONVERSES WITH PIS SPENER

The THE party broke up early. ladies trooped to their bed room cand'es and asceroled the great staircase, chatting harmoniously, and bidding mutual sweet good nights as in sirce sion, they reached their deals The gentlemen having sat for a will e lazily about the fact or gathered round the tray, whereon stood she by and seitzer water, repereda'set etile cluster of bold a fer cardlet as without, in 13 direct temselves, to k ing togother on the sorth emission www.levers.te.te.com.

room as I have a sigar, Motor i Varlorrage asked the bars of in F. n. h

Monsterr was nearly obliged, and bowed very envely but decline to

"And you Mr. St. maways. He ais a with not yet; anks, a smile

and a low, do and

" My quarters are quite out of reach of the milduted part of the house her very far from two hundred for from this spot, by Jove! You must be a v right in

night: v u'd . furniture as l often make a party there and smoke for half an hour.

So, as they were not to be personaled, the barenet he patably accompanied them to their rooms, at the commen dressing a one door of which stood little Jacque Duval with his thin, bronzed tare, candle in hand, bown z, to receive his master

Here then Six Johal bid them good night, and descended the great stancase, and have its other long line of probability to lest and leading up to he wo follow y apartment.

The event man modeled to Jacque, and novel the type of his fingers towar is the dock has not betimation which the a light valet perfectly neederstood, so, with a cheerful law, Le within w

There was a Lay little spluttering fire in the 2r de, which the snarphess of the night trace very pleasant. The clumsy does was sour, and the room had an or of contact to secrety which invited a task.

It was not to come, he werer, walls out preparation. He arew a chair before the fire, and sat down solemnly, taking a gigant a cigar from



his case, and moistening it diligently between his lips before lighting it. Then he pointed to a chair beside the hearth, and presented his cigarcase to his young companion, who being well versed in his elder's ways, helped himself to a cigarette, and having, like him, foreign notions about smoking, had of course no remorse about a cigar or two in their present quarters.

Up the chimney chiefly whisked the narcotic smoke. Over the ponderous features and knotted forehead of the sage flushed the uncertain light of the fire, revealing all the crows' feet -all the lines which years, thought, passion, or suffering had traced on that large, sombre, and somewhat cadaverous countenance, reversing oddly some of its shadows, and glittering with a snakelike brightness on the eyes, which now gazed grimly into the bars, but were generally overshadowed and half concealed by their heavy brows.

The large and rather flat foot, shining in French leather, of the portly gentleman in the ample black velvet waistcoat, rested on the fender, and he spoke not a word until his cigar was fairly smoked out, and the stump of it in the fire. Abruptly he began, without altering his pose or the direction of his gaze.

"You need not make yourself more friendly with any person here than is absolutely necessary.

He was speaking in French, and in a low tone that sounded like the toll of a distant bell.

Young Strangways bowed acquiescence.

"Be on your guard with Sir Jekyl Marlowe. Tell him nothing. Don't let him be kind to you. He will have no kind motive in being so. Fence with his questions--don't answer them. Remember he is an artful man without any scruple. I know him and all about him.

M. Varbarriere spoke each of these little sentences in an isolated way, as a smoker might, although he was no longer smoking, between his puffs, "Therefore, not a word to him -no obligatio - no intimacy. If he the hand, even by catches von your littl

ship, be

the young man in a deferential tone, but looking very hard at him.

"You partly don't understand me; the nature of my direction, however, is clear. Observe it strictly.'

There was a short silence here.

"I don't understand, sir, what covert hostility can exist between us; that is, why I should, in your phrase, keep my hand free to exert it against him. "No, I don't suppose you do."

"And I can't help regretting that, if such are our possible relations, I should find myself as a guest under his roof," said the young man with a pained and almost resentful look.

"You can't help regretting, andyou can't help the circumstance," vibrated his Mentor, in a metallic murmur, his cadaverous features wearing the same odd character of deep thought and apathy.

"I don't know, with respect to him-I know, however, how it has affected me-that I have felt unhappy, and even guilty since this journey commenced, as if I were a traitor and an impostor," said the young man with a burst of impatience.

"Don't, sir, use phrases which reflect back upon me," said the other, turning upon him with a sudden sternness. "All you have done is by

my direction."

The ample black waistcoat heaved and subsided a little faster than before, and the imposing countenance was turned with pallid fierceness upon the young man.
"I am sorry, uncle."

"So you should—you'll see one day how little it is to me, and how much

Here was a pause. The senior turned his face again toward the fire. The little flush that in wrath always touched his forehead subsided slowly. He replaced his foot on the fender, and chose another cigar.

'There's a great deal you don't see now that you will presently. I did not want to see Sir Jekyl Marlowe any more than you did or do; but I did want to see this place. You'll know hereafter why. I'd rather not have met him. I'd rather not be his guest. Had he been as usual at Dartbroke, I should have seen all I wanted without that annoyance. It

accident his being here—aninvited me; but no hav no trifling chance h less stop, the action of that piece of mechanism which I am constructing and will soon put in motion.

And with these words he lighted his eight, and after smoking for a white blowered it, and said

"Dal Sir Jokyi put any questions to you, with a view to learn particulars about you or me?"

"I don't reconect that he did. I rather tomk not, but Captain Drayton did."

"I know, Smithers I"

"Yes, sir.

"With an object (' inquired the

elder man.

"I taink not merely impertinence Conswer I Gue Strangw ys.

"You are real at its nothing to him. I do not all w that even Marlowe has a dispersion Absorbesy importances."

And upon this M. Varburiere begin to snoke again with resolution

and carry.

"You on lerst aid, Guy; you may be as poste as you please, but no friendship nowhere you must remain quit amounts reach."

Here followed some more smoke,

and after it the questi n

"What do you think of the young

Lady, Mademersone Manlowe ()

"She sings charmingly, and for the rest, I believe she is arread to, but my opportunit, a have been very little.

"What do you think of our fell w Jacque its he thistworthy?

"Perfectly, or for as I know."

"You never saw him peep into letters or that kind of thing

"Ceptanty hat

"There is a theory with hem; the investigated, and I is reald like to employ ham. You know no thing against the real real.

"Supply we get come a detire-

theolae Loc

Add a weather selected from the discourage and by we control by high because.

*Seed a residue side of fur dangue with raye to you my to see to see

The sterning is a final lower role and trade for each of

"We have type to be determined for the member one for ind-slope and no non-

And so the old man row, and shook panton's hand, L 4 stations.

but with a solemn and thoughtful countercase, and they separated for the night.

Next morning as the Rev. Dives Marlowe stood in his natty and unexceptionable elerical sostome on the hall-door steps, looking with a pempoous and, permeps, a somewhat forbidding counter are upon the morning proper to before him, his bother joined him.

"Evriy bard, Dives, pick the worm ch t Healthy and wise already, and wealthy to be. Slept well, ch t?"

"Always well here," answered the parson. He was less of a parson and more ake himself with Jekyl than with anyone else. His brother was so uncomfortably amused with his derival arts, knew him so well, and so undisgues ily esteemed him of the earth cartiyy that the eleric, although the abler as well as the better readman, always felt invariably a little sheep-shefedge him, in his slik vest and sample breasted coat with the which under either eyes he felt to be maps sample properties.

"You look so like that exemplary young man in Watts' hynn s, in the old-fashier of teggery, Dives—the fellow with the handsome round chicks, you know, poursiy saluting the morning sun that's 10 mg with a for of spekes stock cut of 10, don't you're-

member

"I look like something that's usly, I date say, said the parson, who rad not get up in a good temper. "These never was a Marsowe yet who had, it ugly points about him. But a young man, the 12h never soon by the sorner Traffer a bod compation och to some Traffer two years your junior, daky!

"Bitterly true every word may dear loy. But let us be pleasand. I've had a line to say that old Monlders is very the and really dying this time. Just read this melancholy

late ballen.

With an act which seemed to say, "with to piense you, he took the note and to act it. It was from his seemed, to mention that the Rev. Abraham Moniders was extremely troof his end compaint, and that there was something even worse the matter, and that Doctor Winters had said that morning he cor sibly get over this attach.

"Well, Dives, there sick and weak, for

have prayers for him at Queen's Chor-

leigh, eh?"
"Poor old man!" said Dives, solemnly, with his head thrown back, and his thick eyebrows elevated a little; and looking straight before him as he returned the note, "He's very ill, indeed, unless this reports much too unfavourably."

"Too favourably, you mean," sug-

gested the baronet.

"But you know, poor old man, it is only wonderful he has lived so long. The old people about there say he is eighty-seven. Upon my word, old Jenkins says he told him, two years ago, himself, he was eighty-five, and Doctor Winters, no chicken-just sixty-says his father was in the same college with him, at Cambridge, nearly sixty-seven years ago. You know, my dear Jekyl, when a man comes to that time of life, it's all idle-a mere pull against wind and tide, and every-thing. It is appointed unto all men once to die, you know, and the natural term is threescore years and ten. All idle—all in vain!"

And delivering this, the Rev. Dives Marlowe shook his head with a supercilious melancholy, as if the Rev. Abraham Moulders' holding out in that way against the inevitable, was a piece of melancholy bravado against which, on the part of modest mortality, it was his sadduty to protest.

Jekyl's cynicism was tickled, although there was care at his heart,

and he chuckled.

"And how do you know you have any interest in the old fellow's demise ?"

The rector coughed a little, and flushed, and looked as careless as he

could, while he answered-

"I said nothing of the kind; but you have always told me you meant the living for me. I've no reason,

only your goodness, Jekyl."
"No goodness at all," said Jekyl, kindly. "You shall have it, of kindly. "You shall have it, of course. I always meant it for you, Dives, and I wish it were better, and I'm very glad, for I'm fond of you, old fellow.

Hereupon they both acceptable, shaking hands very kindly.

"Come to the stable, Dives," said

"Ling his arm. "You must choose a horse. You don't hunt now 1"

"I have not been at a cover for ten years," answered the reverend gentleman, speaking with a conscious-

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ness of the demi-shovel.

"Well, come along," continued the baronet. "I want to ask you—let's be serious" (everybody likes to be serious over his own business). "What do you think of these foreign personages?"

"The elder, I should say an able man," answered Dives; "I dare say could be agreeable. It is not easy to assign his exact rank though, nor his profession or business. You remarked he seems to know something in detail and technically of nearly every business one mentions."

"Yes; and about the young man -that Mr. Guy Strangways-with his foreign accent and manner, did anything strike you about him I

"Yes, certainly, could not fail. The most powerful likeness, I think, I

ever saw in my life."

They both stopped, and exchanged a steady and anxious look, as if each expected the other to say more; and after a while the Rev. Dives Marlowe added, with an awful sort of nod-

"Guy Deverell. The baronet nodded in reply.

"Well, in fact, he appeared to me something more than like—the same

identical." "And old Lady Alice saw him in

Wardlock Church, and was made quite ill," said the baronet gloomily. "But you know he's gone these thirty years; and there is no necromancy now-a-days; only I wish you would take any opportunity, and try and make out all about him, and what they want. I brought them here to pump them, by Jove; but that old fellow seems deuced reserved and wary. Only, like a good fellow, if you can find or make an opportunity, you must get the young fellow on the subject-for I don't care to tell you, Dives, I have been devilish uneasy about it. There are things that make me confoundedly uncomfortable; and I have a sort of foreboding it would have been better for me to have blown up this house than to have come here; but ten to one-a hundred to one-there's nothing, and I'm only a fool."

As they thus talked they entered the gate of the stable-yard.

THE DEAD LANGUAGE.

BY THE COUNTIES OF CHIEORY.

Taking sweet counsel, heart from heart, Waiking life's by-road, with Love for guide, All the good gifts he alone can impart, Grew, like the flowers, their path beside. Narrow their world, but sunny its airs, Full of small joys, that were great to them, Transient serrows and simple cares Burs on youth's gattering raiment home; And innocent hopes, that loomed so large Thro' the purple mist of their morning prime, That a kingdom's fate or an empire's charge Had laid less weight on the busy time. Living their life | dreaming their dream = Thus flowed the golden hours away, Sharing and swift as the lapsing stream In the sand glass turned ity a child in play.

They had a language that mocked at rules, A foolish tongue that was all their own; Its words had values unknown to schools -Dear for the sake of a look or tone. Learned it was not, nor was it wise, Yet it had purport earnest and true, Full of such playful metonymics! Figures—which love and the hearer knew; Gay ellipsis that left to the guess Tender half meanings; metaphor held; Fond hyperbole—saying far less Than the heart held or the kind eyes told; Strange pet-names that were nouns unknown, Epithets mosking the love charmed cars, Verbs: that had roots in the heart alone, Jests whose memories now bring tears.

For the "strong hours" came, that come to all, Bearing away on their stormy wings. All the poor trea ures, great and small, Love had amasced as his precious things; All the rare joys, on the path they trel, And the cares that look so like joys, when past—When one great grief—like the serpent rod—Hath swallowed all lesser griefs at last: All the rich harvest of mutual thought, The sweet life memeries—reaped in vain, And last—the language that Love had taught,—Ne'er to be uttered nor heard again. One was taken—the other left;

Where was the use of that idle lore!
Bury it doep in the heart bereft,
Ne'er to be uttered, her needed more!

"What doth it matter! solemn and sweet
Is the communion the True Life brings;
Love needs no symbols where next we meet,
Hath it not put away earthly things!
How should we want these foolish words—
Dear as they were to the mortal heart,
Burthened with love, whose weakness affords
No way else its strength to impart!

Was it not thus we had longed to be—
Heart and spirit and feeling bare,
True thought to true thought springing free,
As flame leaps to flame in the fervid air?
So shall our spirits meet, unbound,
Freed from the clog of this stifling clay—
Knowing the depths we had sought to sound,
Sure of the love we had tried to say."

So the heart reasons, and reasons well,
Knowing its bitterness, owning its gain—
(Ah! must the pressure-pain linger still,
All that is left of a broken chain the pressure-pain linger still,
-Restless, rebellious, it "asketh signs,"
Blind to the fire-cross of er us hung,
And—deaf to the quiring angels - pines
For one poor word of that lost Love-Tongue!

CELTIC ROMANCE.

It being a well understood thing among story-tellers and romance writers, that a hero without obstacles to surmount and antagonists to overcome would be but a tame affair; the romance forgers of every people provided themselves betimes with a stock of these disagreeable but neces-The Persian poets sary incidents. created or employed Deevs; the Arabians, their Afrites and other evil genii; the classic writers made use of the Titans; the Scalds, the dwellers in Jotunheim -- land of giants, and the wolf fenris; their successors, the trolls and dwarfs; and our own old bards, the Danaan sorcerers; and the people of Lochlann.

Poetry naturally preceded prose fiction, its first subjects being the eulogies of living heroes, re-cords of battles, public calamities, victories over wild beasts, voyages, &c. It was only in the nature of things, however, that attractive circumstances should gradually gather round true romance, the more to interest and delight the audiences before whom its recitations were delivered. The farther the story went back in time, the more fanciful the illustration it received, and the filea did not venture to call on his own invention till his stock of true, or partly true, subjects were exhausted. Even then the personages introduced always belonged to history or tradition.

Favourite subjects of every people

or tribe would be invasions, or pitched battles, or assaults on forts, in which warriors of their own kindred distinguished themselves. All the fictional remains of old days that we possess are the compositions of the latest Gaelic people who obtained possession of the island. So, their favourite subjects are the triumphs obtained over the Danaan enemy, who not only use weapons of bronze and steel, but resort to every resource of magic, to abate the strength of their enemy, and make him an easy prey. In a few tales, such as the "Children of Lir," and the "Children of Tuirrean," the poets dwell with a kind of pitying interest on the fate of the wise and skilful people, and in the battle of Northern May Tuir, poet and hearers equally wish them well out of the hands of the terrible African pirates, the Fomorach.

More than once allusion has been made to the attachment between fairy and mortal tribes. The "Son of Ev.1 Counsel" was not surprised at being asked by the Gruagach to join he forces the next day in the fight with Henry Magic Fog. the Sighe Prince of Din Aoilig. In later times mortals have been caught and used as steeds in clan-battles among the fairies; but it is only in the more ancient legends that we find sighe and mortal troops fighting side by side. These fictions may have been the dim and nearly forgotten memories of alliances be-

tween the earliest Cellie tides and morrow they saw a man coming to parties of the more parties, who used Complete intest the expension West about the 200 section of Dates and West rid tion in a survey out or de-Streye LAND or on good words soft the sers of Government at some frequency manda established or at the Lo is distering a consent to a surject of which they are so so a light to yourse rotombres est patial blay lock tamed to a tombre between their trator in the total state and take a complete the even by again, survive Developed New Orlege on the Boyes. In the O's and those Faction is the box es are present twentarrer ov 1000 more energy of the diameter to wren tion position their decreases as a rest to a by the mother with it to a many particulation terefore the territory Signer Trapartial and excession of the most final to With the fact that he very, and the inhe enter of a tip were connected myestische til til de see een een eenter strong to see a more used to see that a this after I also in a constitution of the ment as of the first mark to account and doctate to early confine process the contract of the second of the second

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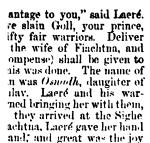
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ward them. He had on him a man't of five colours, two spears of equal sto were in les right hand, a stocowith a gooden run on his left acta, a gold inked sweed by his sale, and yellow golden han was to anglob to rick and shorthers, "We come the man that it may be word yet, sant Larié L by an the source Cristilla than, "To a youth like limets sold in seen among how. Then said he to the years mean, "posted as for the strainer, the conceptor of a galaxie. Than thanken to the bosons " Verat brought very hore." der meinen St. Wille bei When bei eit thom beschied beite William er eit thom St. Et S. A. S. E. De mit Freiter ein er Boutain beschieden. robbs, and my will have been taken there by from the by Acta, sorr of Sac I would be his billet it by good feet Farra, I in no mid-fl. I to a Posth to s m of his Galassin of Days the King of Magh Means. On this year say we have almost to most our other and other mility policy slotan. A rayceems of the Loud Layera came of a privated an earlier it salv. to every thate to the large with his Lichard Hot Way at the Con- P. W. Algers a second to want our deto sessit as Secrebit

Then they want is with Tra-Lieve at the relief, followed him one, he present a rightness the lake and thus they came to a sold quathere stone Gold on a first Dully, with the men to by the college then In howest and the corp. for bother between the try's constant and the state of place under Collinard the 1 try C. L. he flowed that follows: Wiener will call to the beautiful weathers en commence of with his till high ways at alternal stand historial of a variable of Whole is the winder such the London Court of the Mill Month of solution to the order.

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idential that the control of the state of the factor for the state of the control of the state their accepts him to respect to great



Deargreine, daughter of became the wife of Lacré t, and fifty fair Sighe wogiven to his fifty warriors. they had remained there a re said, "Let us go forth n what state our kindred cople now are." "If you Fiachtna, "let Achy, the my wife, accompany you.' done, and they came and he fair assembly. The peomacht were, at the end of lamenting their lost generis on Magh Ai when they approaching. They pressed their arms, and besought t to leave them again. un, father of Lacré, was I he cried to his son, "My don me not again, and the he kingdom shall be thine. silver cups shall be thine in e.steeds.coatsofmail,shields, chess-tables, cloaks, fair ives and stout men." But l, "we must go; our Sighe lamenting us in the hill-must return." They emith much weeping, but in the separated heroes went er the waves, and so to the ichtna. They were received and many embraces, and ré and his warriors still rei Fiachtim, Deargreine,* and ng partners, the fair Sighe

es such as this, imaginative all times exhibit their disvith the present order of d their aspirations after the onged for, and embellished by their own creative fancies. Oisin is borne by the golden-haired Niav to the "land of youth" under the Atlantic; Thomas of Ercildonne is carried to Fairy Land by its king and queen; Arthur of Britain lives in bliss with the Lady of the Lake in the "Isle of Avalon."

But if the poet (the maker) fashions imaginary heavens for himself and his favourites, he knows the consequences if their or his human nature suffers no change. He knows what the intellect becomes when it is deprived of exercise; he also knows the fate of the heart when there is nothing to be hoped for or to be feared. Visitors to the Pagan Elysium found the shades of the old heroes desolate enough. Their fighting was done; they were incapable of enjoying rest. Oisin became spiritless and melancholy in Tir-nan-oge, and his consort was, perforce, obliged to let him revisit the upper world. In the Mirra a collection of Eastern stories, by the estimable James Morier, a person penetrated the Eden in the Arabian desert, which becomes at times visible to travellers in that burning waste. He found there all the famous characters in ancient story (the evil disposed ex cepted), and nothing could exceed the changeless, oppressive tedium by which they were burthened, and their impatience of that waveless life. We find among all but the inspired writers of revelation, an utter inability to fancy their denizens of Olympus, or Asgard, or Ogygia, or the paradise of Mahomet, exempt from the passions, hopes, fears, weaknesses, and aspirations of humanity.

The story next introduced is a good specimen of the ordinary Ossianic type alluded to in the beginning of the article, where the hero who relies upon his skill and valour had to defend himself against arms forged by the smith and the sorcerer. The only approximation to sorcery known among the Fianna was the knowledge possessed by Fion of whatever was passing around him and his warriors,

ollow the meanings of some of the Gaelic words. The proper names might i differently, owing to the great variety of meanings attached to some of them, haughty: Osnodh, hair, sighing: Eochaidh, horseman: Criomhthan, fox; t, tear: Deorgreine, sunny or beautiful daughter, daughter of the sun: Duiln,

Lowever inaccessible to ordinary perceptions. It was infortunite that his supernatural powers should have been limited to this. However distinctly he was aware of the more all treach erous, and feet get hes expited against hum, he could only employ human valour and human samete disconcert them

THE COLLAND AURTHAIN

Colorn of hard weapons, son of Datchain, King of Lochlann, on a day of the days convered a meeting of his nobles, charls, and distriguished subjects on the fair, very wale, groth plain where twis and public no ctures were want to be held.

All being assembled, he askel in a loud, clear veces, if they approved his mode of a verning front, and Both soil to the first of King to the of the course for the closes, and frainfine and the property and the force were be wages. Then, the doctor own means the first over the first of their characteristic country not pay be to the less type and the country for two western to the first type that we said to the first type to be even to only in which is, where King Holling and the total type to be even to entry units and When K 12 to the district of the property of the expectation of Young and the intermediate for the line with the second many and indicate the Young observed Breaks, which is second to second with a second to the property of the expectation of the interlation of the property of the property of the interlation of the William Conference of the property of the propert

vancing on Teamor in swift marches." From left the hall, stood on his highest rangert in Assam, sounded his wild war bugle, and the plan was soon covered with the seven battadens of the France

The third day from this broke on Erans, and the Frans of Lemster, of Munster, and of Conacht, were enzicled in deadly conflict with the men of Locklonia, College and his valuant const son hol many of the Chainn Bassers low, but both perislod in turn by the invincible glaive of Os, are season One is, some of Fron-So weekli have preshed Mocka, youngest somet Collon, but he asked for life, and this been was never retused by a Plan of Houn.

This years, was bought up at Fours board, and Fours side was his place it all routh scann entertain. they arsword as with our very many in the Enthalt is an tension. Contract they did to That a literatury many many is not a literature very mobile the soft scale to the That as the soft is a few many many that the contract the contract the contract to the contract the contract to the co High the contract with a street of the trace. We not should at I sail at the I become a with a street of two contracts. We not street a post the contract of t the solution of the solution o

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passed that way, he never flung open his gates, nor invited them to the washing of feet, nor to a seat at his table.

One day as Fion was pursuing the wild deer, he sat on the brow of the Hill of Truth (Unoc Firinné); and while seated, he saw a youth of heroic mien approach him. A transparent hood was on his head beneath his four ridged helmet, and from his shoulders fell a many-coloured silken cloak, fastened at his neck by a brooch of wide branches. By his side hung a sharp-cutting glaive. bright spears were in his right hand, and on his left arm was strung his glittering shield. "What is your news, young chief?" said Fronn. "News I have none. I am a maker of verses, and have brought one to offer to you." "I think you a man rather of riots than rhymes,* and better used to do heroic feats than to sing them." "By your hand, I am merely what I say; will it please you to listen to my verses?" "Not here. Come to me in any palace in Erinn, and if your verses are worthy, you shall name your own reward."
I will not enter any of your palaces, and if you do not listen to me here, I will lay you under Geasa of performing acts repugnant, to heroes. "Then repeat your rhymes," said Fion, and the young poet said the following :--

"In Erinn of woods I saw a building:
To king or law respect it yields not.
Fire cannot consume it, destroyed it can
not be:

Good fortune attends its dwellers."

"I understand your verse," said Fion. "The building is the Brugheen't on the Boyne. On clay, grass, and stone, fire has no effect." "That is a true answer," said the youth, and he repeated:- "When in the north, I beheld A man victorious in many conflicts. After bringing destruction on his foes, He heeded not whether his meat was cooked or raw,"

"That is Aongus of the Brugheen, who never regarded the quality of his food after the fatigue of battle." "Your answer is true," said the youth, and he continued—

"South as I went, I saw a fair woman; Her children were thousands, and they accompanied her;

Slow her pace, yet the space she measured, No steed on earth could achieve in the same time."

"That woman, said Fion, "is the Boyne; her children are the fishes; her waters pass to the world's limit. Where is the steed could accompany her?" "You have answered truly," said the youth, and again he sung—

"I was led through a large fair city:

Many were the people, strange their
habits.

The teeth used by the inhabitants Were keys of pins and reeds."

"I understand your verse," said Fion. "You are a friend of Aongus of the Brugheen, and no friend of mine. The city is Aongus's garden of many coloured flowers. The inhabitants are the bees and other insects. The keys which resemble pins and reeds, are their long divided probosees, which they thrust into the hearts of the flowers." "That is a true answer" said the youth.

true answer" said the youth.

"And now," said Fion, "O, poet of worry and perseverance, what is your name, and what your tribe?" "Bad it is, O Fion," said Conan, "that you cannot distinguish your friends from your foes. He is Mogach, son of Colgan, King of Lochlann, and to destroy you and us is his design. For fourteen years he has afforded neither

* There is here in the original a play on the words dan, a verse or stanza, and dana, brave bold. Fion evidently dreaded some druidical snare laid for him by the unknown.

[†] The Brugheen, on the Boyne, is New Grange, to which Aongus, son of Dagdae, a celebrated Danian Chief, betook himself when passing from the mortal to the sighe state. Fion and his people were obnexious to the Danians, mortal, or fairy. If we could get access to the very early copies of this story, it would probably be found that if Fion had not answered these enignus, he would have come under the dread power of the questioner by some mysterious influence. The spirit of the riddles is hazy and dull enough. The greatest marvel in the matter is, that the propounder of such riddles should have accountered a kindred genus capable of interpreting them.

now, drawk, nor indicate to here or mow be only rough boards secured by a conference of Tourismo, with origh bean twigs " ... "It is as finite trace, sea Marack "Tweey the region of the convertible dis-tempt parently sent reconstitution of the period of the convertible of kinds of the following the best of kinds of the control of the period Landing to the report of the We two distances one on the man Tall and the control is a distant However, which the control is the second of the control in the and the party day of a resign that a value of the and the entering that I have the part of any and the control in a miles. He then took is a er flore of

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with onick beard twigs " "It is as wendertal, I said Faoran, son of Aodr. Beg. Jerrie Hugh , "that instead of the seven large carved doors that minuted us, there is none now to be seen but one o wan tharrow." "Mosstrain education stranger as aut of ail." so i Carab May, "as it that our rich warm sorts and new list coarse can vis, and as one as the flozial water." "It is a discrate to me, said From "to be a great in a louse seemed by quick be a silver that us destroy it. Contains soil Command press vig the brant could his spear against tee ground, he attempted to spring forty on up her Sodd all the horses, but they total treme exes as to be something to the long cost, as at southerst become were the some substreet "forth syttemery said Contract the exemption by tween y or list O from and give us true Probabilistics of district darks a

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ment. Our enemies, countless as the sands, are in the island fort, and a detachment is coming to slay us. Who is in your company t" "Your foster son, Innse of the Chase." "Let Inuse depart in safety, but you hasten to the pass of the ford, and defend it till aid comes at dawn." "Let my right hand wither!" said Inuse, "if I desert my chief and foster-father in his need. Fiachna and myself will do what skill and valour can.

As they came to the pass, said Fiachna, "I will proceed to the island to see the state and the strength of the foe. You guard the pass." Inn∗e was not long on his post when he perceived a Grecian chief approaching at the head of fifty men. "What seek you?" said he. "We go to fetch the head of Fion, son of Cumhail, to lay it at the feet of the King of the World. And who of the noble or ignoble people of the earth are you, standing there with arms and armour the "I am Innse of the Chase, fester son of Fion, son of Cumbail, and if you attempt to cross the ford your flesh shall be a feast for the wolves and ravens.

Then rushed onwards the soldiers: and as corn before the reaper, so fell their bodies before the keen-cutting glaive of Innse, till not a man remained in life except their chief. Now came he on in strength and fury, and after a stern struggle, Innse, exhausted by wielding his heavy arms, and weakened with wounds, was felled to the earth, and his noble head severed from his white and pewerful body.

Fiachna returning from his quest, met the Grecian chief bearing the head of Innse. "Whose is that trophy you bear?" said he. "It is the head of Innse, foster son of Fion, chief of the warriors of Erinn. He slew fifty of my warriors, but perished by my hand. I am going to lay it at the feet of the King of the World." "Yours or mine must bear it company," said Fiachna, and with his heavy blade he struck his foeman on the helm, and brought him to his Furious, but short, was the deadly struggle, and when it ceased on the helms and shields and loricas

Fiachna was bearing two heads as he passed to the ford. There, finding the body of Iunse, he made a grave, and many times kissing the head of his foster-brother, and shedding bitter tears, he laid both it and the body in the grave, and covered it with tender care.

He approached the castle, and many were the questions and answers that followed. Fion sorely bewailed the fate of his foster-son, and blessed the brave Fiachna for avenging his death. "Go now, my son, said he, "and, while strength is left you, defend the pass till succour comes."

In the island, Mogach became auxious about the fate of the fifty that had gone towards the Quickbeam Castle. Taking sweets and tine meats to forment Conau the Greedy, before putting all to death, he came with fifty men to the ford; and dismay fell on his heart when he beheld the pile of dead warriors. "Who are you! and who were these warriors when life was in their veins, and arms in their hands." "I am Fiachna, son of Fion, and these the allies of the treacherous Mogach, prince of Lochlann. Send forward your soldiers till their slain corses enlarge the pile!" Onwards came the fighting men of Lockdann, and Fiachna "rushed through them, and over them, and under them, as a woif through a flock of sheep, or a hawk through a flight of small birds." till there was not a man of the fifty on whom the doom of desolation had not come. Then came, in fresh arms and in untired strength, Mogach, and fell on Fiachna, who returned blow for blow, and reply to the demand, though weak with fa tique and much loss of blood.

Oisin remained still on the Hill of Truth, and was surprised that Fiachna and Innse had not returned. "Igo," said Diarmuidh of the Ball Scircet The auty Spot, "to find out what has happened; perhaps the feast is too delicious for them to quit it." "I go with you," said Faha, grandson of Conn. When they drew near the ford they heard the clang of the glaives

An often-repeated image in the old heroic tales.

[†] The reader will please keep a former remark in mind concerning the uniform hard

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"Count is my misery, O Door "Cool as the metors, cred termine "Cool as the serve the excess my body. My lone that is that of the famished war. also to a propagation is any thirst are the means and decreases the 1: serial of the to seed the kings in the said bitters. Law you mater tions, O. Dornardi, to tring 1: the south of the first said the said the said Development of Arctic and Charles Markets by the Large Markets with a type of the said to be said of the drive for Coron "And show Division a sociated your the first tree to quety to and hard inter- Fatta, ney to detain an oral As in the section of the to to Paris. . . i . " 1 i ay arting. 101000-1210

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"except Osgur, son of Oisin. It would be to his disgrace to seek from

any one help or advice.

Diarmuidh stepped back to the ford, and returning with a war-mace on his shoulder, with a powerful sweep he struck the thick wall of mighty planks, opposite the head of Conan. A heavy splinter from the strong boards dashing against his head caused him to utter such a cry "Take, O as shook the building. Conan, said Diarmuidh, the provisions. May you get from them the full benefit you deserve! He then returned to the ford, where Faha still slept.

By this time the kings of the Islands of the Floods had learned the fate of Mogach, whom they blamed for having gone to the Quick-beam Castle. They had brought the enchantment on the Curaidhe, and they only should be allowed to come and slay them. They now proceeded to the ford, each leading fifty men; and there, mighty in stature, and terrible in his arms and armour, stood the heroic son of O'Duinne. "Art thou Diarmuidh of the Beauty Spot I said the kings. "Be certain of it," said he. "That gladdens us," they replied. You and we received our military education at the same college. No secret of fight or management of warriors known by one is unknown to the others. By our former brotherhood in arms we request you to stand aside, nor bar our march to the Quick-beam Castle." "Evil you intend, Fion, and Goll, and the rest; so here I remain to oppose you while I can wield spear, glaive, and buckler. At dawn my duty ceases, for then four battalions of Fion will be on the plain." "Perish in your rashness!" cried the kings of the Islands of the Floods, and the rush was as that of wild boars, or wolves, or furious stags. Vain was their strength and fury. Invulnerable he stood; and arms, heads, and limbs, were lopped away. as dry boughs under the axe of the woodman. With the clang and the outery went the sleep of Faha, and right on Diarmuidh he ran with levelled javelin for not arousing him before. Diarmuidh stepped aside, and full on the foreign soldiers rushed the chief, and armed and valiant men fell before him as weak grass. "Right," said Diarmuidh. "When the foes have perished to a man, then avenge your wrongs on me." Diarmuidh was engaged by the three kings, and terrible was the strife; for all the skill in stroke and ward, that was ever known to warrior of Erin or Lochlann, was possessed by every one of the four. But one by one they sunk under his crushing blows, and of their force of thrice fifty swordsmen, not one was left to bear back the news to the island fortress.

Then proceeded Diarmuidh and Faha to the castle, and joyfully they greeted the enchanted warriors. Again was Diarmuidh about to wield the war-mace, and force an entrance; but Fion cried, "The blood of the island kings applied to the door will open it wide, and applied to our persons will restore us to liberty." It was done, and soon every laoch had sprung to his feet, and was rejoicing in his freedom and strength like an unchained eagle. Conan was the last thought of, and when his turn came the magic blood was spent. Great were the lamentations of the troublesome man; but Diarmuidh and Faha came to the rescue. Taking him by the arms they tore him from his icy seat, in spite of his fierce outeries, and long it was before he could walk, chase the deer, or stand in battle

News came to the Monarch of the World of the loss of his skilful and brave allies; and at dawn of day he issued forth on the plain, and with his warlike son, Borb, marshalled his host numerous as the forest leaves. By this time, Oisin, and those who had remained with him, and the four battalions of the Fianna arrived, and were formed in battle-array by Fion. In front of the first battalion were the agile, and strong, and strife-loving chiefs of the Chlanna Baoisgne. Before the second, towered Goll, son of Morna, and the Conacht laochs.

[·] We have been obliged to omit, among other matters, the grateful expressions used by Fion to Diarmuidh. Trust not in princes! Diarmuidh, on the point of death, which could have been averted by Fion, reminded him of the service rendered him at this "Castle Perilous," but in vain.

Smeller the terre at a to that he Was committeed by the Euleriness sons of National Laboratory caref was followed a factor of soil and gold, and worn the Doublen new the pattle sund, the onset was as the way world the occasion ections a insolution of very set as two section energed with temperature in the says. For one sol for, it when to book, and the war emeant I to early of the arms is so codes that the is an of ten to usual basis, a turn storie drawn waves that 2 half to one a from the rocks of Robott Bearing Stern was the state was lifty too way, go light with the state of G. L. son of Morray, but at the conpowers is a treated by tactor Maria Web the stong to the remaindate. Francia whether some by the sweet of the King of the World, the he came out to Oscillation policies, t invariable. Awthor was $\frac{1}{2} \approx 2\pi \approx -1$ the had as and the well-as of the Harrist and William William Co. while they got then the field of a but. After a long state, the end of the support Observation and a few contractions

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and the white foam scattered on either side, and the long and level wakes lay still in the rear, they left headland and level shore behind, and soon arrived at Inver Colpa.*

There Cumhail, son of Trenmor, set up his standard, and the province of Leinster owned him as king; and long and happy would have been his rule, but pride and ambition seized on his heart, and he was already in wish and desire the Ard-Righ of Erinn. So he fostered the sons of Cathoir Mhor, and they and his other tributary chiefs made raids on Munster, and on the level plain of Bregia, and on Meath, and drove away herds of cattle, and took spoils of cloaks, and loricas, and bucklers, and women

slaves, and men slaves.

So a general outcry arose against Cumhail, and messengers were sent to Teamor of kings, and they said--"We are impoverished and slaughtered by Cumhail, son of Trenmor, son of Baoisgne, and if you cannot protect our raths, and the houses and the stables of our Brughaids, and our bodachs from this terrible chief, even let him sit on your throne, and then he will not suffer us, his own proper subjects, to be despoiled and evilly treated. So swift messengers came from Teamor to Naas of the Kings, and said -- "Cumhail, son of, &c., &c., Chief of Leinster; Coun, son of &c., Ard Righ of Erin, greets thee, and gives invitation to the Court at Teamor, to meet sundry chiefs of Munster, Conaght, and Uladh, and there treat of things pertaining to the wellbeing of the whole island, but chiefly of Meath and Bregia." "By the hand of your king, honoured guests and heralds, I will neither proceed to Teamor, nor hold council there with petty or supreme sovereign. "Whence proceeds your hatred to the Ard-Righ, and your ravages on Mun-ster, Meath, and Bregia?" "They proceed from my determined will to avenge the death of my lamented king, Cahir Mhor, slain by Conn, and

by Conal, son of Aongus, and Chief of the Chlanna Morna; also from the annoyance my people receive from the tribute-gatherers of your Ard-Righ, all selected from the Conacht tribes, and bearing off the fruits of our labour to the high court at Teamor."

When the messengers delivered Cumhail's answer to the justice-loving, gentle-spoken King Conn, he was much incensed, and sent the same messengers, trusty and swift of foot, to Conal, son of Aongus, where he kent state at Cruachan, and informed him of the proud doings of Cumhail. chief of the Chlanna Baoisgne. Then assembled the champions of Cruachan, and of Magh Aoi (Mayo), and the other warriors of Conacht, and they proceeded in one body to Teamor. When all were seated in the Mid Cuarta of the royal rath, Conn publicly announced the insolent bearing of Cumhail, and sought the counsel of the chiefs; and the counsel given by Conal was this. "If pride and injustice have got such hold on the rebellious chief of the militia of Erin. let the office be removed, and given to the loyal and valiant Goll, son of Morna, as yet unconquered in war, and marked by all the good qualities that should distinguish a perfect warrior, a loyal subject, and a lover of his land.

Now Goll, son of Morna, was foster-brother to Conn, and when Conal told him at Cruachan that he was appointed commander-in-chief, be gladly led his forces to Teamor, and was there joined by the son of Conal, and Achy the one-eyed, the son of Carthan, both foster-brothers of Conn. and Fiacha, son of Cletie, King of Bregia, and the yellow-haired Criomthan, son of Mogh Corb, the

instructor of Conn.

Then they began to speak of the force and prowess of Cumbail; and Goll said that few men exceeded the son of Trenmor in activity, in the knowledge of arms, in strength, in wisdom, and in ruling a battle, "but

[&]quot; "Colpa's Harbour, now Drogheda. It derives the more ancient of its names from the circumstance of Colpa, one of the captains in the Milesian invasion, having been drowned there on attempting to land.

t The level plain extending from Meath, the coast line of Fingal and the base of the Dublin Mountains being its castern and south-eastern limits. Bray still retains the

yet," said he "I doubt not to overcome him if I only have the aid of Liath Luachra Grey rushes, son of Achy of Arran, whom Cumhail expelled from the unintia of Erm, and who is now living desolate and without revenue at the "Cataract of Red Hugh." "Let a messenger depart at once to the Cataract for this dread warrior," said Conn; "and when he arrives what are the rewards to be offered him? "The reward he will demand," said Gook, " are, first, the noble minded Dubian, son of the richly embroidered Mogna, who takes in three bounteous dringhts at the mouth of the yellow yand, ever beautiful B yne, as many comely and fine flavoured tishes as supply. Camhaif's forces even to hitness with food. Secondly, he shall obtain the corpboig, the innenerable coat of maland the other war pwels sword, belinet, &c., guarded by Macy, the Sighe queen of Carrain Wextern, for the use of Cambra, to protect him from every dauger. Partner, he shall have under commend to a Planna of the two products of Munster, when Cambail souther or

Then was called it is female runner, Intida, derghter of Americand Conaddress I her in a poon, and she answered him in the same

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Dubban, son of the fine embrodered Mocha

(F)

Where draughts of tine fish feed baif the Watriors of Leibn.

So lathla sped swiftly forward tall she came in sight of Liath Luachra, at Assaroe, where he stood dejected v on the sea-shore among his warriers. When they saw the woman-runner approximing they feared, for they supp sed she was followed by a mighty force. But their hearts were soon joyful as she delivered her message from Coun, Sovereign of Ering; and in a short time she and they were in his presence in the Midchuarta of Team or.

Conn welcomed Liath Luachra and his warriors, and confirmed the gifts promised, and gave him all undred and fifty noble yearlies as hostages that he would keep his word in good faith

Little Lowhra then put his hard theo the hard of Coun, and into the total of G. Land into the hand of Could son of Ast Just and the conto be any was to another

Then were swift messengers sent to the costs of U.S. to Acha of the to i took, to lone by of the red arm, and to the of an indice of the provite is and trevelous and join of the tion is of Clear at, of Meath, and of Bug a but the chiefs of Munster were a really engaged to Cumhail, and telrical to one. Ambaesalers then we at to News of the Kings to Catalon hades rang him on the part of County contribute for his soverequiand Z very more real eglance, or most Time at the most of the consect Ulberry of these of Cornels, and of the war to its of Light Limitary the Invited by at the plan surrounding the fort of Church Carlle Know Cumhan was surface a letter contain his anger, his anord of to enstom he consulted has assembled chots. Then one are a, and assisses i him thus, "Camba", King of Lemoter, chief of the standing force of Ramin provided a tool but wild game to long). Erinn, Albai, Birtain, and Giril, and all the western countries of the world, and have greinvincable in war, at dies not be one you to subjust to my king in Trans. or the world entire. My comsel or that you - nd defiance to Conn. and

^{*} Fig. 1 38 fig. ft. Arear - the Salmon log at Bally-hangen

at the plain of Cnuca make him feel the edge of the blue weapons of Gallian and Muimhe."

This speech was approved by the loud acclaim of the chiefs present, and the ambassadors returned with terms of defiance to Conn and his assembled forces.

Those that came to the assistance of Cumhail from Munster, were Conaire the Gentle, the son of Mogha Lamha; Machniad, son of Mogha Lugha; Mogha Nuadh of the bright countenance; and in chief, Eoghan, son of Mogha Nuadh, to whom all gathered with their forces, and who proudly led them to the presence of Cumhail.

While the fighting men were gathering at Naas, Cumhail and some of his friends went to the chase, and at last, fatigued and weary, he strayed to the edge of a dark lake; and on the rock that overhung it he espied a beauteous maiden sitting. Her yellow hair, confined in front by a golden torque, fell in curls on her shoulders. Her eyes were large, blue, and beaming. Her features, soft, and regular, and of the purest colours. Her gar-ment of bright shining silk, circled a slender-waisted sunbright, lovelyshaped body. Over this flowed her many-hued mantle. Fine embroidery covered her delicate feet. Her demeanour was modest and yet noble, and to Cumbail's questions and compliments she gave discreet answers, informing him that her father was the druid Tadg, of the luminous side, son of Nuagat, of the Sighe fort of Almhuin.

Cumbail, forgetful of the solemn oath taken by every warrior of the Fianna Eirionn, offered violence to this excellent virgin, Muirrean, daughter of Tadg of the shining body; but great was his sorrow and dejection on listening to her gentle upbradings, and prophecies of the evils that were to await him, when she learned that he was the chief of the Clan Baoisgue.

Now Maey, the white skinned and golden haired Bhan Sighe, had promised to Cumbail the war jewels and the impenetrable Corriouz kept in the Sighe hid of Carmon, but when the wise Tadg learned from the golden-haired Muirrean the gunt of Cumbail, he uttered a vow of deadly vengeance, and determined that this fairy house should be sur-

rounded by a mist, and remain inaccessible to all the messengers sent by Cumhail, son of Trenmor, for the magic jewelled lorica, the Corrbolg.

This was one unfavourable obstacle to the success of Cumhail; another was that when the sons of Cathoir Mhor assembled at Atha cliath (Dublin), to march to Cuuca, there appeared before them on the plain the beautiful Aine, the fairy love of Fiacha, son of Cathoir Mhor, who forbade them to fight against Conn. These are some lines of the poem she uttered—

O Sons of a king, consent not to this war. At Cauca Goll will be in the battle, Conn in the struggle.

Goll will gain renown, he will shed the heart's blood of Cumhail:

Mine are words of truth, draw not the sword against Conn."

So in the approaching fight, Cumhail had none to depend on but his own people, and his foster brothers, and the trusty clans of the south, So he sent torward the faithful Balar, son of Eogan, to Macv, golden-haired fairy queen of Carmain, for the magic war jewels and shirt of mail, the Corrbolg. But Tadg, the deeplylearned and much incensed father of the gentle Muirrean, spread a very dark druidic mist before him, so that he could neither find the powerful friendly Maey, nor her magic house. Returning in grief, he was received at the richly adorned Sighe house of Naas, by Aine, the Lianan of Fiach, son of Cathoir Mhor, who gave him rich war jewels for Cumhail; but warned him against meeting the heroic Conn at Cnuca.

When he came into Cumhail's presence he was addressed in a poem, and answered in the same.

CUMBAIL.

"My head for you O youth, honourable, punctual in your return: Have you brought with you the jewels for which I have delayed?"

BALAR.

You will get Lugha's shield, a guard agrant lance.
And the beinet of Borcha of hills, a chief in burt in conflicts,
And the slegant belt of Ganean, a succour in distress,
And the sword of conthe war penel of red.
But draw not the sweet
Capea."

At this time the warriors of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and these of Cambail, chief of the Franca of Leaster, were maring each other on the gorse bloss med, grassy plain of Chuca; but the soul of Cumbail was darkened, for the wise ditted, Commean, had providested his defeat and death in the near battle. How ever he revealed that Minimum's sin should in time renew his fame, and be chief of the Fianna of all Ecun. as he once was. So he called the swift imited, tell monthed It gimm, his female runner, and thus gave for

in earnest dialize. "My trusty Boghmin, speed with secreey and diagence to the fairy mount of Almhuin, the residence of the much knowing Tole of the bright side, son of Nu other. Accost his dangiter, Mairrean Munesen fair neck, with kindness, and remain amout her till my son be born, gaving her all your care and tenderiess. Tell her that my greatest serrow on going to leatle is the wrong she has suffered at my it unds. My son shall be in time, the ren which the course geous, the was above men, and has time shall fix Hann, 2 to a d Britain. Schuspi p. sed Connectitle terescenz. But a eye him r.t. to the ill testment of five ties. vengera. Car y hen away transition mother schoolse, reach the necessarily forests, and so should be at wellstrong, and floor, and porient and From some of Continuous and the conbrated by burds while the waters surraind from Those, has districtly Bighnam, are periodes the last with is you shall ever hear from the . Five

We. On the aide of C and that to be great manifold contacts as south as the morn of both, butters i having tentility in the state of the s over that the goal on his him stong, at I feet that The feet of had Hestrates with Jourse th to his sole, it is in the last to 10 holm of the street weeks to be a last his jewe of the town to a few first edunels, educates efform as grasped in his right his vehicle met

sparkling spears. Thus attired, he delivered a heart stirring address to les warriors of Bregia, of Taidean, of Teamor, of Conacht, and of Uladia, and all, with wild shouts, cried to be led to battle.

Cumbad, the tall, fierce general, arrayed in 1 is showing arms, 1 arare med his Left stort forces with words of fire. "Scall we, said he, "contime to pay the curse! Per il me tribute, which was leffected on the gualty Activ Ainchean !! We are no moved of wrong to the Ard Rich of Eran, and wal to the death to st his claim. Let him gather his mixliaries from the four winds. They will know, when express on the if of stabled field, why the hale blodes of Leaster have been some by

parts of burning winds.

So with barners waving, sun to one flucidity from below, while deand lance points, were ribs, and but a That's remaining the air, and the trace pong of many trousand here in add I here's on the day, short track the men of Gallan rushed to close galaters with the nuclearous an regions to be seen in condition to the Norphise construction of the following and the restriction of the restriction. multiple of the following with a first teacher of the Westernson for V perced to appear on a sessate terposyvari it ben et Cena it. et Look care, at Morth, were a ve by the tracks of we are the at exect Determine with emitted

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^{. &}quot;Venomous" in the mouthwest the story-fellors meant fealls, but with his day is for not be promise

^{*} The cause of enforcing this golding that the was related in the review of Money's " English welters before Chan er

tore asunder his mighty heart -that heart on which a shadow of fear had never fallen.

But the fate of their heroic leader turned not the feet of the clans of Leinster homewards. Criomthan the yellow-haired, and the wise and valiant prince, Eogan of Munster, cheered on their forces with bugle blasts, shouts of defiance, and ringing blows heard afar in the din. Many of the warriors of Conn perished that day, long after the lifeless body of Cumhail was stretched on his ornamented, very-beautiful shield. Eogan, when he found that further strife was fruitless, withdrew with his remaining forces, and in later days defeated the mighty Conn, and forced from his rule the Southern half of Erinn.

Even when joy was at its height in Liathdruim* (Tara), the triumph of the Ard-Righ was tempered by the prophecy of the wise and truthful Cithrua.

"Powerful is your sway, O Conn;
Plentiful your Lios in Liathdruim.
On the broad smooth plain of the Liffé
You gained the victory over Cumhail
Without falsehood, he was a fair, wise
man,
Unequalled in the strife of heroes;
His offspring yet unborn
Will one day crush the clan of Morna,
And defeat the progeny of Conn.
His sway will be felt throughout Banbha,
The King of green-sided Tara will be

Eoghan Mhor, magnanimous youth, Has gained the south; evil will it be for Conn.

disturbed

From Spain he will trouble Banbha; The daughter of its king he will wed, He will afterwards affilet the clans of Meath.

And trample the horny hills of Conacht."

The quasi-historic poems and tales, though composed by different bards, generally dovetailed well into each other. The youth of Fion, son of Cumhail, forms a continuation of this piece, and relates Boghmin's troubles to save the infant from the search instituted by Conn, and his own vengeful grandfather. The adventures of the young hero are to be found at full length in the second

volume of the Ossianic Society's Transactions.

What is here presented of this and the preceding story is a mere abstract, as much of the style and spirit of the originals being preserved as the editor was capable of seizing. Parts of the Cath Cnuca are startlingly florid, to say the least of them. It is to be remarked that there is no mention of slings, bows, arrows, battleaxes, or maces mentioned in either of the tales. The bronze double-edged glaives (Cloidimh), and the lances and javelins cast over-hand, are the same as in the Iliad.

If our ancient chroniclers did not, in every instance, succeed in establishing the truth of their records, they certainly deserved more credit than some of them have received, so great was the interest they took in their favourite studies, and so firmly did they seek to establish the foundation of the literary structure they were employed in raising. One of them has even left on record, or invented some particulars of the primal historian who witnessed some of the evil doings before the flood.

FIONNTUIN MAC BOCHNA, †

In the days of Noah, and while the ark was being built, there dwelt in the forests by the banks of the Tigrie. Bith, with his wife Birren, of the race of Cain. Near them lived their daughter, Kesára, whose husband, Finntan, was of the blood of Seth. Farther off was the wood-built habitation of their son, Lara, and his wife, Blama. None of these paid adora-tion to the Creator but Finntan, and to him was revealed the approaching destruction of mankind by a universal deluge. He constructed a rudely built vessel, and not until it was finished could be induce his relatives to escape with him from the impending danger. His unbelieving consort tenderly loved him, and though fearless of the coming danger, she determined to share his fate. The others joined them at the last hour; the bark went down the river; and in one year from that day they were entering a bay on the west coast of

^{*} THE GREY RIDGE.

^{† &}quot;Fair Wave, Son of Ocean."

the then uninhabited woody island, afterwards called Erinn.

They haved by hunting and fishing, and moved inland till they reached that mountain in the centre of the island, which has since berne the name of Lara's wife, Blama. They were all in the prime of their age when they left the far off eastern land, varying in age from four to five hundred years each. But now a comple of centraries seemed to have passed over their heads in one revolution of the year. Hardly rad they reached the ind when Bith and Barens xpired on the same day. Their sorrow, ig children had searely afteriol them, raised their pile, and sing their lamentation, when Lara and Blama 63 lowed them to the lone house. Now were Finestan and Kesara the only dwellers on the island, and as tray sut in weet by the state of the notice bouring a heard is ked on the even bours had even till a relety so ke war a transford of a world poor some figure of and rejets they against according to against the Gor woodings inly the hus and Helsey Letters for a farmer state of rest and happeness for the e who were a supervised to the deliver of the A v Wassand A v Gallery in the cortary only general state ather diss then a visual of white various at the from the dark light. It went from I and round, can at last wheeler our between the contraparation map is whire it suck as whom the isker of Kesa a was offered to be a tree of She can't it was a websites and not be a contribution part social to though a tree would be a property of grey save vertical of tred dawn terminations and discount many below its quet so the tenth lines partner or per solwith run. Tet e bright later of Post version was Livetag survivors and there were nearly schools of the property of the second merged the south of the decrease for three him like two exact the contring of the form is Party on of the special test of this convey by a request benefit of the convey of the second of the convey by a request benefit of the convey of the co success means the season of November Form on Protess the Land the Larned Dances, the house Miles are contained for a stronger t years of their sway, which part 2 to

Host of Heaven and the spirits of the seas, the lakes, the forests, and the lakes, it was told at the C art of Lacte that a strange Draid, in flower 1 garments, with a two-pointed orna mented turrent on his head, and bearing in one hand a book inscribed with characters of forent from the Oglania, and in the other a shepherd's crook, was approaching from the country of Gainan. Wicklow, Wexford, &c.

It was the Eve of the Sun's Fire Beltine, and the learned and the noise from every part of the island were assembled at Teamor, in the Modennaria. In rows they took their seats, and five figure in success on to cted the deeds of dead helpes, the genealogies of the lines of He er, Herein in, and Ith, and the different my assens of the island since the land 19.2 of Nemoth. The last orator had ceased, and a storm of applause burst ever him from the assent led notes. When so ence to I on the benefits, be again to keep the those "More profes that we not ty no every vento Live total (sate they of f. A as, we have only preserved a metor the more and stayes on which the transcription ext embeddity is the even There's early in to whom the wrote floty is known, Francium, sin of Politica sin of Listus at some of Armania, who, from the Cose of the great deal for the c reste with servor in literactic hand at year a. Which yer a tool a radowed to their thirty are and car the know Is be that some of ten diaggraped unional new disdiports, he has at some per die ten sommer been ta Victorial with a reversity to the three being with deep lank suched by reitharithmat a massing stayes of the per-t for his extremely a form free reve at the first hard these we learn that his the har enough tall a some G. B. L. W. C. S. Williams, and Builder on fold to incuts, and not on the nother of these transfer sale tears acres in tweath throughputert, Summer of the control of the age of where very tike with the Tessification of su make white the star was a fine from assert to star should be in the disput to the five star to be a sure to be as ton hexeen by the Lines of Youth as teat hings or a tisk surpasses than

He was yet speaking, when every

^{*} Some will the temperal than have not that the think on the authorized line will upper air, with its fogot shows and hardless are was the Costa Lartarus.

one in the vast hall was on a sudden seized with awe, united to a certain feeling of pleasure, as they observed a venerable figure in long robes, and with long white hair falling on each side of his agreeable and majestic countenance, gliding from the entrance to the centre where the fileas were seated. He needed not to announce his name. Everyone felt that he

was in the presence of Fionntuin, son of Eathoir.

"Kings, chiefs, and men of learning," said the vision, "great is my joy to see this happy day, and behold so many of my kind on whose souls divine light so soon will dawn, and not only on them, but on all they rule within our seas. This light will come from one who is at hand, and to whom I leave the glorious task of instructing you in the heavenly scheme, which I only know in part, and which I am unfit to reveal. What I am permitted, I shall speak."

Then he proceeded in flowing words, while his hearers, with their hearts flooded with pleasure, sat entranced, to announce that, before man was sent on earth, spirits created for happiness rebelled against the Master of sea, land, sun, moon, and stars; and that they were since that moment suffering pains not to be conceived. He then went on to describe the creation of man and woman, their pristine happiness, their fall through the wiles of the chief of the evil spirits, the after-wickedness of mankind, and the destruction (one family excepted) of the human race. The remainder of the oration chiefly related to the fortunes of the ancestors of those before him. He told of the preservation of letters after Babel; of the wanderings of the early Scots; and of their relations with Moses, when he was conducting the people of God from their thraldom. From the remainder of the discourse the fileas afterwards completed the full tale of their inscribed staves, soon to be changed for the characters introduced by Patrick and the rolls of vellum; and hence the perfect state of the annals of the Scots of Ireland, compared with those of all nations that see the sun rise and set.

That evening, no fire or lamp was found burning through the length and breadth of the land, and all were watching in silence from the summits of the hills, in the direction of Teamor, for a tongue of flame from the next hill that lay between. Laere, preparing to kindle the sacred fire in the great bawn of Teamor, whose flaming up was to set all the fires on all the hills in Erin ablaze, was dismayed on beholding, a small distance to the East, a lamp suddenly enkindled, and a man of a most attractive and venerable countenance gazing by its light on the leaves of an open book.

This was the humble, the gentle, the fervent Apostle Patrick, who, being summoned to the Royal presence, preached the Word of Life. Small was his difficulty to turn the hearts of his hearers (the king excepted) from the practice of idolatry. The ground had been prepared by Finntan, and the seed sown by Patrick at once struck root, and soon the land was white with the Christian harvest.

An indifferent person might naturally say here, "What charming picturesque histories of real occurrences there must have been in ancient Ireland! What variety! What force of local colour! What delightful dramatic situations must have been presented when we find such circumstantial and interesting narratives of what no one imagines ever occurred. Alas! the chronicles were of two classes, and that class which wrought with conscience have left only narratives as dry as chips. When many more manuscripts are edited, and some one connecting the delightful gossiping power of Herodotus and the discriminating judgment of Niebuhr, be born, many passages now considered fabulous will be accepted as historic; and we shall have a history of Ireland as fascinating, and at least as authentic, as those masterpieces left by Herodotus, Livy, and Macaulay.

The writer of this paper begs to repeat his acknowledgments to Mr. Windele for access to his valuable

MSS.

AN IEISH ACTRESS-ELIZABETH FARREN.

PART II.

"Homes, give M is Fairen, for the first true at Drury lane, an original part canal to her pretensions, Lady Engly Gridove. This pay was repeated thaty times, to full houses, during that season, and was prononced the best comply since the "School for Schoola". It has little chaim to enaligably, a stig party-lighrowed from Diserct & Process For metter and Mrs. Challette Lennex's Set z, cond-much at Covert. Garben in 17db, but the larger to is earlieft and pointed. With not heless marit to work with, the acting would have inspect species. The cast included Miss Farnen, Mrs. Creuch, Miss P. p.s. Mrs. Wilson, Messes, King, Smith, J. and R. Palmer, Persons, Burnister, jun., Aiskin, and B. Berey. On the Istir of May, 1786, Murpay's "Way to Koop Ham," was cole ted for the benefit of the Boar, and Furthern which oberson Mrs. S. be as and Mrs. Farrence percent or the first time tage. and Ref. of the "Archivelo W. 22" you called for my machy, you have The well-set the etwo restricted sets stolengtheral. Blist Cowley, for a With the Court of the one of the cold addense and stoomer gather # Mathematical Section 18 (1994) attraction and the concept A 1995 November 17 on the pt Conjugate

problem of the control of the Postson State of the Grey Control of the Control of her de w Turce, a late a la la John Koll Committee to be the deal of the deal of the committee to the committee of the com mentaned are to account to effront which which the control of plumed by the control of the co Mrs. Letter March Common and all destroy is to compare the experience; The transfer of the year of the second providental executive species lerate. A new evoles ateraty their Was to very period after the continuously in a 1 who so not a given to Sue was the long post of the principal series was presented to not

EARLY in 1786, General Burgoyne's original the scene lay am mgst traders in London, and those traders of the lowest grade and most detestable manners, it will be conceived at eace that in removing it to Portugal and in doing the characters noble, it w. t har hy positile to carry out more than the object. The traders of low degree to whom she alludes, are both karch's the one an alderman, the other a backer. It is rather curious that Mrs. Behn's play was hissed by a lew fastisions abudous en for first in sixt, for its palpable, and Misc Cowley's for its supposed indec ney, and that both lames denied the charge in their prefatory remarks. In the latter case, the over sensitive crates have estably, as Addis in says, share news at an innended Mrs. Cowley was a classe, and sometimes Active of on a latin mottle. She magic therefore have read and underistered what Circurates of a literary pirate in his dieve the ugh she did to t hady or a term in adoption go most day. In we there only as he end of a man source of some of that grimper source on a new establish to the William S. J.

[In]17 [7] and 1780 MHs. Paren You has few region at Leeds at I world and downward bare On a control by the Prince of Wales to have reserved to the not allow a control of 1917 to a nemous to define a topica room. I at any the are in Great Butain out of Lancar 1.5 We known peak sortier in the effect megterns. "Mass I' is York, Joseph and Land Sport esteem a York, Joseph as an estant, beautiful we man, and a chain lag as tress, who received not may planning on the stace. Lit applause more lasting from a discountry list of persons of in an obselet comply. I say the ries, the first rank of ooth was, who daily

talent, combined with goodness; and what can be more properly attractive! In Miss Farren we behold not only a virtuous, sensible, and amiable woman, but that splendour of private worth made still more valuable by her chiefest pleasure and attention being employed in fulfilling the duties of a child, to render her mother's life truly happy." The compliment is laboured in expression, bu treads as if sincere in feeling. Perhaps Wilkinson found the fair subject not as liberal as she was attractive. Dramatic potentates and their exotic auxiliaries often fancy that each tries to overreach the other. The manager is apt to think that the "star" exacts more than the lion's share of the plunder; while the star inclines to view the manager as a three-handed as well as a three-headed Cacus, who levies undue toll on his or her fairlyearned honorarium and success. Tate Wilkinson says of Mrs. Jordan that she was an angel on the stage and in social intercourse, but a very Shylock in driving a bargain. On the other side. two of the most respectable of associated managers were familiarly misnamed Peachum and Lockit. such suspicions and mistrusts are not confined to or characteristic of theatrical practice alone. Gay's satire is as sweeping as it is pungent. We hope for the honour of human nature that his view is coloured beyond the truth when he makes Jonathan Wild, thief and thief-taker, as Peachum, sing thus :-

"Through all the employments of life
Each neighbour abuse, his brother;
Jade and regue they call husband and
wife;
All professions be-rogue one another:
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade is more honest than

mine."

In 1789-90 Kemble committed high treason against the Bard of Avon, by reviving "The Tempest" with Dryden's monstrous interpolations, adding also a few of his own, and calling them Shakespeare's. The days of overwhelming decoration and machinery had not yet arrived, but the rage for mutilating the immortal text was still in all its deadly activity. This was Kemble's first sin in that wise, frequently committed again

upon other plays, and scarcely atoned for by his truly classic illustrations of Brutus, Coriolanus, Hamlet, Lear, and Macheth. The transformed "Tompest" commanded fifteen repetitions. Miss Farren contributed much to the success by her admirable and naive acting in Dorinda, an annusing, but utterly unjustifiable excreacence conceived by Dryden. How completely is the poetic desolation of Prospero destroyed by giving him any companion except the infant Microsoft

On the 4th of July, 1791, the last performance took place at old Drurylane, Garrick's theatre, which was then pulled down to be rebuilt on the same site. Originally constructed by Christopher Wren, in 1674, it was worn out by long service, and had undergone several alterations and repairs; but no absolutely new theatre had been erected for one hundred and twenty years. Holland was employed as architect of the projected edifice, and in the meantime the company acted at the Opera House in the Haymarket. They opened on the 22nd of September with an incidental prelude, written by James Cobb. It was not printed, being so exclusively ephemeral, and applicable only to the occasion. Cobb, during twenty-four years continued to get as many dramatic pieces acted-all long buried in oblivion except "The Haunted Tower," "The Siege of Belgrade," and "Paul and Virginia," which are still alive, and have merit above par. His first theatrical effort was a prologue for Miss Pope's benefit, in 1773, which he sent to her anonymously. When submitted to Carrick, he praised it highly, and even suggested some slight alterations -a great compliment from one who piqued himself upon his skill in compounding prologues and epilogues. " Poor Old Drury," Cobb's Prelude, had considerable humour. It was supposed to be represented by the actors in their own persons. Palmer and Barrymore began, and after lamenting the distresses of Wrighten, the prompter, gave a ludicrous description of the removal of the scenery from one house to the other. The ocean was washed away by a shower of rain, and the clouds were obliged to be transported under an umbrella. Alexander's triumphal car was smashed to insisted to the was an their gid side, and that Mr. Alexaed r, it is pleasel, in the rate less number! With the most error laborate units embernes cents, and his departure from ed Danry, H. was a led forly a boundation, we or jured his in triper his astowhat he even to do. A component was here theredirectly Mass Papering Taxon assy shoured out that Mr s Parach was tell the promer "It can't be, ix chame i Wa glaten, "everyo slyknows that Mass Farier level wants the prompter.

Part is then came on in a reserand you old how add not constant arm. come a agree. Tracedy was no veloc and the managers should not bully Line out of process has were determined. to be for L. Hore her area algoding I. Philosophy, the rettle galaxy. eal differ man thostrain his limbs in be, wing loss a tork as he could hearing perfect www. The arbitrage. not man standard to this was a part intiops say was a Duli marked cried, wherewe Fire even for west they consider home, of our later rupton Wewers a as a For h date it is strictly delitable lassed merces postered to the first the insert the insert Mosacor Disactorie, at a strictly lose dy to yield; and the store, the will Proceed hype I tree specially. We yield Whealf envery the entricker's years and envery Land and University produces to be a second as a second pear to end of a format the end product of the control of the product of the control of the contro . : rous riba bien blachel. note that one set is the first of the first playwer in two parts in the parts in the parts of th the believe with the constraints Operation of the Advances of patient of the bound li : lees with a first sold a set of the diassociated to the thems yes out were to 1 by Williams to a there

pieces by a hackness couch at the mont of a Pritch and Price. Harbecomer of St. Martin slower, and the gain later to be a couche but jury y, being blaned for the growing, thought be would seen be wanted. neverthele s, and give the cudlence a parties proof of his masic power. He strack the scene, which rose, and formed a view of Mount Paris us, with Apollo and other mythol goal deltles The Muses appeared in succossion, and the predule concluded with a grand cherns.

After a tew ments, the "Tep to Starter ight was elven, in walsh Mess Forreignad Mr., Jordanappen ed. tugether as The outlier and May $H_{SC}(h)$. Our hereine also a fol-tion h^{*} to John Kotellis D(n)Fig. The latter may have been a Le vy Eliustration of a mee icalousy, But at Christmas, form; the wort of their similipoint on line, their intracers waterdayen to a miserable substitute in the shape of a grand process wof the Hundred Knights of Chiveley, and the representations for Medical I. Tormanient. Trising a respectively. forty mights, and showed how little dependence and be placed on the their all merits the Birtish Drama, and the fiste of the public. The two posts police, as forget in head who has some ore last that the anglity much. The hage that some tree. Haymathet was a harrely ad problem oper them postal body? Put a well-hard to the a line version to the version to the version of the desired the result of the put and the version to the version of the result of the version of the in or leave the fourth.

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she might depend on two flourishes previous to her entrance. At the rehearsal, during a scene of passion, she made an inordinate pause, and when all were in amazement lost, turned round with great state, and said, "Observe, Mr. Wrighten, I have stopped thus long, that you may remember at night the time I shall occupy in weeping!" When engaged in York, some time after, Wilkinson asked her what farce she would choose for her benefit, after the play: "Sir," said she, with a solemn stare, "why should I strike the anvil of my brain when there is nothing to hammer out! I never murder my time in thinking of or witnessing such trash." But this strange being, with all her oddities, had merit both as an actress and a woman.

In 1792 and 1793, the Drury-lane company, not being able to retain the Opera House, acted under their own patent at Colman's theatre, in the Haymarket. On the 3rd of February, 1794, a dreadful catastrophe occurred. Their Majesties having commanded "My Grandmother," "No Song, No Supper," and the "Prize," the crowd was so great at the pit door, when it was opened, that a gentleman was thrown down the stairs. The people pressing forward, others fell on him, and were trampled upon by those who were still rushing in. The groans and screams of the dying and maimed were heart-rending; while those who were literally treading their fellow-creatures to death, were unable, from the pressure behind, to recede from the mischief they were doing. The bodies were carried with all possible expedition to the neighboaring houses, and every means used to restore animation; but fifteen persons of both sexes were beyond recovery. Among the killed were Benjamin Ring, and J. C. Brooke, Esqrs., of the Herald's College. Nearly twenty others suffered material injury in bruises, broken arms and legs, some of whom survived only a day. This melancholy accident was not made known to their Majesties until after their return home. Since then no State visit was ever ventured upon at the little theatre in the Haymarket.

The new Theatre Royal in Drurylane, which cost £129,000, being now internally completed in a most taste-

ful and elegant style, was opened on the 12th of March, 1794, with a grand selection of sacred music from Handel's works, commencing with the Coronation Anthem. The orchestra on the stage represented the inside of a Gothic cathedral. The house was crowded in every part. The first dramatic performance took place on the 21st of April, consisting of "Macbeth" and "The Virgin Unmasked." Long before the curtain rose the audience completely overflowed, to the disappointment of a much greater number than were gratified with a view of the superb spectacle which the house presented. It was the handsomest, the most commodious and complete the atre that had yet been erected in the British dominions. A prologue written for the occasion by General Fitzpatrick was spoken by It turned chiefly on the Kemble. fostering shelter which the freedom and tranquillity of this country give so happily to the liberal arts; and the erection of that theatre was properly represented as a monument to the genius of Shakespeare, more suitable

"Than the proud pyramids' unmeaning mass."

The tragedy was "mounted," to use a detestable modern phrase, with great magnificence of decoration, and some novelties in management. The Ghost of Banquo no longer exhibited his gashed throat, and shook his gory locks at Machth, in the banquet scene. The galleries condemned the omission, and shouted to Kemble, "What are you jabbering at an empty chair for t" They clamorously demanded the restoration of the timehonoured spectre, in all its familiar substantiality, and carried their point. Classical critics thought Kemble in the right, and approved of his "bending his eye on vacancy." We are commonplace enough to differ from them. Shakespeare certainly meant the ghost to be there, and we think the situation less effective with-Modern mechanical illuout him. sions, not known in 1794, invest the shadow now with awful solemnity.

The traditionary high-crowned hats, the laced aprons, and comic dance of brooms by the witches, were most judiciously disearded. They were represented as preternatural hags, in mystical garb. Hecate's companion spirit

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have been that Kemble, from illness, was physically unequal to the exertion required. He ought to have acknowledged this in time, and have abstained from the attempt. During the same season Kemble was accused of intentionally settling the fate of Ireland's pseudo Shakespearean

wrong? We believe the truth to

of intentionally settling the fate of Ireland's pseudo Shakespearean "Vortigern," by the ludicrouseffect he gave to the 'line---''And when this solemn mockery is o'er." This, again, is unjust. The line occurred at an unhappy crisis of the play; but the forgery would have been damned, and most justly, had the line been omitted. The pit raised a discordant howl, and some minutes elapsed before Kemble could proceed. He repeated the line, as if it had been encored, and no more of the imposture was listened to. The Irelands accused him of malice prepense; but from the begin-

ning he declared himself an unbeliever, though Sheridan, who seems to have been a lukewarm Shakespearean, adopted, or seemed to adopt, a contrary view.

In 1795 and 1796 the Drury-lane company lost three valuable members -Parsons, Dodd, and Moody-as distinct in their respective lines as they were eminent. Parsons was a rich, overflowing, low comedian, who frequently overstepped the bounds of modesty, and bordered on licentiousness. He had a trick, afterwards much indulged in by Liston, of endeavouring to make the actors on the stage with him forget their parts and laugh. His mode was to say something to them in a low tone, so that the audience could not hear. Liston frequently selected William Abbott for his victim, who, at last, declared that the next time he would show him up to the audience. The following night he had to make an apology, which Liston knew nothing of; and while he was speaking the "tag," or last lines of the play, succeeded as usual in throwing him into confusion. As the curtain fell, Abbott stepped forward, apparently under great excitement, and began - "Ladies and gentlemen, I am under the painful necessity (Liston, in agonies,

at the wing) of stating to you that Mr. Liston (Liston—' William, my dear

fellow, don't—I'll never do it again')
—that Mr. Liston, I say (Liston—

'Pray, pray don't')—no—I beg pardon

—that Mr. Fawcett has been taken ill since he came to the theatre, and to solicit your indulgence for Mr. Blanchard, who has undertaken his part in the farce, at a moment's notice."

Dodd excelled in coxcombs, foppish servants, and silly eccentries. His Sir Benjamin Backbite, of which he was the original, was supposed never to have been equalled. Miss Pope said no one could take a pinch of snuff like Dodd; -- a small matter, but he contrived to give it a peculiar effect. He was a bibliomaniac also, and collected a curious library, which was sold after his death. Of Moody, the stock Irishman before Jack Johnstone, we have lately written, in this MAGAZINE, a special memoir. One important incident in his life we omitted, not knowing it at the time. But for his kind and honest heart the celebrated statesman, George Canning, might never have occupied a niche in history. His mother, while a member of the Drury-lane company, was unfortunately drawn into a second marriage with Reddish, an actor of considerable talent, but of intemperate habits and disreputable character. Moody, who was intimate with both, was soon struck by the boy's talents, and became strongly interested in his welfare. Accordingly he called upon his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning, a London merchant, drew an alarming picture of the lad's perilous position; declared that he was on the high read to the gallows; dilated on his wonderful natural talents, and predicted that, if properly educated, he would one day become a great man. The uncle received the intercessor coldly, but Moody persevered against all distastes arising from family estrangement, and at last the wealthy trader consented, on certain conditions, to take charge of his nephew. This secured his education, and the development of his talents.

During the season of 1796-7, Miss Farren appeared repeatedly with John Kemble as Valentine and Angelica, in "Love for Love;" Faulkland and Julia, in the "Rivals;" Lord and Lady Townly, in the "Provok'd Husband;" Young Bevil and Indiana, in the "Conscious Lovers;" Don Felix and Violante, in the "Wonder;" Benedick and Beatrice, in "Much Ado about Nothing;" Young Mirabel

and B rows, in the "Lipenstant," I where I is a I to I in a local by I we have I to I in the probability I we associated whether the the rows I is the coordinate I where I is the I th I is the I th I is the I th I th I is the I to I is the I th I in ٠.

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the collection with a site of weathy will a decide to the con-. . . . 1 .. and the first transfer of . : π, . :

—"While yet also it is no insult to speak of Miss Farren as an actress, we may express our disapprobation of a practice she had, on the stage, of playing to a single box, rather than to the audience. We have too much respect for her character, and too high an opinion of her good sense, to believe this particular preference proceeded from any motive of disrespect to the public; the nod of recognition, however, and the simper of friendship, are no desirable accompaniments to a dramatic representation."

On the 8th of May, 1797, Miss Farren was married to the Earl of Derby, by special licence, at his lordship's house in St. James'ssquare. A gentleman, speaking of the event, a day or two after, described the bride as handsome, and of a most elegant form; and the bridegroom as remarkably good-natured. "Then," said a well-known wit in company, "the worst thing they could do was to marry. It will spoil the shape of the one, and the temper of the other." Truly does Hamlet observe," Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." Miss Farren had no ægis or panacea against this "common plague." Soon after her marriage, a Grub-street hireling published a pamphlet entitled "Memoirs of the present Countess of Derby," under the respectable signature of Petronius Arbiter. The libellous assertions were numerous; but all that could be proved against her was original poverty. A biographical sketch, in reply, amply refuted the false statements, especially the charge of ingratitude to Mr. Younger of Liverpool, which had no just foundation. Some of the inferior actors, from whom she held herself at a distance, may have been provoked to tattle and enmity; and there are always scribblers on the outskirts of literature ready to lend or hire their pens to the propagation of malice.

In due time the new Countess of Derby was presented at Court; and Queen Charlotte selected her tomake one in the procession at the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Duke of Wurtemberg. By the Earl she had three children—a son, who lived to be seventeen, a daughter, who reached only ten, and a second daughter, married to the second Earl of Wilton, who died so recently as 1858. She herself enjoyed her elevation until the 29th of April, 1829, when she died, at the ripe age of seventy. There is a charming likeness of her, in private life, by Sir Thomas, then Mr. Lawrence, from which a fine engraving was taken. The Garrick Club has also another portrait, in character.

A few weeks after Miss Farren's retirement, Mrs. Jordan selected Lady Teach for her own benefit. The secession was unfortunate for the latter, as it enabled her to throw herself into a line of acting she had long coveted, but was by no means qualified to fill. The professional and private life of Elizabeth Farren, Countess of Derby, affords a remarkable instance that even in this lower world of transition—virtue, talent, and amiability are sometimes signally rewarded.

THE GRAND TOUR.

VIENNA TO WARSAW.

OUR last paper on this subject closed rather abruptly with some reflections on the onerous privileges and monotonous life of a maid of honour at the Court of Vienna. It was, indeed, little better than slavery in fine clothes and fine apartments. It must, however, have had its compensations. The relatives of a maid of honour might sleep in peace, secure of the moral safety of her position. She was under the eye of a vigilant though indulgent mistress, and the mother of the maids was a

widow lady of "an anxious temperament" and exemplary character. A lady so charming and so kind as Elizabeth Christina, would have it the character heart to render the lives of these her daily companions, her zealous attendants, and her sincerefriends, as comfortable as was in her power. In fine, each was pretty sure of securing an enviable position by marriage before the cheerless evening of oldmaidhood began to thicken around her.

At one of these evenings in the realace, our friend- first saw the unnesuming, unfa-nicha de, sere u a mnered, and stort such ted Prince Errene. Greater deteren e or attarge at could not be easily discribe impical moster and mastre's than was evinced in their dimension to the galaxytic deposit of the faction and the Turks. Our toyer's gent two or three days were him. I have fine resel a section B. L. Lete, who we is deeply are estal in the levely and trutidal parties show we them of his old fell own outsite. Margon mehine soft their bear of tomaca, Marilla Value, and of the explicit suggested the recent on the condition of the Low Country of and these parts of their and will happen dit of meaning are a of the theatre of the war. He was a rath h interested in the large hexisters, where serious control a first realed enther activitied good east to pros-ments in tell about to 1 shows. He and they very some upper took each other, a dam't at negation of their followed: He has but the a life Library with the restrict marginal chased a large poor, not it, as not of his guests, I on Car a pair Pare-man, broke on, Pare i sarra w. Landon.

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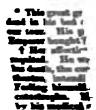
cessor, the heroic Maria Theresa, as in her exile she presented nor infant heir to the Hungarian notice, and claims it near a venue is yalty for him. They were less interested in her endeavours to reader the Viennese a moral and religious, as well as a hat py people, however mataken she had it have been in the means used t

After a rather priorized stay in Vienna, our friends recoilected that their self appeared task was searchly had a complehed. So taking leave with regard, they set forward to see with their own eyes how the Pelish hables treated their avassals, and what soft of allegiance they exhibited to their neumana, ruler.

Nothing of importance befoll our Inglishmen in their journey through Merivin to Crocow, the represent city of Polard, if we except the damage received by their ventile and energy than her esting of them to spend part of a right in the forest till assistance constraint and next next best hance.

In the city they bound in the condation of the bennes a striking expression of the political posture of the country pances, residence of no best and pose ats hats, no monster Lone , he perfectives buryens. declarate therwith utality of the dework travers and namey or line. In they now never contents by no more venturing on a good wish no to mike think think 2 on highd condition would variet her plange-ness in prescribe of reviarsh. The streets, regardless of the visit of the illustrious strangers, were deep in dirty sludge, it being a rainy day, and the apouts played unconcernedly on the heads of incautions passengers, There was no flanging, no street lamp, no payement, very defective sewerage, and even had the Englishmen selected

o for their entry, their nones,



ore quitting their friendly enters they were taken to witness arriage of a young couple of the lass, and certainly it presented

Descending by means of the primitive rope and basket for about 200 feet, they were conducted through lofty and airy passages leading to two chanels Statues, altars, candlesticks, carved out

1865.]

The Grand Tour.

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Near the palace stood the cathedral, where they paid a visit to the tombs of the kings of Poland from Sigismund I., of the line of Jagellon, down to Augustus II., King of Poland, Elector of Saxony, and father of more children than were ever claimed by Grand Turk or Persian Shah. Readers interested in this tour of ours have been introduced to him already, both at Berlin and Dresden. The bones of the noble John Sobieski were laid there, but no monument had been sculptured in his honour. In speaking on the subject of this brave prince to Polish noblemen during their stay in the country, they were surprised to They find but little enthusiasm. looked on what he had done for Austria in 1863 from a selfish point of view. " Had the Turk even taken Vienna, he would never have been able to retain it," said they. "His power was declining at the time. Schieski merely precipitated his downfall, and strengthened the hands of the house of Hapsburg against us. Moreover he obtained the hand of the Emperor's sister for his son James, a proceeding which so displeased the nobles that on his death they would not select one of his line to succeed him." Besides all these o jections, they reproached his memory with undue complaisance to a violing-tempered and selfish wife, and with it to various not exceeded by that of Vespesian. not exceeded by that of Vespisian. They overlooked the saving of his in the continued made whose they had by the turble via by guided over the Turks at C. Zhan toy appears in continued in the categories forgot his value, his element, his piety, and his other great quilities, and left to the rest of furnite the task of forming a juster estimation of task of forming a juster estimation of the forming a juster estimation of the left in and made and the continued obstacles that interval and the continued and have a second of the forming and have a second of the forming a juster estimation of the forming and in the continued in the continued made in a large provided and an actual task of the forming a juster estimation of the forming a juster estimation of the continued made in a large provided and the continued made and the continued made and the continued made in a large provided and the continued made in a large provided and the continued made in a large provided and the continued made and the continued made in the continued made in a large provided and the continued made in a large provided and the continued made in a large provided and the continued made in the continued made in the continued made in a large provided and the continued made in the continued made XII. would have the following plan of raising one

admiring sovereign and lover, Casimir the Great. Like her namesake in history, she was the means of obtaining for her people privileges and exemptions, which they have ever since continued to enjoy.

Being invited to the sent of a country gentleman or noble for all whom they met in their progress outside towns were either nobles or serfs---they were struck with the untidiness of court yards, of lawns, and approaches; but nothing could exceed the warmth of their welcome, and the agreeable manners and unaffected politeness of their hosts. French was the vehicle of thought and compliment, and the master of the Chateau discovering the extent of his guest's classic acquirements, varied the conversation with wellconstructed Latin. A true Pole, the tall fur bonnet covered his well shorn head; a hussar jacket with loose sleeves "clipped" him round; as word, broad and long, depended from his side, and embroidered boots adorned and defended his limbs. Our guests observed that ho pitable as were their noble entertainers, all the gue to were not on an equal footing. Above the salt-cellar, as in the Waverley novels, rich wines flowed, and choice meats were eaten, white food and dank of interior quality were found below that useful ornament. The desendants of any person originally forestaring the section and assessment The Control of the State of

At one of these evenings in the reslace, our filends that say the mussuming, unfamiliana del sectori monnered, and stout healted Prince Eastern. Greater determine or attargae at e cild to t be evine d by losimperial master and mistres than was evinced in their denomenants the gallagt conquestrated the Therein and the Turks. Our travelers shout two or three days with him of his fine residence, the B lyndere, and were desoly interested in the levely and trutaful pictures here we there of his oblifell was all in Marrior in manual leftheir bree to man Mart. A Bus. and of the comparise, and their event on the condition of the Low Country of and these parts of Germany which Euppen dito tirri asy y around the theatre of the war. He was 1 to the interested in the haze he visiters, where serious denotes in the fire ked enthy lastic and generous to prote-ments much aken to be own. "He and they very some under took each other, and anity a regarding to makely followed. He showed them are There with the castal very purenascia large porten of it, as he told his guests, it on Continue Paternau, Tooks had. This is surriew, L lu

The part of the art of the es-Vertage his and the later of the artists transpergment of the parameter by red a recease or earlies of both affected with the second large of a mean each to the esting than he capating a water of the action would be exercised as fewer known in the capating as

cessor, the heroic Maria Theresa, as in her exile she presented for infant beir to the Hungarian nolles, and claimed their leve and hyalty for him. They were long interested in her endeavours to render the Viennese a meral and religious, as well as a happy people, however mistaken she int at have been in the means used \

After a tather prolonged stay in Vienna, our friends recollected that their self appointed task was scarcely Laif accomplished. So taking leave with regret, they set forward to see with their own eyes how the Polish nobles treated their vassals, and what sort of allogiance they exhibited to ther is minal ruler.

Nothing of importance befoll our Englishmen in the rejaining through Meravia to Crinow, the rearest city of Polard, if we except the damage received by their vehicle and one of their lar is in getting over a cordina v read, win had light them to spend post of a realit in the forest tell assestalone cone. Loin the next post horiely

In the city they found in the condition of the heroes a striking expresson of the political picture of the country palaces, residences of nobe sour lip as ness huts; no monster Loss of the restrictable bounders. dve in without the utalispe the Jowe hat a box area membry denlars, lest's a revir se confectable, ra in leave, to any entitled webser to our trive. Is the trive of events in along a show than a grown in good only dinary structure violety. The construction would vanish by plants they arrive the first test of the singular section of the visit of the introduction of the visit of in the selection of the control of the second control of the secon

^{*} The great probability of the second of the probability of the probab eathers be the off foreart that she steps, and retwithitanting every effort male by his need at atomical to be weeder thin a few minutes.

Near the palace stood the cathedral. where they paid a visit to the tombs of the kings of Poland from Sigismund I., of the line of Jagellon, down to Augustus II., King of Poland, Elector of Saxony, and father of more children than were ever claimed by Grand Turk or Persian Shah. Readers interested in this tour of ours have been introduced to him already, both at Berlin and Dresden. The bones of the noble John Sobieski were laid there, but no monument had been sculptured in his honour. In speaking on the subject of this brave prince to Polish noblemen during their stay in the country, they were surprised to find but little enthusiasm. They looked on what he had done for Austria in 1863 from a selfish point of view. "Had the Turk even taken Vienna, he would never have been able to retain it," said they. "His power was declining at the time. Sobieski merely precipitated his downfall, and strengthened the hands of the house of Hapsburg against us. Moreover he obtained the hand of the Emperor's sister for his son James, a proceeding which so displeased the nobles that on his death they would not select one of his line to succeed him." Besides all these objections, they reproached his memory with unduc complaisance to a violent tempered and selfish wife, and with his avarice not exceeded by that of Vespasian. They overlooked the saving of his land by the terrible victory gained over the Turks at Choczim; they forgot his valour, his clemency, his picty, and his other great qualities, and left to the rest of Europe the task of forming a juster estimation of his noble nature. But for the many obstacles that intervened, Charles XII. would have prosecuted his plan of raising one of his sons to the throne of Poland. That man of iron nerves shed tears over the tomb of Sobieski at Cracow, exclaiming, "Such a king should never have died!"

In the gardens of another palace (now in ruins) on the north side of the city, they saw a mound raised four hundred years since to the memory of a Jewish Esther by her

admiring sovereign and lover, Casimir the Great. Like her namesake in history, she was the means of obtaining for her people privileges and exemptions, which they have ever since continued to enjoy.

Being invited to the scat of a country gentleman or noble-- for all whom they met in their progress outside towns were either nobles or serfs - they were struck with the untidiness of court-yards, of lawns, and approaches; but nothing could exceed the warmth of their welcome, and the agreeable manners and unaffected politeness of their hosts. French was the vehicle of thought and compliment, and the master of the Chateau discovering the extent of his guest's classic acquirements, varied the conversation with wellconstructed Latin. A true Pole, the tall fur bonnet covered his well shorn head; a hussar jacket with loose sleeves "clipped" him round; a sword, broad and long, depended from his side, and embroidered boots adorned and defended his limbs. Our guests observed that hospitable as were their noble entertainers, all the guests were not on an equal footing. Above the salt-cellar, as in the Waverley novels, rich wines flowed, and choice meats were eaten, while food and drink of inferior quality were found below that useful ornament. descendants of any person originally noble continued noble while they did not engage in commerce or follow a profession; and as the estates were in most cases subdivided among the children, some nobles were scated beside the Englishmen whose lands varied in extent from three to seven acres. These and their larger-estated relations and neighbours had, therefore, no choice in the social arrangement. One should sit at his fellow noble's table, the other should extend ungrudging hospitality; but unless there was a certain measure attending this display, the large estate would shortly find itself in the mortgage book of Levi or Moses, in his squalid back parlour in Cracow* or Warsaw. So the rich Hungarian wines, Tokay or other, waited on the stranger or the large-landed piast above the

^{*} The Jews were not allowed to dwell within the city of Cracow proper. The suburb called Casimir formed their quarter.

sait cellar, and the noble of the few shoot which be might call his own, acres made blasself as everf reable as and till on certain days of the week, circumstances peculity differendown; giving his than and latter than during and if he was a ware and not make the other days to the fields of his

true dancher, a fitze or three ethalteer in he day, especially neighbour as of a second to the Color to in Samuela, to y proceeded as defined as Colores a properties at the transfer on the world of an eleptoral section the High and a regimentally many they are may be a section they forms I dames of Village village with a few levels of the properties at fields applied not a vector from the first level is never we are vector from a field supplied not a vector from the first level is never which we give from a field supplied not a vector from the first level is never which we give from the first level in the f court sy that took place, as I too pearly, and sy Taip toto er side Barrathon Creation (According in a care of language we have seen a man therito the calless from I the Belazare et teller relative plete a stable suit of the filter forms on the first term of term . :

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man, he as present in the graffer of master. The lock of the real passes of the arter ment. and so or anowhole of an utteral matteral part are small expectations of the contract which one matteral part are small expectable, of the contract which or the amount than with the false of the car is conditional and the form of the part than the car is to be for part that the contract the part of the car is of the part that the part of the car is the contract that the part of the car is the contract that the part of the car is the contract that the part of the car is the contract that the car is the c See here he New York wheat was and the late of the conditional continuous only a work at his well to It he was a cliberius call ty deposits was p. A. 1 .

> As see stylenops .1.

Before quitting their friendly enter-**Lainers** they were taken to witness the marriage of a young couple of the merf class, and certainly it presented some novel features. The bride wore s gold-laced jacket, fitting tightly to her figure and completely covering breast and neck. On her parted hair she wore a cap of gold thread and a nosegay. Her hair fell down her back in profusion, and was ornamented with rose-coloured ribbons. Our visiters found the room well filled with company, all more or less tipsy, and the bride, sitting with her back to the wall, determined to maintain her sobriety; while the gallant bridegroom, sustaining his natural bashfulness by sundry cups, paid court to his partner very carnestly, and prevailed on her from time to time to "sip the rosy," as Dick Swiveller was wont to say. She accepted the beer; but when he insi-diously attempted kiss or caress, she used her fists in a very effective way to teach him dis retion before company. Six young peasants supported him in this trying hour; and the bride was kept in countenance by a like number of bridesmaids, in dresses similar to hers-flowers on their heads, coral beads round their necks. The bride's mother, in the maudlin stage of beery inspiration, surveyed her daughter with lazy satisfaction; and dancing was kept up in the next room by light-heeled damsels and young men with heavy iron-heeled boots. These, clashing against each other, produced agreeable sounds in the cars of the unsophisticated company.

Determined as Peregrine was, not to face the dangers of matrimony till his return to his native island, and cunningly and stoutly as he had resisted the fair assailants of the Low Countries, of Saxony, and Vienna, he had nearly succumbed to one of the beautiful and witching daughters of the chateau. Finding himself "beaten behind his shield," he drove Menter out of the castle, and followed him with desperate resolution, having first taken an affecting farewell of old and young. Then tutor and pupil prepared for their northern journey, first making a descent into the salt mine of Vielicza, which is to be found a couple of leagues south of the Vistula.

Descending by means of the primitive rope and basket for about 200 feet, they were conducted through lefty and airy passages leading to two chapels. Statues, altars, candlesticks, pillars, and all the appurtenances of a house of worship, were carved out of the solid salt, which sparkled and glittered as if formed of finely-cut diamond, as the light fell on them from the lamps held by the guides. Descending lower by means of ladders, they entered a vast white hall, the sides and floor cut with surprising regularity, and extending, as well as the height, to some hundreds of feet. This mine seems inexhaustible; it has been worked upwards of 600 years. The lowest depth attained last century was about 1,200 feet. About 500 men were daily employed in two drafts, each working twelve hours. They never slept below, nor were women ever permitted to make a descent.

In their progress to Warsaw the varieties of scenery that occupied their attention were grassy plains, marshes, and ferests. Occasionally in the depths of these forests they discovered a cultivated patch of land, which, with its leafy border, afforded pleasure to the eyes and the mind. Sometimes, instead of the circular piece of cultivation, a lake presented itself. The Carpathian mountains, left behind, and sinking to the horizon with every mile they advanced, were the only eminences that cheered their eyes from their entrance into Poland, Having received timely warning, they brought along with them a few of the conveniences needful to travellers, for in the wretched wooden posthouses shelter was all that could be obtained. The country seats of the nobles were unhappily very rare, or out of the line of route; otherwise the journey might have been a very agreeable one.

Their compassion was often moved by the spectacle of a poor serf suffering from the terrible plica polonica, every hair on his head injected with diseased blood, and all forming one inextricable mass. Cutting off the hair or shaving the head even in an early stage of the disease did not mend matters. These operations, on the contrary, brought on blindness or some other grievous malady. It has to be borne in mind that the

country is a vast plain, very slightly inclining towards the north, and that the water is of a bad quality. To the water or the nir the physicians then ascribed the disease; but as the vectims were almost exclusively furnished by the very needlest and the very dirtiest portion of the populace, it may be supposed that the foul air of the houses, the fifthy state of the clothing and of the dwellings, joined to the innatiations quality of the tool, had much to do in producing and ag-

gravating the malady.

The approx is to the capital presented no variety of so acry tha wale plain, interspersed with existence of birch and fir, extended to the rates. A bridge, resting on beats, cornected the city itself, water a coon the west back of the Vitting to Prioric the eastern sulemb. Warsow could be more boast of payod stocks teat Cracow. After a access such with y were totally impactable by pides traces, and these was vealed the ach them on horsely a comin conclus were men of confegge. Min hi later than the time of our took's visit, Prince Rangy f, projecting in his configuration process for discover and escale been at the a complete stand stall with manner had you used the royal bundary, the whole cleary field y ligher of an tier tell coast in the Hastriany for the consection of the consection of the consection with the very many constraints of the very many constraints of the very many consections. har rather a consist the received elegation of the fact Acres with a rate

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a forcible abduction. The sovereign, scatted at his palace-window, for the benefit of the fresh air, would find his royal nostrils visited by odours from open sewers in the neighbourhood.

But much of all these disagreeables, including the wretched appensance of the poor, and others of waten we shalch ive occasion to speak, were for the moment forgotten by the Landsh gentiemen, when sharing the his organity of the British Ambass sador, or made welcome in the noble many discording Chartonskis or the Zun, v.k.s. The exemplors posses sed all the charms which wast on the poldebearing and our tesy of educated high icrn men, and the loverness and vivality and cross of their wayes, and so ters, and a to later a little and tome of morals underlay this glowing and lebelittal places if was not year cept, de at hist. Then was no me no Venicher tion awkwagane's record from translating their then gids from one linear of to another bet nearly prosing facts. These were present neavocals policist in the french tenene, from England, Propos, at I Grammy; and the interesting of Fit Chieff cated consect wit west on with all effort or panse. The freedom of so choic European one convard on the State of the country was recordable. Proof and have problem as were the native nodes, the ewar needed on to to the Cown extra sear or hapled in their conversation. Live vicine was an alcohule pource on the even was not adjusted in to extensive terminal and Amounts III. Let yell the mand one the b) d² p (Self en Syerialettal) that a with at the last ter me ich of the normates taen in possthe color . . that Area stay was to emerce you don't of what has conducts and he made at at viting det home, exposer od a lively interest in the well leng and combat of the conjugate and ex-In god an unit woill yarry and good with South adversement matter, the clement of a value and discoverty to the severe in were not beginnent into collision. Of all extern powers the only one that was treated with hard words was the House of Hapeburg.

It must not be inferred that grave political questions absorbed the attention of the gay, and chivalrous, and beautiful, and graceful personages in these social gatherings. The presence of witty and fascinating women brought round the discourse to those topics in which they felt an interest. Poetry, the drama, the national meetings for the election of kings, music, dancing, dress -- all were discussed. In one respect men and women stoutly resisted foreign in-However these or those fluence. might prefer a king from one German house or another, or royal scion of Sweden or Denmark (they scarcely ever selected a king from among themselves), they would adopt no foreign fashion in dress. The gentlemen would continue to use the cut and style of garments already mentioned, the ladies would persist in the close-fitting gown, the fur-trimmed outer robe, worn by their greatgrandmother, the boots and the square-crowned cap of ancient days.

What the strangers felt as the bitter something that always is sure to spring up in the sweetest combination of human enjoyments, was the evident eagerness that inspired the features of every gentleman, when the card tables became the order of the evening. They found in their further experience, that of all causes cards and dice were the most effective in reducing the size of estates from some thousands of acres to the little field containing only seven or eight.

During a quiet evening spent with the English ambassador and two or three really patriotic nobles, they learned the particulars attending the late election, which would not have occurred so soon had Augustus II., that Saxon imitator of the great Hebrew pluralist, led the chaste life becoming a Christian man.

HOW POLAND WAS GOVERNED.

Our visiters were naturally inquisitive as to the national housekeeping of the country, and a brisk succession of questions and answers ensued. These, if given in detail, would prevent the subject of Poland being concluded in this paper; so the precisonly of the answers will be quoted.

"One institution distinguishes the Slavonian people from the Celts and Teutons, namely, the necessity of perfect unanimity among the constituents for the passing of a public measure. A single dissentient voice will prevent the passing of the best measure ever devised. From the time that Jagellon married King Louis's daughter, and added his Duchy of Lithuania to our then small kingdom (about A.D. 1370), to the extinction of the Jagellon dynasty in 1572, the accession to kingly power was nominally by election; and from that to the present time this election has been neither pretence nor sham. It is the result of a genuine struggle; and if one person only choose to withhold his vote from the man of general choice, the labour is in vain. On the plain of Szopa, half a mile north of the city, 100,000 persons have been seen engaged with the important question of a successor to the throne; the agents of the neighbouring countries busily employed in promoting the interests of their respective sovereigns; the rich nobles superbly dressed and attended by their numerous followers, the poorer with their estates on their persons. For, while the poor man can trace his descent from one who was at any time noble, and can show that he has never exercised trade or profession, he enjoys the Stolnik's vote.* You may imagine what anxiety, what manœuvres, and sometimes what bribery is requisite to bring the kingly electors or the members attending a mere diet to a unanimous decision. There is one memorable instance of a restive individual who set more value on his own wisdom than on that of all his brother senators.

"In 1652, the diet being in solemn

^{*}N. W. Wraxall, writing forty-five years after our travellers had visited Warsaw, says:—"Mr. Wraughton, the English minister, was struck with surprise at seeing his butler put on a sabre, and without asking his permission, walk out to the Szopa. 'Sir,' said the man to him by way of apology for his conduct; 'I am noble, and though I act in the capacity of your domestic, I am not less competent to be raised to the throne than the first nobleman in the ropublic.'" Was domestic service considered more noble in itself than trade or profession, or had the law altered in the intervening period, or did N. W. Wraxall invent, or was he mystified by his informant?

consultation at War-aw on a matter of great importance, and coming to a decision, a Literanian, named Sicinski, recorded less veto, and the a combly broke up in dishay. Tradation asserts that Sichsla's family and himself and his home were destroyed by lightning, and that his body, preserved in a manamified state, was for many years, on the anniversary of his crime, carried round his native town, attended by the reproaches and execrations of his townsmen. This example has been unhappily imitated on several cocasions. Our kingly or imperculacighboars have not tailed to induce this or that unprincipled person to pervent good measures from passing, when it are able to their win sublime and soft-h wishes.

"Our king are old 2 d to assemble the diet of w. at least, in every two years. When need presses, they convene an extra adaptity diet. The king dispatch sato cach in the having a seat by right of funcy or by the votes of the Stellinks of a defrict, a paper setta 2 forth the objects for which the a milly is convered. So by the time the members take their is ats, they have made up their minds ties me purpose, whether induced by but exer influenced by patriotic neatayes. If they caracter is strong as successful at the month on, they head imp in advanced a corder, as due turn to nec-

" Now the exploit is wer thing tom affinis to the recall time on those vernments to fire trate the notice to efforts of our left and we set of incalling the extensive exact the bery, the worter will be assess, from aireanstoree et em Laborary forba property, to gradest to effect. trained by the even emerted of the interest of the exercise of

to who is right aby the symbol validation can extend by the symbol measure mile possible it would be at ly to applit had play who will introduce him when himz, should rome this wide either death. John Castana, on the component his operat, and curass, at I in a baughty a strate of twenty seven years bestone demanded who the strangers

fore, prophesical the dismemberment of our plain allows by the three neighbouring powers, though the political influence of Russia was then much less than it is now. It would appear that we are not able nor willing to bring a cure to the inherent dv orders in our system, and that the neighbouring toval and imperial surgeons will undertake the office for their own encolument. Well, well, the condition of our serfs cannot be worse than it is. The wisest and be a of use in do but little to re laim them from their indobnit and thrittless lives, and their filthy habits.

BOW THE GREAT FOLK AMENED THEMSELVES.

But our travellers in quest of knowledge were not always hobling grave and useful discussions with sensible and retrictic councillors such as these. They were invited, soon atter their arrival, to a revalentertaniment in the open air, and en-joyed it exceedingly. There were present thirty ladies and thirty gentles note, and a sumprious languet was given to all in the Saxen palace, American III, it's dang the ameant button from the high, steep bank of the Vistilla, form whose windows n thing better was to be seen than the wretched submitted Producer the to bein beach rass haves been been and a positivist of our thirty looses and therty is nice on set down to district. The may expected the preasure our Demonitors expenses on inapaty or struct ryal and in his men as I we have distinct to only the project conduct a contribute to the constraint of their weights und Kill 2 des Optes novere as anxious to presention to besits were the latter to be a presented to them. Dinner the post of the first very models of the force of the first temporary so the first of the mining of Virginia of the first to with extreme of burry, here expected models to receive to with extreme performance of the first control of the first temporary forms to the first temporary forms to the house withdrew, and the restriction of the first temporary forms of the virginia of the proceded an island apparently fortifiel A challenging blast is ing blown by the trumpeter of Theseus the king, an Anazon appeared behind what neight be taken to lattlements. She was armed with behind, shield,

were, and what they needed. The herald set forth the style and title of the mighty son of Egeus, his past achievements, and his present purpose to take the famed city of Trebizond, for which purpose he and his noble Greeks had braved the dangers of the Bosphorus and the stormy Euxine Sea. The beauteous warrior defied them in the name of her puissant sovereign, the lovely and heroic Hippolyta, and then followed trumpet peals on each side. Soon in gallant style, Hippolyta, represented by the Queen, issued forth from the gates, clad in the genuine costume of the famous warrior-queen, whose territories were invaded by the coarse and restless "Duke of Athens." Her ladies followed similarly attired; and the warriors in the boat, inspired by martial ardour, hastened to land, and engage the charming and resolute Amazons. The strife was but of short duration. After a few mock thrusts and blows received on their bucklers, the invincible warriors of Trebizond laid down their spears. The king embraced his queen; every noble fol-lowed his example; and if the salute was not conferred upon the lady to whom it was lawfully due, he received a knock from a shield's edge, or a buffet from a gauntlet.

By this time the warlike fatigues and the open air had conferred respectable appetites on knight and lady, and within the fortress into which they penetrated, two by two, they found a supper provided. There was even more hilarity and cordiality at this than the mid-day meal; and after a suitable rest, all repaired to an improvised ball-room, where the progenitors, in the fourth or fifth degree, of our modern polkas and mazurkas were executed with grace and enthusiasm. When it became dark (it was then summer) fireworks of all varieties were discharged from this and the neighbouring isles; and so at last, overpowered with fatigue and enjoyment of the varied recreations of the day, they returned to the city, this time the knights and ladies in the same boats, and every hero doing his endeavour to guard his heroine from the discomforts of the passage and the cold night air.

A GREAT POLISH REAR.

The splendour and fine taste with which the entertainments of this day were got up, formed the subject of conversation through the city for some time. It only ceased to interest when the news of an approaching entree of the great Lithuanian chief, Prince Radzivil, was announced. It was whispered that his chariot and the beasts harnessed to it would form a surprising sight. And surprising indeed it proved. The city turned out to meet the Prince as he approached in his heavy-built and gilded vehicle; but those who first neared the equipage were surprised at the low stature of the six animals that were at work, all covered with white housings, which left nothing visible but the eyes. Each was attended by a stout-built follower, who found all his faculties fully needed to make his beast proceed in the ordinary fashion. From the size and the mode of making progress, and the muttered growls heard from under the cloths, the crowd began to get an idea of the nature of the beasts, and their suspicions were disagreeably verified when, on entering the city, the attendants withdrew the body-clothes, and revealed six fierce-looking white bears from the Lithuanian forests. On finding themselves freed from the drapery, their impatience and disgust at serving as a gazing-stock to so many clowns began to manifest itself in prolonged growls, and various attempts at walking on their hind legs, and getting a few of the shouting multitude into their arms. This proceeding tended very much to the disturbance of the harness, and the equanimity of the Prince. He shouted to his slaves to keep better order among their charge; but it required some hard application to the animals' noses to bring them to a sense of what was expected from them. The coach was pulled to this and the other side, and the crowds put what space they could between themselves and the imperfectly trained animals, whose appearance at every plunge and rear had something very terrify-ing about it. Instead of the admiring and triumphant reception expected by the semi-barbaric Prince, much confusion, great personal discomfort, and some censure were the result.

The six savages were not again seen in public. Their coats were added to the princely stock of household furs, and bears' grease experienced a fall in price. This failure, however, detracted but little from the bustle and glitter which about that time enlivened the streets of Warsaw. The nobles vied with each other in the splendour of their equipages, as they hastened to do howour to the new king and to themselves, by crowding into the city and presenting themselves at court.

THE MIN AND WOMEN CRIDE INC

However self-satisfied might be the Polish nobleman as he proceeded to court in his cumbrous and showy chariot, he preferred to witch the eyes of the crowd by his graceful and perfeet management of his steed. His ancestor in the thirtseth degree, careering over the Tartur steppes, could scarcely exhibit more mastery over the will and in evenents of the fle ! and decile animal for bestrode. As our friends when left to themselves at rare intervals, passed in review the nequaintances they had made in the duferent cities which they I ad visited. they agreed that in all the quanties that reader social result at of wellbred men and wemen agreeable and attractive, the Polish nobles excelled. They were emment for their urbanity, gaiety, unreserve, and that respect for their company and case of manner which constitute the idea of perfeet good breeding. Most of them had paid a visit to Paris, and spoke French with the case and thency of a resident in the Banker of t. Honord. In their entertainments trey were disposed to reach figure and show; but to an expensive taste they metal. delicacy of sontinent and a creative fancy. With all these advantages our four steel to ded a certain was t of sincerity, of consistency, of steellness, of economy, of independent. They were engreesed by a tractic law of play, and Venus was the golden at a whom, alter at ly wit a Fortune, their worship was ungroup this past

With regard to the lades, we deer fully quote from N. W. Wraxad. His observations, the min charted by the daughters of the lastes in whose smiles the Englishmen basked, were no less applicable to the mothers in their youth and early maternity.

"If the men excel in personal endowments and accomplishments, the Polish women of rank or condition are equally pleasing. The world does not produce females more winning, polished, or calculated to charm in conversation. They have in ither the shyness and coldness of the English, nor the reserve and haughtiness of the Anstronwemen. These joined with grace, and animated by the wish to please, render them infinitely agreeable. In beauty they may digute the galac with any country, and their attractions are commonly heightened by all the refinements of coquetry. I do not mean to as dogise for their levity, but their imperfections and faults are more the result of situation than of natural disposition. In a court and capital such as Warsaw, it is not easy to resist the solution of example. . . It is society, morals, and live which model individuals, and If into action every thing valuable in our Links I .

It was not only by personal charms and grace that the Polish ladies distinguished themselves. They have at all times exhibited a love of their centry, and a degree of personal courage and passive endurance in her cause, unparalicied by the women of any country in Europe. Instances of this were frequent enough before the period of which we are speaking, and have since been still more numerous. The Polish ladies of the present day seem to have retained all the excellent qualities of their great grandmothers, including a deep scated love of country, and the energy to struzzle or suffer for Let sake; and they seem gifted with that wemanly virtue without which all the others are comparatively of little account.

Were we sure that the present regardless of the dictates of that female densin so worskipped by Austrant, Prench, and Inglish womer, as the fada's who smooth on the Englishmen, we might be tempted to assume cookle shell, slauched hat, and palgrades staff, and no on a pill rime of to the curve of St. Jacob or St. Fr. Let St. Lans west Say ordes are the hely man of the Oralle tonest, and associately or the fact that there are stal well informed ladies on the earth who prefer the gravital centeries of Mator's Every the cortio mechanial I or glass. A butched and thirty years ago they little cared what monstreaties pleased the eyes of London, Paris, or Vienna beauties. Dining on a hot day in the gardens of a princess in the neighbourhood of the city, our visitors observed the summer attire of their hostess, which the younger of them took the trouble to describe to his mother in his next letter to England.

"Her head-dress had no resemblance to anything that I ever beheld in other parts of Europe, for she neither wore powder, nor was her hair frizzed, but, on the contrary, simply combed down over her forehead, and bound by a muslin fillet. Two twistedtresses which fell from the left side were negligently pinned to a sort of turban, composed likewise of muslin, that encircled her head. Her robe was a pale rose colour, bordered by a rich embroidery, and descending to her feet, but without concealing them. About her waist was fastened a girdle or cestus of silk near nine inches in breadth. It is exactly the zone of the Greeks and of Homer, which is still worn in Wallachia. A broad Medicis of Dresden lace surrounded her bosom and shoulders, which were partly uncovered, partly veiled by her shift and a Turkish gauze. She showed us her maids, who had just returned from bathing—young Poloneze girls, resembling nymphs in loose drapery, with their wet hair floating down their backs. . . I have found her conversation not less interesting than her person, and I regret that my approaching departure from Warsaw will soon interrupt our acquaintance."

"SOMEWHAT OF BITTER ARISES."

Notwithstanding the great mental and personal attractions of these ladies, divorces were as plenty as blackberries were in the days of Prince Hal and his fat friend. "The way to keep him" is harder to find than the "way to win him." So at least it proved in Warsaw and the illimitable plain round it. With so many exterior and interior enemies at work, it is surprising that the nationality of Poland was not extinguished long prior to 1771.

A ROYAL ABDUCTION.

In illustration of the neglected condition of the capital of Poland, even later than the period of our Grand Tour, we quoted the abduction of a king from the heart of the city. We will close this article with a few details of the daring and successful attempt.

The sovereign on whom the experiment was made was that Stanislas Poniatowski, erewhile favourite of Catherine II. of Russia, and by her placed on the throne of Poland, whether the Poles were willing or no. A conspiracy of confederate nobles was formed; and the three chiefs, Lukawski, Strawinski, and Kosinski—euphonic names—with about thirty-seven associates, swore to extract the obnoxious king from his capital, and deliver him, dead or alive, to the great man of all, Pulawski.

Cordons of sentinels being posted round the unwalled city, it being a time of plague, the adventurous conspirators made their entry, disguised as countrymen; having concealed their saddles, arms, and clothes, in loads of hay which they ostensibly came to sell. Between nine and ten o'clock, P.M., on the 3rd of November, 1771, which fell on a Sunday night, the king was returning home from a visit paid to his uncle, Prince Czartoriski, the distance from the house of the prince to the palace of the king being only a quarter of a mile, through the most populous part of the city. In the carriage with the monarch was his aide-de-camp, a Poniatowski also, and a guard of about fifteen or sixteen attendants. with drawn swords, surrounded it. The night was very dark, and, as before remarked, Warsaw possessed no lamps for public convenience.

Scarcely had the carriage proceeded two hundred yards, when the conspirators surrounded it, and fired several shots in through the doors.

The king's appointed hour had not come, otherwise it is difficult to conceive how he was not killed on the spot. The worthless attendants fled at once, with the exception of one gallant Heyduc, who, in striving to defend his master, met with his death. The historians remark that he was a Protestant, and that his widow received a pension while she lived. The cowardly aide-de-camp slunk out of the carriage, and concealed himself under a temporary wooden bridge laid across the muddy street. The king, possessing great coolness, got out, and was making off, but was seized by the collar, fired at, and cut over the temple with a sword-stroke. Two horsemen then

arms trotted off, holding him between them, and in this plight they reached the boundary of the city. They were challenged by a sentry, and made some answer in Russian, which he received, and allowed them to pass, under the impression that they were the patrol. The pris ner being almost dead from fatigue and the hurts received, they allowed him to mount a spare horse, and so they got into the open country. Here two of the chiefs, seizing on the rival captive, tore off his radion and dia mond cross of the Black Lagle, emptied his pockets, and left nothing with him but his tallets and hard kerchief. Leaving him in charge of Kosinski, they has tened off to report progress at head quarters, and the reader anxious to know the futures of the captive and his guardlar - will find them in several weeks perfective

seizing poor Stanislas by collar and ed soon after, and copied by later writers.

> Our sage tutor, finding his charge in greater danger of committing an irreparable folly at this particular point in their exeursion than at any other, took courage, proposed a speedy departure, and succeeded in effecting at, Telemachus looking back s re-while the while on the Ogygia that still held Eucharis and several Calypses. They took the route to the newly raised city of the great regenerator of corthern bears, himsed sharing largery in the misce a sture. After this visit to the north to inspire some of the mighty changes effected by the energy of a very unequal here, they resolved to repose from their labours in the somey clime, in the olive groves, under the vine leaf trellices, and among the wonderful turns of that country erce the Mistress of the Western Wer L.

SCENES IN THE TRANSPILION AGE FROM C USAR TO CHRIST.

the afternoon delicious, as Pullbous ordered the character to drive to Pompey's The error where, he i und by the placards of that day's entertainment, they would be in the cite witness are uple of sectios of an end Gook far easing thy America Asthedriver, as earth naves a rand past the co. A, and we be even if the trunge alumbes with a soll in the open since sure in earths on phatheatre, discitor to the area to the west of the plant was the Straight Way, for more to cortial averages of these of the first tanges of with a profile to be Published with a trade without tention of his companies to see of the square of the west was the Carrier Matter was even so seek

wWe had a seal of the proof of the proof of the transfer of the proof of the proof of the seal of the who has been added to be to bell of Mars, we specified to any poor magnificate, at later state, and more ernate and feeture, than, with a few exceptions, these of the City. We are w crossing the upper region toward

sue amaller Field, which extends

THE sun was rounding to the west, harress from the Cariteline vonder, to the Tiber. While we are just now passing over a rather elevated ground. let me win elea tow of the innumerabout rather with which this great Park of Black sectored. Here the verbine of the manufathrough which sometiment is a small to the catherent and the attended the attended to be gradiens, temples, tombs, and sacred groves, a perennial. Howelf, eming is the performache was notherstroethis covered region and the only thy is frame in The selectant base crests who has to the south east, over the the of the cool ways on the Servine Tallus, which straight from the river along the Queenal, we there it I bur and A.ba., still more to the south, these of Latinia Overhance care rayer yender you sie tro Alewhose rounded one's hand a win the stony ridges of the Jonesia. In the plain beneath treather, yen be cognise the Triumphal Comp. near the Triumphal Bridge, to its lett, Neron circus. Tow the the paint where the Framman Way posses the city walls at the Gate of the People, those thick lines of trees and arched

structures are the gardens of Lucullus; nearer to yonder oval building is the portico of Nero; still nearer the gardens of Valerius, to the east of the amphitheatre we have just quitted. That immense monument to the left, overtopping all others, is the mausoleum of Augustus, a work whose magnitude those of Egypt only can rival;"-and he stretched his arm toward the stupendous circular pile which reared, from its colossal base, its numerous ranges of pillared and arched stories and galleries crowded with statues, each of which with their pleasure grounds and walks, embellished and shaded by exotic shrubs and trees, aspired to a vast attitude, overlooking the shady woods and fountained-promenades with which it was surrounded. Nothing, indeed, could have been more fresh and agreeable, noble and majestic, than the surrounding prospect. There the great pillared structures, devoted to exercise, amusement, religion, the shrines, triumphalarches, and columns at every turn burst upon the view, amid the freshness of the verdure. In the pleasing shade of the trees, innumerable groups, Romans of all ranks and classes, and others of every nation, variously engaged in pursuit of pleasure, appeared upon the emerald expansure,—enclosed on one side by the crests of the Transtiberine hills, on the other by the gardens of the City, whose immense buildings rose remote in a hallow of sunshine. Here the clamour of the streets was lost amid the hum of pleasure-seekers conversing, the cries of the youths or soldiery practising in the gymnasiums, or the shouts of the populace in the circusses and theatres. Long lines of chariots, drawn by animals, illustrative of the luxurious or fantastic tastes of their owners — white mules, Spanish horses, camels, even a brace of lions, here and there passed them, mingled with the superb lecticas of nobles, male or female, carried by richly attired and handsome slaves—some of whom were going to the baths to refresh before supper, amid perfumed waters and music; some to the porticoes to canvas the gossip of the day. with their acquaintances taking the sun there, or hear some poet or romancist repeat his latest compositions—some to the ball-courts or exercise grounds—some to the theatres,

Greek or Latin, according to their fancy. An occasional plume of smoke rose in the neighbourhood of some grove where a funeral was taking place, and where the sound of mortuary minstrelsy was heard, as the priests and relatives of the deceased surrounded the kindling pyre, observant of omens, lucky or the reverse, from the play of the flames. One of the funerals was—Publicus told his friend -that of a senator; and as he pointed to a number of gladiators fighting before the pyre, amid a great gathering, said "they were being offered to the dead man's ghost-a customary offering when parties were rich enough to afford it. Hark (he added) to the Alexandrian singers and flute players in the small temple opposite the Lustrum, they have been engaged, no doubt, at a high price, to perform at the funeral feast. See what crowds surround the Asiatic jugglers who are dancing, as it were, in the air, swallowing fire, following the ball they throw swift as it flies, and performing many such marvels. Hark to the shoutings of those noisy multitudes witnessing a military spectacle yonder—the capture of a town and surrender of a British king!"

As they were passing through the grove of Cæsar, toward the portico of Europa, Publicus pointed to a building whose gilded dome glittered in the declining sun; skirted on one side by the luxurious gardens, and on the other by the baths of Agrippa, the builder of the Pantheon. "The worbuilder of the Pantheon. "The worship of all the gods of the nations united to the empire of Rome," he said, "is, I need scarcely tell you, recognized by the Roman Government, except that of the Druids of Gaul and Britain; of the Jews and Christians, all of whom it is found impossible to incolate—the first, from the martial influences their priests exercised over the western barbarians; the latter, from what I may call their intolerance of Roman tolerance. Of the Druids, indeed, I know nothing; for the Jews, judging from their open temple, which once stood on the Esquiline, they appear to worship only the sky and clouds; while the Christians, who have no temple, some say adore some invisible eastern god -a matter still more unintelligible. Religion, properly understood, is one, and in many cases the chief, instru100

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CARRIER ASSESSMENT ASSESSMENT

the best Mand process to be between the process of the best support Science at r. on also chavli (pa ed ir i — i lamanat d con a livituable with the following endealer and where they were formula-The analysis of the second is a class Λ at the reliable Λ the and sold the Note in to at East Marking Kar · :: with which trey to the drawns 5 km (c.) (6th (c.) or to of the Capital's were compact by cannot whom, in and tale, sate the Hear was a en the house few and realist in the back Late bar 11.1.

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meats, fruit, wine, and other refreshments, as with their baskets they pushed their way through the noisy rows.

From wall to wall an awning of some transparent cloth extended across the theatre, the appointments of whose orchestra, stage, and scene were of the most gorgeous character.

Just as Susarion and Publicus entered the curtain had descended. The scene represented the exterior of a wretched-looking house, before whose porch the pulpit of an auctioneer appeared. It was evidently the background for some low and

comic interlude.

"You have never, I suppose, witnessed a Roman comedy or farce, Publicus said; and Susarion having assented, continued-"At present, I nced hardly tell you, the public taste is quite different from that which was in vogue during the days of Terence, whose comedies are hardly ever acted now, the better classes caring for nothing but the performance of pantomimists and musicians; the lower for nothing but the spectacles—exhibitions of animals, ropedancing, and so on; or, in the dramatic way, only in some mythologic lovestory, or a broad farce, written in the old Saturnian or Aristophanic The piece about to be enactmanner. ed is, I find by the placard, of the latter sort; it is a farce of Aranius, and still a tolerable favourite with the plebs. It is, of course, translated from the Greek. I have several times seen it. As the actors are coming on, I have not time to detail the argument; but, as you may not yet have completely mastered our Latin tongue, may indicate the nature of the scene to be played. Among the characters of the piece is one Labrax, formerly a rich slave-dealer, who, having lost his entire fortune in a shipwreck, and being reduced to the lowest ebb, finds himself compelled to dispose by auction of his household, consisting of his father, his wife, and two daughters. The bidders are an old merchant, Thurio, and his handsome son, Naristus. But see, they come.'

Enter a crier, who makes proclamation of the sale; then from the house Labrax, his father, wife, daughters, from the other side the bidders. Labrax, who ascends the pulpit, is a figure ludicrously thin, like a

draped skeleton, representing the extremity of fortune to which he has been reduced. He wears a huge comic mask of the most exaggerated character, one side of which bears a lugubrious and despairing expression, while the other is moulded into the broadest of grins: according to the nature of the dialogue he turns

either to the audience.

Labrax.—To what extremes does Fortune sometimes reduce her most worshipful and virtuous votaries. (He turns the woful side of his face to spectators.) Alas, how deplorable is my position! It is sufficient, without the assistance of a single onion, to draw tears from the infernal gods. A week ago I had wealth enough to purchase the richest bidder at my sales (he turns his comic side), many of whom indeed I sold with their bargains at the same moment; and now all my great chests, containing the produce of a life of honest industry, having gone to the bottom of the sea to make knights and senators of the fishes, I am compelled-ah, woful duty !—to sell my dear family. By Mercury, gentlemen, if the proceeds of this my last transaction were to equal the pity my position should inspire, then would I be reinstated in my riches. Alas! alas! fain would I weep, were it not a less of hot water, and even that I cannot now afford. Come. approach, behold, investigate, examine. The first article with which I open the day's proceedings—perhaps my last sale—is this old man, of whom I can speak from experience, for he is my father [weeping]. In many respects he will make a most valuable house slave. As a caretaker to youth, especially if they happen to be of extravagant tendencies, he will be inestimable, for he is by nature a miser, and exercised this prudent virtue so earnestly until late, that he scarcely ate anything, in order to lay by. But how could it be otherwise, come as he is of the most economical family in Latium, surpassed only indeed by his sire, who reduced himself so low-acting on the same praiseworthy principle—that when he died, gentlemen, there was nothing left to bury. Doctors say hewas born without a stomach; he cats absolutely nothing; and having a mind stored with admirable advice, will be worth the interest of an estate

to any father who desires to render an extravagant son careful and economical. Behold, too, he is a mere skeleton, and being so, will serve cither as a model of temperance to his fellow slaves, or upon occasion as a death's head at any feast in the Egyptian style. What will you bid for a slave with such meritorious qualites?

Thurm. Ten denard.

Labrar too long his left, and then porting has head to be comic on . May it please you to raise your voice. Years since a low effer deprived me of the use of my left car, and I can hear nothing below a certain sum at this side of my head.

Old Man Don't take iss for me than a hundred sester as at least, nov son. If you do instead of imposing Plutus to make you rich, I'll devote

you with a curse to Pluto.

Labrar. Have no fear; believe me, my dear father, I set a higher value on you just at present, than ever Idid. What will my young master bid!

Nariotus. Fifty sesteres. Latrax=Tlank yeu, g ed and handsome youth, for that addition, Ala low noble are the fidal virtues which animated your notice heart in making that hol! Fifty sisterors? Going at fifty sesterces. That at least make the sum equal to his years which are clearly. Junter he is worth more money to feed carp in your fish pord, it not ling else.

Narreston Eighty, then a though fish so fed would destroy the digestion

of an ostrick, notherks

O'T Mea. How goes the sale, my

dear sent

Lat. iv. Y u stand at Galay, for ther, at I are obsert to possuato a finally where you toled introyears you.

be affected at dynamical for

O'l Mar Person Lasty, nov. when now we will know He is only the control of the least to the control of the c our lot train thos wirth a fire education van Essere e velich-

which each total the property of the property have the first of exempted there exemple to every exempted to be seen as the exempted to the e to se adustrious edizens. How classes, male and temale, who con-

of economy it teaches; how full of nature. The old miser, put up to auction by his son, entreats him to haggle for even a penny additional in the sum for what he is being sold as a slave. This, indeed, is noble, and worthy the age of Lycurgus.

Labrar, - Eighty sesterces - no

Naristics. And a denarius. Labour. You have your last wish, fatler.

Old Man. I thank the gods. Yes, a penny is a penny-a penny is a penny. I am grateful to you, my son.

I shall die happy.

Labora That's more than I will if my future sales are like this. Now, gentlemen, this fillial duty for what the gods recompense me, being preformed. I proceed to sell my wife, who is the second article on the list. To describe her manifold perfections would, indeed, occupy me until the Greek Kalends; but this I can safely aver, that, unlike half the husbands in Rome, such a jewel is this woman, that this is the first occasion I can recollect on which my duty calls upon me to knock her down. All household duries she understands to perfection. She cooks, bakes, mends nay, she is always mending, and so in reasing daily in perfection; while, as regards bergood breeding, it would be a less of time to speak, when I have only to point to our two daughters who are too me next under the hammer. How r uch do you bid for this paragen, whose perfections which a sense of the general good for this the to menopolize are so management to perder the business of disposing of for anong the most amoraba of fam y duties?

Week a degradates a where a weet he would ven selected when twenties in typical bity to arted estate engage, the ineffect of your doubters for Ohli would that I could soll now to the uph to the your notherbotics are constitution base as dear in lar am as I had when I

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With the state out some was protools. In the scene ; what a less in startly engaged in convenient, seemed to have attended the theatre partly as patrons of the old national Roman drama, and as a place for making appointments, Susarion, who had, meanwhile, refreshed his humorous attention by a couple of cups of strong wine, felt his gaze irresistibly attracted toward a young girl who sate on the bench behind, near the passage by which they had entered the edifice, and whose fresh and peculiar beauty, as he gazed, magnetised his attention and quickened the current of his blood.

Her appearance and costume dif-fered from that of the other females in his neighbourhood. A dress of plaided cloth, which expressed the proportions of a stately figure cast in the richest mould of youth, was half hidden in a long, light veil, which, depending from the head, flowed with airy grace on one side of her figure. Her face was alike exquisite in form, complexion, and expression; while her eyes, blue and bright as morning, was characterized by a wild, deep, and charming light which contrasted with those of the bold, proud, indolent, and life-worn beauties of the lower benches. Supreme above her black level brows rose a lofty symmetrical forehead, pure as snow, marked on either temple by a blue wandering vein which deepened in hue with each emotion; her arched mouth, delicately full and firm, indicated a nature tending more to seriousness than smiling; her soft and rippling hair, yellow as corn, and without any ornament save that derived from the tempered light from the roof which played on its natural undulations as she moved, like early dawn on the waves of the saffron sea; parted on the crown, depended in two Iuxuriant plaited tresses over her stately shoulders.

As Susarion bent his eyes, suddenly kindled with African passion, on this fair stranger, whose countenance expressed modesty and indifferent disdain, his instinctive knowledge of character possessed him with the ideal of her nature, as that of one whose earnest and extreme sensibility was dominated by a potent will; an intuition, which still more than her beauty, quickly completed the con-quest which within the last half hour she had effected over the Cyrenian artist

Publicus, who had smilingly noticed the wandering glances cast by Susarion at his neighbour, was just about to utter some jocular remark on the subject, when another girl, whose beauty, though far inferior, was of the same order, came hurrying along the passage, looking on this side and that, until presently recognizing the former, she addressed her with much agitation of manner, and in a language which Susarion had never heard. During this conversation he observed the face he had been so admiring grow suddenly pale — remarked too that the word "Nechtain" was frequently pronounced by both, who, after a few moments, hurrying through the passage, disappeared.

Publicus, who was pleasantly vivacious, having several times beckoned the wine sellers to his aid—for the heat was somewhat oppressive—presently turning to his friend, still laughing at some jest just uttered on the stage, jocosely exclaimed, "What. my Susarion, has, then, Cupid fired you for yonder Gaulish maiden, who has so won your attention from the scene l''

Susarion, who had meanwhile regained his composure, laughed, and after a moment's hesitation exclaimed "By Hercules, a pretty woman;

but what, say you—she is a Gaul?"
"To be sure," Publicus answered,
"the mistress of some gladiator likely enough of the fellow we have just seen in the arena. There are several Gaulish slaves in our establishment, so that I understand a little of their language, and overheard both she and her comrade name the lionfighter. Hundreds of her craft occupy the cells under the benches upon which we sit."
"Indeed," Susarion said, "she

would make a capital model whoever

she may be."

" Model-psha!" Publicus returned; "if as an artist you wish to study beauty, I can procure you a sight a hundred times finer. On our return to the City, if you wish, we shall look into the rooms of a slave dealer whom I know near the Forum—he has specimens of every nation. Perhaps as this may be more agreeable than a performance which you cannot entirely appreciate until you are a better Roman, we had better retire."

So saying he led the way from the

theatre, to whose benches he nodded here and there, and arrived at the portico, where crowds of slaves were in waiting. After some time he discovered amid the long line of vehicles his charact, in which they hurried fast as the mules could carry them across the Campus Martius upon whose buildings and groups the sueset fell, slowly turning from gold to grey.

Passing along the porticoed side of the FL airms Circus, they turned upon the bine stone pavement of the Franki in Way, and thence to a street which diverged to the cast, under the Capiteline hill, into the Argictum or square of the books sellers, through the entrances of whose lamp littell ps they could see the trun embers copying, and artists panting the potitants of the authors at the head of the manuscripts; and others product the completed was covers in east mary you we like a hurryang through the Value So ha larius, the chest must for equipage, they array bound but the small space, any daing that of the jewellers, where, by Publicules order, the chariet presently stepped before a large establishment with a mat portion in the quiet Dorie style.

AS A RESPECTABLE.

As the transfer of the far into the Lambda per and varying the property of the reart. Publicus Representative tymes inventors, its n character in his way. We shall ere had just to the Telly name at the Public is mod man of the all the contracts be not tended by the contract of I very a of all a for to observe addig-Low were a little and he And was gonz leaved to the little and the leavest to the latest the little and the latest the la into the atruna, keepeyel, hard-healed, ruborand, m.will o tawa nz dealear um anglatient or est uitrepoliteness overlayer a cost of more view dimity.

"Had, my leaded he can have to Paralms, with a wark after ed to receive year visit, eye y as just town my stock is to ordinary. Indeed, though I say , a have a few articles which even superior judges, such as you doubtless are, will, I venture to say, pronounce

exquisite.

"What, Grumio, not yet retired," Publicus said, "though rich already as Crassus or Crossus ! But come, use your eyes and be yourself; to noble am I, as you know, nor my friend here, who is an artist, whom I have brought to have a look at your collection, which you must now exhibit, L'ie a joby fe'low as you are."

"Come this way, my friends," cried o'd Grunio, "Welcomer are you than any lords. Lords—by Pollux, I have fought and sold kings in my time ay. Asian kings. You remember the ancedete, Publicus ("

"Such, indeed, is a fact," the latter said to Susari e. "The king of Garsatala i til 15. entare po pie We te-kn ekod down to him. "An affair who is occursed in Califulas' time, '

"Yes, that was one of myachievements, which I may call historic, s. A Grundo, laughing. Then, turning to Susarion, with sudden gravity If I have been both the search and terpure's please me less than others et a nore refined nature. An artise in my war, like year of t, sar, I wor ship the beautiful; and though, unlike Am ics, I connot create, yet, position. Left rd as much gratifiention in programs. Has had

"Your profession requires great talents, and Susarrer, with a grave countenatie, en which an respect? smile had been with an effect quench

"There you stemple," the slavedealer returned; "but were it not I than the account contention I received from the rest of and proopter, Chation, the great of an exception, the great of a short leading. I could be a large in the to my present post in Oh, Juriter, what is gentra was he such page out on he theter. The pauld get any procedur arvait of Parell vietners. tioned by experience, holder futherens Lits in the way of the free. Int. bless you pote at preaching by Org after, to be size, I can rough with might ober attend to the Land of a depig man on by my cours in Capped and some styres of each flute equal to Lin 11, and which paragon in every way. Well, this boy, sir. I sold to a celebrated per-

sonage in the City—a person of the first taste, whose name you are aware of, Publicus. Perhaps, if I named ten thousand golden denarii I would understate the sum I received."

So saying, he led the way into a large chamber, walled and alcoved with snowy marble, through which, from some unseen source, a soft, goldden light was diffused. A fountain bubbled in the middle, over its blossom-heaped basin, whose odours, as though scattered by the spray, breathed voluptuously on the warm air of the chamber.

"Bring cups and flasks of Falernian," Grunio said to a slave, "and order in No. 3 from the African department. Favour me by reclining, gentlemen;" and he pointed to a couple of couches, on whose luxuriant cushions Susarion and Publicus threw

themselves.

The slave placed myrrhine cups and flasks on the ivery table before them, and they had answered Grumio's "health," when a beautiful Numidian girl appeared standing in one of the alcoves, in a flame of golden light, strong as that of the desert

"This is the most promising of my Africans," said Grumio; "several more in my collection are as handsome, these however, I merely intend as contrast figures to others of fair complexion at the feasts of our epicures; but this girl understands a certain dance peculiar to a people of one of the Oasis, who are said to be inspired. I am educating her for the panto-minists. As a momad, methinks she

will yet draw considerably.

Hereupon he made a sign to the girl. at the same time touching the spring of one of a series of bells, whose ivory handles were within reach along the wall--a movement immediately followed by a strain of music which seemed to come from a great distance, and which, as it approached in waves of impulsive rapidity, appeared to animate the dark figure, who had hitherto stood modestly motionless, with the sweet, wild, impetuous passions of its airy soul.

At first she stood with parted lips listening, absorbing the sounds, which presently seemed to fill her veins with an intoxicating fire;—the bosom heaved, the large African eyes Annal the form arrayal to and free

like that of a serpent poising for a spring; impatiently the foot beat the ground, the arms were flung towards the sky, as though expectant of some coming god, whom, with a shrick of joy, she presently clasped as a lover, irresistible, terrible, whose embrace inspired — ecstacy, madness, death. With desperate head thrown back on her neck, drunk with a wild joy, which was at the same time a despair; the flood of ebon tresses floating like wild pinions from her shoulders, with a bound she dashed into the air, every nerve quivering, and while an expression of ineffable tenderness, blackened into desperation on her beautiful face, abandoned herself to her voluptuous deom.

Susarion, though familiar with the dance of the serpent-eaters of Africa. gazed on this strange performance, first with indifference, then with artistic admiration; but soon with a feeling of awe; for it appeared to him that after a convulsive excitement so long sustained by this creature, whose frenzy seemed to arise from some irresistible inner fire consuming her frame-death only could ensue. after the final spring toward heaven, she fell upon the marbles, and lay movelessly entombed in her deluge of black hair, he breathed hard, and was about to rush forward to her assistance, when Grumio layed his fingers carelessly on his shoulder, while with his other hand he trifled with his cup.

"You will confess there is some talent there," he said. "I have seen her perform this dance still better, so much so, that some parties have fainted on beholding her. Do not concern yourself, she is now asleep, and will awake in a few moments, when you may ask her to soothsay, as she always wishes to do after one of her inspirations. I may add, that though this is the custom of the tribe from whom she was purchased, and a sort of madness, yet, by Hercules, some things she has told me in answer to my queries, have proved true.

Susarion, who still experienced a strange sensation in his blood resembling a magic influence, or the effect of a charmed potion, drained a large cup, and with a degree of excitement for which he could not account, awaital the prophetic exhibition to which

luded.

"Athyrtés," cried old Grumlo in a loud voice, and in the Numidian tongue, " rise and come hither."

The girl rose, advanced to the couches where they reclined, with arms crossed, and head declined, smiling a dark

" My young friend here wishes to have his fortune told," Grumio said, filling his cup; "exercise the art of divinction you say you possess, and tell him his destiny."

Atheries, who at first seemed suffering from exhect-tion, raised her languid face, which borean expression of one in a dream, and gazed with vague large eyes on the countenance of the young man, as though unconscions of any human presence. Several manutes silently clapsed, and with each pulse of his heart, which beat audibly, he felt increase the power of those dark lustrous orbs on which his glance was irresistably tivetted as by some fatalistic fascination. Despite the beauty of the form before him, and the life animating draughts in which he had indulged. a shiver convulsed his frame. When she seized his hand with one of hers making with the other a mysters on he remained spell bound. At length she mattered a few senten es in a low simil whisper, as she stood apart, which Grundo interpreted.

"Well, "creed Susarion, with unwonted imprasiveness, "what is not fate to be, Lappy or unhappy C

" Нарру ака индарру.

"Shall arrive at wealth and power ! '

"You will be rich and petent.

"And I would appy, then the cried, with a total laugh-

"That I read he wanting took you -- so but to depop offering

"Mean von that I shall die letere the space of life all itted man is conplete't

Athertic recivil a moment, then continued in a value deep vace which seemed to come less from her lips than from a distance.

"From this night your fate will follow you. In the very source of your life will you had your death.

As she speke, Susation town "What mean yet by this uniformly be gibberish to be cried anguly. In the source of my life I am to need

the slave dealer laughingly had al- my death-expound this enigma, pretty sibyl, whose prophesy has been so favourable hitherto (

As he spake a change had come over Attyriés, the peculiar expression of whose face had vanished, and who appeared once more a beautiful slave. as when she entered the chamber.

"Ouestien me no more, master," she said, laughing joyously, "for it is useless; I could not now answer your question, for the spirit has departed from me. Master, may I retire t

Grumio waved for away, and the whisper of her maked feet on the marbles was seen lest in the adjoin-

ing passage.
The wench promises you riches and power you shall be a lucky fellow," said old Grumie, "if yen obtain these you may command destiny;

think you not so f

"Psha ." returned Susarion, still under the influence of the uneasy impression created by the colloquy, which he struggled to dissipate, "This sort of thing is, of course, mere raving; the state of mind induced by the ner castmal excitement with h those Wienn dancers work them. selves into, and units to inadness. If gods the blic who govern the world and life, such Powers must be rational. and he continued for a few moments to argreen and his feelings in a half unconscious scalequy. Grundo and Publicus Lorded, attributing losspeech to the adjustice of the wine be had taken, and the former, touching another beil, said, "Somuel, Sastron, for my primest African specimen. I am row come to exhibit a couple of Syrians and Gas, s, will in I think you will can't seem worth somewhat.

In a tow memority several offer beautiful slave say beared. An Astaproof to himselface chamber, and throw here form a couch, vened in a flood of a library or, on an actition languid as a permahentale di aperg in the heat, lipping a Preficte less, from whose perfume she seemed to derive a delication into xi attenta while a beautiful little flaure, with at to sweet fact, har had as salved at h execution as typical solution of logical a a wheath of he some with which, when so had notice to the contract ful perfections of a consist side wearing about to, but is to could state ing here it with. Thou, a far exceeding the African in loveliness and joyous grace, however, those figures and their exhibition passed blankly before Susarion; and Publicus perceiving the strange preoccupation of his mind and manner, presently rose, and thanking his friend Grumio—by this time slightly fuddled—for his entertainment, bade him farewell, telling him they proposed going that evening to the Milvian Bridge, where he desired to show Susarion, who had never before been in Rome, the evening amusements of the people in that neighbourhood.

Taking a lectica on one of the stands near, they were hurried along the crowded Flaminian way by some dozen stout Cappadocians, who took their turn in carrying the conveyance, and who, in less than an hour, came to a stop at the place of destination.

The warm blue Italian summer night sparkled with innumerable stars as they entered the gardens and groves beyond the Milvian Bridge; which, unlike those of Lucullus- -the rendezvous for appointments among the upper classes—formed in those days the evening scene of revelry and debauchery among the plebs, and lower order generally, slaves of every sort and occupation; gladiators, artisans, soldiers, women of a certain class, amid whom those of Asia preponderated;—an immense gathering, among whom might be seen numerous representatives of all nations, and Roman personages of both sexes, of a far superior rank, from the wealthy knight to the lady of quality, some of whom had come to observe the life of the place, to which the people resorted for pleasure after the bloody sports of the amphitheatre, others to partake of it; the chief difference between the visitors being that the nobles chiefly were masked. A million of lamps illumined the shady avenues and groves; in one place a crowd, thickly interspersed with children, gathered round some group of jugglers, Asian and Indian, who performed miracles for the openmouthed spectators; in others, girls of Gades were performing the national dance, surrounded by a multitude wild with wine; in others companies of pantomimists were personating the stories of Venus and Adonis, Jupiter and Europa, Pluto and

Proserpine; here might be seen Bibles flying from her pursuing lover, springing upon a rock, which suddenly ejected the fountain into which she seemed to be changed and in which she disappeared; here Phaton, rising from an eminence sustained by vast wings, floated away beyond the view of the spectators; here Persius, armed with the Gorgon head, turned the furious feasters who sought his life into stone;—and other mythologic stories, for the most part of an amatory cast. Beyond the gardens which resounded with vocal and instrumental music, mingled with the uproar of their ebrious attendants-were groves, the admission to which was higher, to which an introduction from one of the initiate was necessary, groves in which the mysteries of Cotylla and the rites of the Bona Dea were celebrated-haunts in which were baths and festal tables, ceremonies which included the baptism in wine, the wild dance, the frantic orgie with which the pagan shadows of their infamous arcades reverberated. Here Publicus, in a whisper, pointed out to Susarion, many a noted character, ever and anon uttering such remarks as-"There goes Catulla with her lover, the singer, Chrizogenes; there's Hippia, wife of the Senator-with the famous gladiator, Glusyphus," &c.; and once, in a still lower voice-after they had passed a low-sized male figure, poorly dressed, followed by a group of youths in a state of the wildest excitement, whose rich garments appeared under their coarse lacernas he uttered the name of an individual whose mention caused Susarion some surprise, until his friend added that Nero, whose revelries were no secret, frequently finished the night in the Milvian pleasuregrounds.

Some time after this, it being already midnight, somewhat unsteady with wine and wearied with the tunultuous scene and insane revelry they had witnessed, they made their way to the entrance of the garden, and again hiring a lectica, proceeded to the City along the highway, thronged with drunken revellers.

PHASES OF SOCIAL LITE.

Grau themer Freunt ift alle Ebeerie Und grün bis Lebens geltner Baum.—Kanst.

It is one of the less ms of the past, that while leanner in dure terms, is in all its change first a comparatively unchanged, the various, gos of human history are stamped with some marked pocalizately distinguishing them from each other. The only change which humanly has well-love has been from time to that a change of external condition it has gone as our the earth are oil, hading its fool like a beast of proposed chaltering it eif in a cyclis had mud hurs, only a few steps tens vol from the Dwer unimals planel it has worked its way mem what is called the solde of civilization, is used itself in garagens. palaces, chel itself in cortay ran lent, decked itself with present metals and stones, erolled itself to be a clewich bed of cavilization, pursued at it in nations, and ranged itself under governments; but still during all the graditions of these external changes remaining in its interior soft compensationly unaltered, having the same passents of life the protection of vi es, and in uniformizest filtratile g unbroken star 2h waich at a wmenced from the first appoint after the deheate mach body of its parall being was deringed by its full that dual conflict between the following spirit of good and the spirit of eval, family degree any the chart yout intellect of Pacifical in the track by the inspire i Parl a stongele in two in two anterests who waiters at the topos and cost also lake than you've that was is need joy and sor w. of ombest to a first spragnations and government protections of subductives to the sections of the gen e, et a se america y transfer et tes-ments to the great on we say that under early aspect in which is all the Vet, not with the thirth in the region of character, the control of the p rieds, each no mission by the distinguishing periliarity. There have been ages in the world's history surrounded by a halo of refinement. aplendour, reproduced toolly suc-

cosive peoples who have in turn struggled up in the scale of civilization. Such an age was it in Greece at the time when academic groves res unded with the voice of elevated philosophy when under that blue sky a great and noble people assembled to withess the representation of such dramas as these of Alschylna and Emipoles, or to crown successful car petitors in poetry and philosophy with the Olympian chaplet, and when Athenian craticty reached its most glorious clinerx. Such an age was it in Ron, when the Formu rang with the free, bold elegaence of Couro: when the Flavian Amphiticatie il urashed in all its glory, and a huarrious social life was end ellished by a wilexy of man of general viscal at the festivates of the robles, the odes of H rice were sung with enthussicsm; when the admination of the public was challenged by a glittering has e of Lavy, a new bucolle of Virgil, cutae last cratic nof Cropropard whom, togethere can ewafted from an exists promite charming tameticisy of i - Than is I Oval. An age reproand I on a more, but feeler, decked out in the tired of artificial life in the times of Louis Quaterze, that I rilant percelef is fined vice and gallest I entiousless, when the court wept nuler the imparational elegence of It met, east its lewels at his feet in gious despair, but received hits composite and forget its develor under the sweet stades of a Pong is d ur and a Dubarri, a way our walwhere the builts were some extina shed in the darkness of a total least relation. There have been ages to sin the world's history marked by the grossest are named by a page peral anti-Teetual starkings, which the theks our glamp of seich eines it deamed fatted by from some in tak's lonely of the of Ascaro y potestrate. There was no yearlest only thy outled its lines in L. hour of a woman's name, and an age when woman was compelled to seck in the closter and the converan asylum from the licentious 1 22

of some marauding baron. There was an age once characterized by a mania for building cathedrals, which the heroes of another time desecrated with the tramp of soldiery. To come to our own country, the successive periods of its history are all strongly marked: by the music of Druid minstrelsy, by the shock of contending armies, by the glare of martyr fires, by a fierce struggle for liberty, victorious at that period when an age of religious fanaticism was followed by one of unbridled licence-when they who prayed vigorously under Cromwell swore with equal vigour under Charles -the two most strongly marked periods in English history. Then came the intellectual age of Anne, after which the social life of the country flowed on calmly, and history presents us with no strongly marked periods, but rather with one long un-broken period of gradual develop-ment—embellished, it is true, with mighty events and glorious deeds, but as regards the general aspect of the times distinguished by no prominent impression or feature until within the last twenty years, when all the influences which had been at work in our social economy seemed to issue in one univer-al result, the imparting to the present age that character which so distinguishes it from all others in the history of the country, and which we now propose to contemplate.

Aptly enough men have concurred in fixing upon the word "sensation" as the distinguishing appellative of the present age, and in the almost inexhaustible vocabulary of the English language no other could have been selected more fitting to express that strange morbid peculiarity which has gradually developed itself in the thought, the manners, and the customs of the period-that inordinate thirst for excitement, that eager longing for exaggerated emotions, that craving for stimulated sensations, which has not only insinuated itself into the very tissues of the character of the people, but has also exerted, as it must of necessity do, a reflex influence upon the arts, the literature, the customs, and, in fine, upon everything which goes to make up or to embellish that people's social existence. In the present catastrophe or crisis of this exaggerated life the

cry of the age is, "who will give us something novel?" and that cry has been the signal for a grand carnival of charlatanism such as the world has never before witnessed. The mountebank has become the master-spirit and the clown the chosen leader; so that men who appeal to the reason have retired to witness in sorrowing obscurity the triumphs of those men who appeal only to the senses; and thus it has resulted that in an age richer in all the appliances of refined life than any that has preceded it, whose wealth is such as to exceed the wildest dreams of any gold-seeking alchemist, the man who labours for years on an intellectual work who popularizes a noble science, who paints a great picture, or who in any way endeavours to interpret to the world the oracles of his genius, often drags out a miserable existence in a garret; whilst a man who blackens his face and interprets the oracles of his genius by singing a doggrel or semi-obscene song is hailed by delighted thousands as the man of the time, and rolls about in his carriage in all the exaggerated splendour of vulgar wealth. Before proceeding to examine more minutely into the phases of our present social life an illustration drawn from physical science will perhaps render more explicit what we wish to impress. Physicians tell us that the human body is endowed at birth with a certain stock of vitality, and, accidents excepted, the length of life is in proportion to the demands made upon this stock. Given a man who exposes himself to inflammatory causes, such as extremes of heat or cold—who draws largely upon his vitality by indulgence in exhaustive pleasures-and it may be safely predicted that that man's life will not be long; because the consumption of the vitality is too rapid: it is, in fact, physical fast life; and the analogy holds good in the aggregate. There is a certain amount of national vitality, upon which rapid inroads may be made by national fastlife, but at the expense of national vigour, giving as a result consequences analogous to those attending physical excess, national debility, imbecility, and decay.

We observed at the outset that the present was a practical age; and in reproducing phases of life so different in by-gone times, it has imbued Fitauh Lulfttill ...

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them with its own unportic spirit. It is an age foreign to chivalry, Knight errantry has been reduced to the adjude atlan of divorce cases; and the only champion eager to redress the wrenes of injured ladies is to be seen at Westminster, in the successor of the late Sir Cresswell Cresswell. The men of modern times have found in the courty court amore convenient and assexpensive areas for the adjustment of private wrongs than in the joust lists or tournament. Yet, in space of this practical sparit, tapidity of existence, relation into a style flexistonie, is its distinguidant peop-Irulty; and in destenting the difforest phases of the subject we shall treat first of the means, and then of the male at life, because under one or the or a roof these heads every place of some Astense much falle. note in the genial moments, to rave a little at at our civilization, but we may all vinesistate our transfer's on it at surject. Without advocating a perun to that state of things when blue part was the fashion, and wardribes medicanit of one may salely affirm that the systematic departure from nature is attended with many evis, if not sufficient to make the um in that happiness pretty equal at least crough to restrain us from some er to a rich to all those was interest hirst in a Country of the sone not not ration of his never earn and one contact the contract, it has 511 200 reproduced and were under other films, at lemated rewer sept whor post in The mode to be my Last product a long to the bands of the band in the protection of the first track tany out to to we are to block as test many to the tild to both century white we begin and let the heavy results who have noted the distribution are the valley with water with the distribution of the control of large great on a state view of the Introduct of the breefer weak enchyet the favorate term of the production table svery lettle that is a The powerful luners of that reperts period had a weakness for yourselfy carrying on the profits daughter of the herdeman to the and it for may be objected the

ies of matr

one; but we have only to open a modern newspaper on any given day to find that civilization is just as partial to these diversions as chivalry, and instead of discarding them, has rather facilitated their indulgence. There was, doubtless, in these remote ages, a great deal of rough rugged living; but there was plenty, there was no strain'nz after external appearances at the significe of comfort. There was none of that cleap half fed splendour, that well seland for money, that terrible infanticide and street starvation, which are sopeculiarly the charactensins of these more civilized times. Another result of civilization is the increasing or intensitying the primeval curse of labour. When the means of transit and communication were limited, the business of the world went on very well. When 100 miles were a week's journey men took the No. R and managed to live very cemfate ly; but now, instead of traversing the distance once in the time, men have to do it seven, ten, or even a dozen times, and barely live afterwards ; so that though an advanced and highly civilized life provides luxuries and embellishments for certain classes, yet the aggregate sum of human happiness is not increased, may, may be fairly said to be less than in places to vistence not sondyanced cractitis . L. It is the sad but changeless assem of history, that when men crowd to other, fulld palaces for themselves, againstize wealth, and induce in paymes, they degenerate, by the feetle, emasculated, and finally of a kingdomain 150 the extended parabel of the iter than man. It is small and week, it grows and becomes strong, then it sake also deep pitude and dies a crev to complete the simile, it is in the years of states there is the greatest inneces or and the greatest harponess, just as there is in the children diet men, because that age is the factors to relation al influence, and the read state rature and to God. Signature this modified view of comzati noto the consideration of the thoughtful, we advance to the investigation of commerce, no the means of items which obtain amongst us in this era of our history. The jule of the first Napoleon is now tacitly admitted - this is essentially a shopkerping nation - a nation ab-

sorbed in commerce, which is now the grand pursuit of Englishmen—a pursuit so general as to become almost the sole occupation of the country. Let us examine for a moment. Let us deduct from the population of England, first, that great bulk of the people who, in every degree, from the merchant prince down to the humble artisan, is openly and actively engaged in commerce; then that other large number who have made their fortunes by it and retired from its pursuit; then those who have ininherited fortunes originally made by commerce; and we shall have only some thousands left-scarcely that number, because we shall have left only the descendants of the old feudal lords of the soil, who are unfortunately becoming extinct, and whose possessions are finding their way into the hands of bankers and merchants.

The nobility of this country, once the most exclusive in Europe, are rapidly being permeated with this commercial element. Not only have some of the old historic titles fallen into the hands of tradesmen, as in the case of that of Warwick, which fell to one William Greville, a woolstapler, and that of Northumberland, to one Hugh Smithson, an apothecary, but there are in the House of Lords no less than thirty peerages founded by men who were engaged in the ordinary, and some even in the humblest pursuits of commercial life, including bankers, mercers, goldsmiths, general traders, woolstaplers, tailors, cloth-workers, a shipbuilder, a stocking-maker, a nailmaker, and a pedlar. In addition to these there are upwards of seventy peerages founded by lawyers, who in turn were the sons of lawyers, clergymen, and merchants; so that the whole community, from the peer to the peasant, is essentially a commercial community. The wealth of the country is built up by commerce, and commerce is the general if not universal pursuit of Englishmen.

There can be no doubt that, restrained within certain limits, it contributes to a nation's solidity; but carried on beyond those limits it scriously imperils its existence. All great nations seem to have passed through two stages of being, the heroic and the commercial; but as soon as they carried their commercial pursuits to that extent as to become a

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mania, a fever of avarice, they have sunk gradually in the scale of national greatness, and finally fallen out of existence. The true object of commerce should be to supply mutual wants by the interchange of commodities, to spread civilized arts, to open up communication with other countries, and to ameliorate each other's social condition; but the perversion of commerce is the making it only the means of aggrandizing wealth, the engaging in it as in a wild race after money, which has introduced into fair honourable trade the foreign and fatal elements of fraud and speculation. There are many loose and incoherent notions existing about wealth; and as our view of British commerce will be based upon what we hope is a true estimate of the value of wealth, perhaps it would be as well, first of all to endeavour to make that estimate clear. Preachers sometimes denounce riches indiscriminately and injudiciously. It is not the mere possession or acquisition of wealth which is sinful; but it is the lust after wealth, the evil means used to acquire it, and the evil use made of it when acquired, which constitute the sin. The Bible never denounces riches in any other sense; its language is, "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." There is the whole sin in that feverish hurry, that terrible race, that eager strife after riches which hardens men's hearts, destroys their purity, blunts their feelings, and assassinates their souls. The acquisition of wealth is one of the necessary laws of things; there will always be some men richer than others, as there will always be some men stronger than others; so that the indiscriminate denunciation of riches is injudicious, illogical, and often refutes itself: for we find that though it has always been the province of philosophy to decry wealth, it has no less invariably been the practice of philosophers to enjoy it when it has fallen to their share. Wealth may bring many cares; but poverty brings no pleasures. Now it must be obvious to the most superficial observer that a great change has come over the commerce of the present day, its purer elements have long since disappeared, and a gigantic system of money-making has sprung out of it. The only object now is to make money, 16

The control of the weather that the state of the state of

very well, and seems to speak of prosperity and stability; but we should think of the poor desperate harrassed tradesman, hurrying to the bank with his bill, for which he will readily pay the rate of discount, always high, and the usual commission generally much higher. A few more such visits, then come embarrassment, distress, ruin, bankruptey: his shop is shut, his home broken up, his goods sold, his wife breaks her heart, his daughters go into service; but the bank gets its interest and commission, and your meek, high-principled, honourable shareholder receives his dividend. That may go on for a time, but as a system it is rotten, and must fall. There is a belief cherished by a few-a simple one, and many will say a foolish one, but it is one which will stand the test of time-that the onlyhonourable road to wealth is labour--labour of the head or hand, but labour; and as that condition was passed upon humanity at its starting point in the shape of a curse, so every effort of humanity to avoid that curse, and by surreptitious means to shirk that condition, seems to frustrate its own purpose; and this primeval law, so solemnly pronounced, wreaks out upon the violator its own condign punishment. We see a little of this sometimes, when one of these gigantic speculations fails, in the long train of misery it drags after it in the ruined homes, the beggared families, the terrible domestic changes which ensue, when the victims who have been dreaming visions of unbounded wealth, wake up to the sad reality of poverty, disgrace, and ruin.

Who, looking about him, and seeing such things as these, will deny that a change, and a change for the worse, has come over the commerce of the country? It is unfair to defile the name of commerce with such things as these. True, fair, honourable commerce is the natural pursuit of nations: it elevates the habits, stimulates the energies, and ameliorates the condition of its subjects; but this perversion of commerce, this hazardous speculation, these gigantic frauds, this feverish pursuit of wealth at all risks, corrupts the habits, debases the energies, and deteriorates the condition of a people; and it is this which is making such inroads, not only upon our national life, but our national

honour. With what merciless tyranny does this struggle after wealth oppress an otherwise free people. into any of our large manufacturing towns, and study the squalid slavery of artisan life. See those droves of pallid men and women driven into close, pent-up, factories, at early morning, by a call not a whit the less imperious than the lash of an American slave-driver: watch their hurried meals of unwholesome food, their children reared by strangers, the short meetings of man and wife after the labours of the day; think of their homeless, hopeless lives, condemned to work for the longest legal time for the least possible money, with no chance of amelioration or advancement in the social scale; and this at the sacrifice of health, life, and hope-all to build up the gigantic fortunes of some few individuals, the proprietors of these free, these unfettered galley-slaves of commerce;—a phase of life which should elicit the pity of every thinking man-a morbid cancerous life, cut out now and then by the terrible instruments of famine and disease, but reappearing with increased vigour -a terrible immolation to the golden calf, justified by the exigences of aggrandizing trade, and sanctified by the sacred law of supply and demand.

We now advance to the investigation of the mode of life that is, of the way in which we live together, and discharge the duties devolving upon a community of individuals forming a civilized society. Here, at the outset, it becomes necessary to say a few words upon that institution which lies at the base, and in fact is the foundation of social life-the institution of matrimony; for as the position of a nation is indicated by its social life, and as its social life springs out of this institution, it is clear that if we can only ascertain the conditions of matrimonial relationship, we shall have the key to the social state of the country. Abroad we bear the character of being a domesticated people. The accepted notion is, that an Englishman marries some one in his own position, takes his house, pays his taxes with the usual quarterly gruinble, has a circle of friends whom he visits, and who visit him. A circle which is called his "society," composed of people of the same position. whose habits, ways of life, and thinking, and whose interests have much in common. He does not take his breakfist at a cafe, nor lits dutter at a restorant; but he, les wite, and farmly share the same tick; his children are not farmed at so much a year, and brought up away from him, but negtured in his own house, and under his own eye, they grow up around it in in the tender hands of tamely up on whilst he declines in their redst, and so from a cities facilities in the property of done startide. there issues first the love of home. and then the nobler feeling with h alone) in make a nation streng, the undying assess on mitty. To distill accepted notice, stratification tem extent but a transmit, we sind, far I that the restitute not marriagery, as well as the socal system significant from it, has undergotes the charles. and been a feeted by the intensified life of the times

At this is at the temptation of saying a tow woods again the nature of the notices in the first come at the he resisted. The reason parties of the readers of this essay, or at any rate the transporting will alread in usly admit that it is accessful on which deserves support, it it only from its good antiquety, but it is money office to a classification of the facilities man Transferal distinct in Aprilo matery test on 2 may say the section of the authors which are seed as well as well as a first as budget as a very section 2. tions of the same Section 1. And the Artist Art of the Artist Arti Contract Contract along the traction to the first the continuous according to a but owners disagreeable causes to take well to the drawing come table. That

and this sum total of daily cares tells upon kim : so that when he goes home he arrives there toded, tired, and, in the least possible degree, perhaps, cross. Then ensues one of the great-

est operations of woman's destiny greatest and best in spite of all the opinions of the strong-minded. who must simely owe their existence to some hybrid pre occupa-tion in the mind of Nature. The wite sess it all at a glance, and the operation commences, she rocks him zently, but effectually. In a thou and little ways the process goes on ad the evening, until he has quite togetten the epigram of Jones, the 114, the speculation, the business. Her waite han is land up the wounds, pour in the hearing balm, and on the in it ow he goes out again, strong and well. Some are not even conser us of this resking operation, but that cooms only when the man has ta en into the hands of a perfect action. Such an one stands bravely at his hearth, and, plucking his colby, thanks times if lord and master, at ha t of that domain. Delusion! he has been oursely and insideously see the Lanto the notion by that good larly, who, in an invisible challe, has to held thin, and with an invisible so option may sole their mental his house. That to proceed. Much has been said anti-yadrout the actisposition on the test I he a to make, and when that indeposition in our este itself in as a stress would by and prosperous as The stalk of its observative of something betomy wong. Let us exas to matters a little. We know the project of the very weath at the fell teachings of the distriction of the second of the first second of the first second of the second of a description of the first of the control of the wife of any tend node of the first of the control of the control of the wife of the control wrote I too self a othing year bound edition of the posts but : R it is usual for more to a low trace should be apparent. In disider triffes to be a trace, but o'll are now to include provident to a provident and no provident to allow to the same trace provident to allow the same trace.

that natural feelings should be crushed and sacrificed to the absorbing interests of wealth or position -- that two beings should enter into the compact, like a couple of sharpers trying to get the best of each other -that domestic life should be arranged in deception and commenced in perjury, are evils which lie at the very base of whatever domestic misery exists amongst us. We have no wish to advocate sentimentalism, but honesty. It has always existed in the natural perversity of things, that young people, with bright blue eyes and no earthly prospects, are sure to tall in love with each other, and a great deal of misery ensues from it; but even this, this foolish yet honest compact, is far better than what we see going on around us daily. Parents have preached the doctrines of wealth and position into their children's cars so perseveringly, that even the generosity of youth is chilled into a cold and precocious selfishness. By the force of early associations, as well as by the exigences of exaggerated life, young men are driven into looking upon matrimony in inseparable connexion with jointures and settlements; whilst the hearts of our young ladies flutter most not at the natural fascinations of the man, but at the more substantial fascination of the balance at his bankers. And no wonder that they should-no wonder that the generous warmth of youth is chilled—no wonder that the ingenuous purity of the girl is sullied by mercenary calculations. They look about them and they see how the power of wealth is worshipped in all ranks of society-how men bow down before it -how it asserts itself from the ragged urchin in the streets, who, with sixpence in his pocket, lords it over the beggar, up to the vulgar millionaire, who buys with his gold the ancestral dignities of the noble. They see the gifted, the proud, and the honoured humbling themselves at the feet of ignorance, vulgarity, and even crime; when that ignorance drives the best horses; that vulgarity gives the best dinners, and that crime has the largest balance at its bankers. How can we wonder, then, that young girls are mercenary, and young men selfish? Or how can parents, who have laboured so assiduously to corrupt the hearts of their innocent children by instilling into them these worldly maxims, wonder when they see those children grow up cold, calculating, covetous—when they come to them in after-life with the weeping tale of a wretched home and a blighted existence; or when, in the pride of affluence and prosperity, they leave their cunning teachers to die in the chill penury of neglected age? These are truths which lie at the root of the domestic evils of the time; they generate and foster that selfishness which characterizes the social existence of the present day more than at any other time in the history of the country; hence arise those unhappy marriages which begin by perjury in the church, and end in exposure at the Divorce Court. A fatal system which debars brave and honourable men, who are willing to fight out the battle of life, from the consolations of homewhich starts into being modes of living illicit and criminal, where natural feeling is degenerated into licentiousness-irreparable shame is entailed upon the heads of the innocent; and, finally, which summons into existence, as from some dark world of evil, the horrible demon, Infanticide, now haunting our towns and villages, and prevailing to that frightful extent as to become the lamentation of every honest man, and the crying shame of this Christian country. Such are a few of the results of this impetuous, exaggerated life, as pertains to the institution of matrimony.

As regards modern hospitality, which is the next feature in our mode of life, there have been many and marked changes during the last fifty years—some operating for the better, others for the worse. One of the great reforms, if not the greatest, has been the gradual abolition of that hard drinking which was so pre-eminently the characteristic of English society. Before the intro-duction of tea, beer and wine were the staple drinks of the country, and, in fact, the living was much coarser in every respect. It is an historical fact, that the maids of honour of Queen Elizabeth breakfasted on beefsteaks and beer, and were allowed several pints of that liquid daily. Such was the unangelic diet of the Sylphs, Fairies, Hobes, and Dianas,

about whom the Elizabethan bards raved so beautifully. However, this heavy drinking went stead by on, very Lttle dimmeshed, down to the times of the three bottled men of glorious memory, when the Spire and the Pais in vie I with each other in teats of this nature. At that time ladaes had t camuse themselves as they best could. The men were either fox hunting or earousing in the dming room. Then came an element into the social system to rival the three bottles can element which has done a great deal to is inpress quietly and gradually much of that heavy toplane the element of denoming as a means of social relixation. It is only within the last contury the damping has been so universally the means of social reput my and, though discussions it has a year an inpetus to mony by 's, yet here, muts I garmere subspect has been the an constitutions are discussed one great vine. The rising youth, by the more natural attractions of the Lattered, while drawn away from the too has bors tempted enough the Forth plant, to but we take disclosion theories against on a disclosion data a messaly mean primary. The arbitation purvious to see an effective grant division of the four hopes are as a few dispersions of the desired and the few dispersions of the few dispersions are as a few dispersions are a few dispersions are a few dispersions are a few dispersions and a few dispersions are a few dispersions and a few dispersions are a few dispersions and a few dispersions are a few dispersions are a few dispersions are a few dispersions and a few dispersions are a few dispersions and a few dispersions are a few d in its ray. When the company Marketty. With the country to we went to be at a surface of the isomewhat to be a transmission of the isomewhat to be a transmission of the interest of the weather than the interest of the interest of the weather than the interest of the and the second of the A The treatment are with state of the Fraggister to the the other persons with A A Det Color of the same by A WAYS TO SEE THAT IS NOT SEEN AS A SEEN AS A SEE THAT IS NOT SEEN AS A SEEN AS A SEE THAT IS NOT SEEN AS A SEEN A in a little of the second of t Proceedings of the control of the co in the senate, the think of the counting to discovering the Williams to make from is for him, with then to university Antraje the anwary into the mesnes of this steem to be. The positions professing all and the committee at Mi fourth out

in the modern ball room, no matter whether the entertainment be given by Her Grace the Duchescof So andro, whose lord holds a portfolio in the Cabinet; or by the lady of Dr. Elister, who is anxious to push a practice or a theory; or by Mrs. Conside, the stock broker's intelligent partner, whose husband has always something good for his friends; or even by plain Lonest Mrs. Cleaver, the butcher's holy, who, having two pretty danghters to get off her hands, invites of lar purveyors of the peressames of life to the splendour of her metrers rooms. In all these cases the object, the working, and the results are the same. And now, in imagination, let us visit the scene of could to for a crowded ball room, in its diversity of characters and interests in its pays its serious, its to any heard envy of sine one of the re st pleas namendatures of the great world with perhaphy need ever done to contemplate. In no diploto the carele is there such masterly untricies on his politic hatrol, such a to all later the and unclattics full is there have valuat fighting the outles in the case both a from Men takes 1 at deal about the interesties of a plante y and the cares of state; but the earth, a trashed diplomacy, Lede at Villas we tying oute in the Togetha heads of some twenty or the type of the who may be seen in any fored in the more management tree pedaglicistic, secretory sensitively set to us just where at the mathy or age. There as non-wresh haddelings of the company, as interested to recover a to for any little to be being present. merter wo in the ball was specially get upolar i alem who welle politic to present to but the toselves up for the ball the set like the will may allower the poetrest pass in the posiand be would by in and promise gods with the agent town as the to establish a contract of a whole housed who are had there to the agest and infine, the history forthermoment condended to a fixed charity, the Banca, the set fash on There con the other side, are the grand British mations who secretly in over the whole ma hitery, who in the privacy of their homes have arranged everything, and who now with those smiling eye- watch every nevenient, and

underneath that placed exterior conceal agonies of apprehension, palpitations of hope, and tortures of envy. Then, too, floating here and there, are the blue-eyed innocents, the raw material on which the plastic hands of the mammas operate-anxious, too, and trembling-but all well drilled, disciplined, and ready for the fray. And how fiercely that fray rages through the season, subsiding at last into a dull broken fire, like a battle-field at eventide. And there has been some good fighting by these fair warriors during the campaign-some daring feats of arms, gallant assaults, and desperate charges, outposts carried, stubborn fortresses made to yield, and the treaties of peace ordered to be drawn up for signature at St. George's, Hanover-square; but in this great matrimonial battle-field as there are triumphs, so there are defeats; and amidst the waving of flags and the shouts of the victors, many a poor victim is carried to the rear, desperately wounded, a pensioner for life. So that in this busy man-wasting age the very relaxations of social life are made a labour and an anxiety; and why? Because people are now absorbed in the one idea of competing with each other in the wild race of life. John Bull is sadly altered from the old historical Bull: he used to be a stern methodical man of business in the counting-house—no dreams nor much poetry about him then; but rigid justice, coupled with a certain generous measure of forbearance towards the honestly unfortunate. Then he paid more taxes than any other civilized mortal; but no matter, they had only to tell him it was for old England, or to fight the French, when in went his great hand into that capacious pocket, and out came the golden guineas without stint—a free-handed man with his money in his own house or with his friends about him, who had only to eat, drink, and be merry to put John in his happiest temper. But, we repeat, he is a little changed just now, since he has taken to joint-stock business and commercial billiards; still a good fellow at heart, but rather too absorbed in the main chance, which tinges all his actions, from his doings on 'Change to his dinner parties, and even to Mrs. Bull's little assemblies. Then he is grown fond of titles and titled people, not in the old way, but in a more servile way. If any wrong is done, any violation of the moral code, John can be very solemn and severe, provided the delinquent be not too high up in the social scale; if he should be one of the upper ten thousand, John looks him out in his peerage, reads the list of his titles and the names of his father and grandfather, and then drops a tear of forgiveness on the sacred page;—not a very manly feeling, but perhaps not wholly a bad one, as it helps to keep things together.

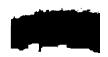
The public recreations of a people form another great test of their social condition. It is a good sign to see a great and busy people occasionally enjoy themselves-to see the crowds pour out of the large towns into the green fields of the country to disport themselves among the balmy in-fluences of nature; and to see the ruddy faces of the countrymen, who, tired of green fields, have come up in crowds to London to be electrified. puzzled, and bewildered by its many wonders. All this is very simple, but very good: it helps to bind class to class, to make people of every condition know each other, and to nurture that union amongst all ranks of the people which makes a nation strong. One can never look at one of those huge pleasure-vans hurrying through the streets with its noisy laughing crowd of compressed hilarity, without thinking that it is the pulse of the nation beating strong and healthily, it is a sign of happiness, contentment, and freedom. The aspect of a people beaten down by sorrow, by tyranny, or by ignorance is a sad aspect: their very movements are slow and listless, the expression of their faces is mournful and brokenhearted; they lie about the streets slothful and beaten. But the aspect of a free intelligent people is lively, laughing, and joyous: and all this occasional going out into the country, and coming in from the country, fosters, cherishes, and keeps up the ruddy cheerful health of England. But the dark side of the picture is the perversion of rational amusement which has obtained amongst us to such an extent, owing to this abnormal exaggerated life. How difficult it is to amuse people: public taste has been so pampered by extravagant and exciting scenes that

the appetite has become fided and begins to recoil upon itself. What with witnessing necks broken on the tight rope, homes broken on the trapeze, real generie patent ghosts, College Bawn Leaders, gymnastic dramas, the people of the present day have exhausted the realm of the wonderful, and what with reading sensation have s, where bigainy is reduced to a science, adultery preached as a doctrine, where for ery and murder are the minor incidents of a domestic story; the vonths of the present day have so outgrown their age, and become so ridiculously precountries that it may be adversed as a currents specular in to write the attention of a Darw is neight be directed, as to whother the chadren of the next generation with not to born with gray loads, winkled brows, and for toper she is specially s

But the dichale, what will be the result of all this exaggerated invited this self-aggrandizement, thes leads pressure life, this i sharp of Luman energy into gigantic undertake 2-4 In that calamet his explosion at Earth we had a terrible instance of what in exchange in from concentrating large quantities of extins ve matter on one spot, and we have his some few instances of similar results, from similar can-es, in the social community. Vist numbers of men are concentrated on different spots for the purpose of Etch pressure colour, instead of lett: sectional for end with over the surfact of the country, to the and to ke it the the . By that a contrate while lives a feet for a confittee invitate Language recognition surply of materms, to make a sixthers the detected meaning to energy and one of each National and decrease asserting by a Side denie trate grand of programmer, the row to ty, out then we best of Manchester's that tandescated Co-

ventry ribben distresses, with all the harrowing details of hopeless macry, Or to take another phase, some 2 ganter banking system, which has been going at high pressure for a long time, unexpectedly bursts, and the whole country has and wide is strewn, like the surface of a wild scaatter a shipwingk, with the shattered hipes, the lacken fortures, the wrecked prospects of a thousand families, from the retired protessic red. who has staked the fault of his lite's labour and his children's fortune, to the domestic servant or the detences less wishow, who have intrusted to it their savines, I willy carned. To resume, finally, we have embayonred to show how the leve of gain has stimulated our congressed energies into an une conal exercise at a and we have dwest upon the not omil danger of an everweering pursuit of wealth. We have seen how it corrupts men, how it makes them ind. volumes sound, near, and hearthest - law that love of money posons evel vaction of their lives even their relaxations and charattes. Then again, how if co rapts the most ectively as a nation. Low patiently they will subto the any degradation or to any msuitrati er than my chi the ir terests of commercial of stay the operations of national trade. When men arrive at that state they reast degenerated and when here is an ive at that state they must decline. It has always been setrioughout the long tale of In tory, as fast will be so with us the case her tring interpose to save its from ourse ves now as this autumnal se som of contrational first av. when the gamers are to by fill dother shanews are desperant, and the leaves le sur to this

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" BOSCIUS" IN DUBLIN.

DUBLIN, at the time when young Garrick arrived, was a city of many fascinations. Looking back now to its mimic king and queen, its court and courtiers, to its lords and ladies, who lived then in mean houses, in what are now the meanest slums of the city, to its music, its dancing and revels, it seems to resemble some of those delightful little German courts where an Elector or a Grand Duke reigned (and embarrassed himself), where travellers on the grand tour, like Wraxall, Nugent, or Doctor Moore, halted their chaise for weeks, and whence they could not tear themselves away. On the banks of the Liffey were none of the serious responsibilities of self-government; these were all looked after within the charmed circle of "The Castle." There was nothing, therefore, to disquiet or interfere with the lively round of pleasure, and a gay Lord Lieutenant, who was wealthy, eager for diversion, and extravagant in his tastes, was sure to stimulate yet further the passion of the town for amusement.

In this pursuit money was spent profusely. No wonder there was a constant stream pouring in of all that was titled, witty, or gifted in any way, and as there was plenty of money to reward those who could turned any everything that

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dukes and earls, holding court at the Castle with ministers, privy councillors, chaplains, body guards, pages, musicians, and nearly all the incidents of royalty, were glad to ask over their titled friends and connexions, whose presence added to the attractions, and who often married into the greater Irish houses. No wonder that under such encouragement, that wonderful Irish stage should have flourished, and have furnished the British drama with a roll of names unsurpassed in any age or country.

The taste for music at that time was far in advance of the age—was as eager as it is to this hour in that city. Even now, when the Italian opera opens, there is festival time. The galleries fill to suffocation. Verdi and Gounod and Beethoven are listened to with delight, and applauded by unwashed hands, and the prima donna is drawn home to her hotel in a crowd of torches. In Garrick's day, a French tourist-quoted by Mr. Gilbert—found Corelli played and sung in every house. There was a philharmonic society, a royal academy of music, long before the London institution was dreamed of—a New Music Hall in Fishamble-street, another in Crow-street, a band of state musicians at the Castle, with a conductor of state music, a composer who wrote the "birth-day odes." pretty bit of homage was paid to St. Cecilia's Day, when their Graces went

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in state to the Cathedral, with all the court and nobility, and a great old organ there, with a large on hestra, led by Dubourg, pupil to the famous Gemimiani, played anthems and cantatas of Handel and Dr. Arne and the popular Corelli, to the delight of the charming Mrs. Delany. There were brilliant relottes under the same patronage; there were Mrs. Hamilton's and Mrs. Waiker's Assemblies; and, finally, just before Mr. Garrick arrived here, was Mr. Handel, with his "Messiah" and his oratorios, drawing the whole tide of fashion to the New Music Hall, and causing a frantic future for oratorio music as has never since been equalled.

In Aungier-street, not very far behind the Castle, was the Theatre Royal, where the charming Mrs. Cribber had drawn audiences and admirers, and received such tokens as made her write afterwards to Garrick that " her love to Ireland was as great as his could be, and she always thought with respect and gratitude of the favours she received there. was Mr. Stretch's Theatre, in Capelstreet, an inferior place of amusement; and there was the New Theatre, in Smoot ailey a racy and significant name, built but haif a dozen years before the manager of which, Du Val, had engaged Garrick.

Smock-alley was a unscrable little lane, close to the river, and wide enough for only one carriage to pass. A fragment of the old theatre is still shown, forming part of the rere of a chapel, but there are pienty of ancient houses liming the alley, old as the old theatte, as may be seen from the stone "jams" of the windows whose tenants were, no doubt, kept awake by the block and entanglement of carriages trying to get away by the "Band quay," Historial of by Fishamble street, and by the shouts of the "to-timen with tham-Thus the Castle of Duilin beaux." lay exactly between two theatres, and within easy distance of each.

With Mr. Harbel, at his Abbeystreet ledgings, he ap-d with me ney and henouse, with Quan and the fusemating Cobber at the Theatre Reyal, drawing great houses, it is described be an inappropriate time for a new attraction. Fut the manager had not macalculated. On Monday, the

3rd of June, 1741, Mr. Handel gave his final performance of the " Messiah." On Saturday, the 12th, the approaching arrival was considered of such importance that a paragraph was seen in the papers that Mr. Garrick was "hourly expected from Eng-land." The news of the English furore had travelled on long before him, and everyone was eager for some notion of the Goodman's fields' trumphs. The party did not come on Saturday; but on Sunday morning Mr. Garrick, Miss Wothington, and Signora Barberini, a dancing lady. arrived from Park gate, Chester, by the packet.

There had been "reidche" at the theatre for some time. Mrs. Furnival had been playing in the "Careless Husband;" but such attraction was weak as against Mrs. Cibber. The company had now set off for Carlow, to act during the races. But there were other recruits. Gifford had come, and, two days after Garrick, arrived Delane, "the celebrated actor," who was to play at the rival theatre.

A Signora Avoglio, an Italian singer, had been announcing her last "concert of vocal and instrumental music," at the Music hall, Fishamblestreet, on the Wednesday following. for a long time before, but the first result of the new arrival was to tell upon her. The poor Italian lady could not struggle against the attraction of the new performers, who had fixed their opening performance for the same night. It was not surprising, therefore, to read : "N.B.-The RUNCE concert is just off on account of the players arrival from England who perform that night, and have given up the Wednesday following to Signora Avegito for her performance.

Margaret Weffington had been already the delight of the town. Sha had enclanted it by her gay and dashing acting in pumps and hose, as S. Harry Wilaire. From Smockaliey to Fownes'-court, or George's-lane, where she had acted in a Lilliputan corps of children under Manane Violante, was but a ten minutes' rice in a chair. She was now "to open" on the Wednesday in this famous and popular character, while trairick was kept over until Friday, in the great part of Richard. "On Wednesday next," it was to be read

in the journals "at the theatre in Smock-alley will be acted a comedy called the 'Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee.' The part of Sir Harry Wildair, by Miss Woffington." This shows how great was her single attraction.

The tradition of Garrick's success on the Friday reached the historians of the Irish stage. But unhappily no details were preserved. None of the papers were in the habit of giving criticisms or notices of performances at the theatres, but it is mentioned that many more were turned away than were admitted. The theatre was not unworthy of the young It was built on the best actor. principles then known; was spacious, and remarkable for the excellent opportunities it afforded for seeing

and hearing.

The new Dublin theatres, too, boasted of a modern improvement which the London did not at that time enjoy, a spacious box room or saloon, "richly ornamented," where the company waited after the play was over, chatting and seeing each other until their carriages came up. They had boxes, "lattises" (which They had boxes, "lattises" (which were the same as the London "green boxes,") pit, and two galleries; and on this night boxes, "lattises," and galleries were crammed. So, too, must have been the stage, which was often oddly enough crowded with strangers, who were scarcely to be distinguished from the performers. The Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Devonshire and his Duchess were unfortunately in England at this time, so that he could have enjoyed no court attentions.

On the Monday following he made his second appearance in the "Or-phan," with Mrs. Furnival as Monimia; while on the Tuesday, with something like desperation, Delane came on with his reading of "Rich-Every day the new actor's reputation increased, and there was a growing craze to see him in new characters. The poorer classes were at this time suffering great distress, and the heats during the month of June were more than usually oppressive. A sort of epidemic which arose from both these causes was fancifully set down to the overcrowded houses, and was long recollected as the Garrick fever.

His benefit was fixed for Thursday, the 24th, when he first astonished a Dublin audience by his favourite combination of deeply tragic and broadly humorous characters on the same night. "King Lear" was chosen at the particular desire of several persons of quality, with the "Lying Valet," also by desire, after it. Margaret Woffington played Cordelia, and was announced in the bills as Mrs. Woffington, a change which she had brought from London. On the first night she had been announced as Miss Woffington, and it is curious that she should have insisted on the same change being made at Covent Garden only the year hefore.

The city was at this time full of "persons of quality," with dramatic tastes, so that the particular desire may be assumed to have been expressed to the actor personally. He must have been overwhelmed with civilities and attentions, when we think such were heaped upon Tate Wilkinson, and others of a far lower stamp who came later. He went through all his round of London characters, playing in the "Busy-Body," the "Fair Penitent," in "Love makes a Man," taking the character of Don Dismallo Thick-ScullodeHalf-Witto,the "Rehearsal," and "Old Bachelor." The Lords Justices, who were the Primate, Lord Chancellor, and Speaker, went in state to see the "Busy-Body." His second to see the "Busy-Body." His second benefit was on the 8th of July, with "Richard," but presently he had to submit to a companionship which he would not have tolerated a little later, namely, playing the "Fair Penitent, supported in an after-piece by M. Delamain, of the French opera, in such foolery as the following:—"Act I. the Grecian Sailor; Act II. the Wooden Shoe Dance; Act III. the Old Woman with Pierrot in the Basket," &c. He also played Master Johnny the School-boy in the farce of the same name.

But his engagement was drawing to a close. On the 2nd of August the "Constant Couple" and "Lying Valet" were announced for the last time. He himself was to have another and final benefit, for which it v said he had selected the "Fair P tent," but there was a curiosity to see him in a fac popular play. He had.

appeared as Hamlet in the little provincial towns, but that was under the name of "Mr. Lyddard." No important audience had yet witnessed his personation of the Danish prince, and he now resolved to try Hamlet for the first time before the Dublin public. He issued on the Saturday morning a curious personal announcement:

"Mr. Garrick thinks it proper to sequent the town that he did not take the "Fair Pentent" as was given out for his benefit, that plan being disapproved of hyseveral halies and gentlemen, but by particular desire deferred it till "Hamlet" could be ready, which will be played on Thursday next, the part of Hamlet by Mr. Garrick, Ophelia by Mrs. Wolfington."

Mr. Garrick's last benefit with so familiar a play was sure to have drawn an overflowing house. He was carried through the part by an immensed-calof eithus astropphause.

Some points, however, were critiersed, and, perhaps, objected to, as usual. It was observed," with some astonishment,' that on the entrance of the Ghost, Hamlet remained shent for some moments as if superied with herror, so much so that it occurred to a few that the assistance of the prompter was required, whereas," gels and ministers of grace, at was thought, should have been a sudden exclamation on the very first appearan e of the spirit. But Mr. Carrock's pause kept the audience in a strange suspense and puzzle. The actor, too, had followed a bit of conventional by-play in drawing his sword, when Horatio wished to detain him and following the Ghost round the stage, until it says, "I am thy father's storit," when, with a very respectful bow, he put up his switch as though his turning out to be a spirit who "could be depended on "quite a tered the case. Ondry enough, he left out the directions to the players, which excited some remark. It is the me. characteristics attesm was that apon his pronuncition. There is a popular lish pronunciation of the letter a, which is, tanced, founded on harmony and good seaso, supported by the custom of most love garoculous, for his concentration become transfer and a contrawillist name Carter March Sales therefore, began to decimin " metron"

instead of "martron," "appayle" instead of "appul," " Horatio" instead of "Horartio," and, above a.l., "wind" instead of "wynd," sensitive Irish ears were offended. It was considered however, a wonderful performance, full of beauties, especially the scenes between Hamlet and Ophelia, and Hamlet and the Queen. In short, as an able critic who wrote to him anonymously two days after the performance, in a short time he would be "the best and most extraordinary player that ever these kingdoms maw."
It was noted, too, that he came on without being "attended by music, which was always an accompaniment of the traditional "Hamlet: and further, what was remarkable and almost courageous behaviour in the year 1745, that he left out every word that could shock a modest ear.

It was hoped that he would play Ham't again, but he performed it only once. Walker, the original Macheath, had now arrived from Covent Garden, and his aid enabled them to bring forward "The Recruiting Offi-cer, with a "strong cast." Artely was taken by Walker, Screen by Wolfington, and Plante by Garrick. This was for the Thursday of er the " Hamlet Thursday, and to the notices was appended a significant "N.B.—Thin is the last time of Mr. Garrick, Mrs. Wedington, and Signora Barberini's performing, oming their stay in this kargdom.' Linally, on the Monday following Ang. 23, a sort of dramatic travelang party -Garrick, De-lane, Dr. Arne Mrs. Cibber's brother, who had come over to give concerts). and Mrs. Cabber set off together from Danleary Harbour and embarked for England. Prz Wollington, it. would in pear, remained behind, and most i kery scaled with the Smockalicy company, who set off the next day for Liverpool, to play during the Preston Jutaice. Thus ended the first Garrick visit, which had now lasted a few days over two mentiles, and it was long remembered. After his departme came a perfect the atrical land for and prostration.

Later on an Purolin the famous Lord Choost effects was reigning. He had laid hand at our toconclinate the people by something the impair in povernment, about office the choose of 8 series of formant shows. The Irish Court section to gotter access. There were new amusements devised, and every amusement was under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield. There were new rooms made at the Castle, designed by the elegant taste of the Lord Lieutenant himself, and in these rooms were gorgeous festivals on birth-nights, when Lady Chesterfield appeared in rich Dublin poplin, and every lady strictly followed her example. Here was given the superb fête, where the "long gallery" was laid out with a series of what seemed little shops, where sweetmeats and rare wines were served, which was lit up by transparencies, as by moonlight; and where the guests walked to the sound of soft and exquisite music, coming from unseen flutes and other instruments, and where at each end fountains of lavender water played abundantly. The witty Earl's witty sayings to ladies of his Court went round. Pope's famous verses on the two dull lines, " by Stanhope's pencil writ," were copied into Dublin newspapers. Those journals, indeed, and notably George Faulkener's, put forward, now and again, some versified adulation, in the shape of addresses to Hibernia on "THY STANHOPE," in which he was magnified extrava-

In the interval the state of theatres had become rather deplorable, and and disorders grown up. A sort of licence among the audience had been encouraged by the management, and by allowing the public to behave as they pleased in the theatre, the check of respect and decency had gradually been lost. The boxes and pit were deserted, while the stage was crowded, and the "Twopenny Gallery" became the scene of brawls and riots between "the footmen" and the mob. In this demoralization Sheridan was invited to become manager, and attempt a reform; and having remodelled scenery and scenic effects, and brought about something like order, determined to play boldly, and as the first card he was to play, thought of engaging Garrick.

Two years before, when he himself was free, some such idea had been in his head, and he had hinted a rather conceited proposal to Garrick of their playing alternately in London and Dublin—" dividing the kingdoms" between them, for he was con-

vinced that Dublin was as well able to pay one actor for a winter as London was. They were to be like the two buckets in a well, said Mr. Sheridan. But this was based on the vanity of supposing that both buckets were of equal strength and weight; and the difference Sheridan was to discover later, by the sure test of thin houses and empty boxes. It is not surprising that a quarrel, or coolness, should have come later.

As a manager, his interest helped him to forget this estrangement. Garrick had gone to Bath with his friend, Colonel Wyndham, and there received Sheridan's letter. It was a most singular and characteristic proposal. Having heard, he said, that Garrick wished to pay a second visit to Ireland, he wrote to inform him that he was now "sole manager of the Irish stage" (!), and that he would give him "every advantage and encouragement that he could in reason expect." The basis of this agreement was to be a division of profits; and he frankly warned him to expect nothing from friendship, or, indeed, anything more than an actor could in strict right require. No wonder that Garrick, on this almost hostile invitation, should turn to his friend with, "This is the oddest letter I ever received in the whole course of my life." Colonel Wyndham said it might be odd, but that it was fair, open, and honest, and he advised him to accept. Rather uncertain as to his plans-for the London theatres were in sad confusion-and himself inclining in that direction, he took his friend's advice, and accepted.

He went down first to Lichfield, it may be supposed to see his fa-mily, and he determined to go on from thence to Ireland, without returning to London. This resolution seemed to hurt his friend, Mrs. Cibber, who thought it against his interests, and a little against the interests of friendship. With a break-up in theatrical matters so imminent, it was well to be on the spot. She would have been glad, wrote this engaging woman, to have had but two or three hours' conversation with him before he left. Garrick, we may suspect, was growing a little fatigued with this "friendship;" but wrote some handsome but routine compliments, saying that she was of the

number he could not wish to take leave of. He added that he also wanted sally to make love to her meaning, on the stage. To which she replied picasantly, that she could assure him very seriously, that unless he made more love than he did the past year, she would never set with him. All the last winter she had had "wretched lovers. I desire you always to be my lover upon the stage, and my friend off it" an intimation that could not be more playfully or delicately conveyed. Garrick then promised to write to her from Ireland, and set off.

Sheri lan was now in London, getting together a band of regnits of less reputation, and presently started for Chester, with a curious party. Miss Bellamy, the well known "George-Anne," an ambitious young girl, who had just started as an actress, her mother, Mr. Laey, an Irish adven-turer: Mrs. Eany, an actress, and Mr. Morgan, an adminer of the latter, but in the last stage of consumption. Mrs. Eany, who was a humorist, enlivened the journey by constant disputes with Mrs. Bellamy; and young Miss Bellamy by giving her a burlesque title of Countess, with which she persisted in addressing her at all inns, and thus causing her to be received with genuine respect at such places, inflamed the angry feeling. At Parkgate they found the wind contrary, and the manager, impatient to get to his theatre, left them there, and posted on to Holyhead.

At Smo kailey Theatre "the celebrated German, Dutch, Italian, and French repealancers and timblers," with "the famous Mons. Gutar, who tumble lover a man and horse," were filling in a languel interval; this was in October, but no November 24, on a Sunday morning, Mr. Garra k acr vel in Dublin. The next day the news was in the papers.

The seas in him it open for a fortnight, incanting the capital had pointly of attractions to full in the popular actor's time. It was during this season that he formed a boil of acquaintances among the highest in the land, whose triend-hip he retained during all his life after. Lord Forbes was hiving in Stephen's green, Lady Domerane in Dawsonatteet, Bishop Committee, Mrs. Delany's friend, Green," besides Lords Bellamont, Milltown, and many more. But one of the leading persons of fashion was Colonel Butler, and his wife, the "Honorable Mrs. Butler," whose home was "frequented by most of the nobility." They had a handsome seat on the sea-coast at Clontarf, and with this family the English actor became very intimate.

At last the theatre was ready to open. It was a surprisingly brilliant company. One of its elements of strength was to be a new sctor, a young silversmith; who, like Powell later, had stepped from the warehouse to the stage, and who, the year before "had made some figure in Ochello." Mr. Garrick coming over as a "star" no doubt made small account of this local luminary, who was now modestly studying Castahe to play to Miss Bellamy in the " O: phan.] He did not dream of what perilous rivalry he was to find in the noble figure, handsome face, and tender voice a dangerous combination of advantages in the cidevant Dublin silversmith. He had made "some figure on the stage" the preceding winter, said one who neted with him this year; but great as had been his success on Irish boards, that splended presence, and silvery voice, full of a deep pathos, were soon to fascinate all London.

As Garrick had taken his farewell in "Hamlet," so he was now about to make his reappearance in the same play. With Sheridan he was on cordial terms, and they had agreed to play Shakespeare alternately. The popular actor had made the same proposala year or two before, which Sheridan had declined. Now, when he was so famous, it was a more important concession. Indeed at every period, whether we look back to the beginning or to the end of his career to his apprenticeship, or to his full maturity, we find the same calm, temperate, and modest state of mind, and the same generous self abnegation. In the midst of all the complaints and jealousies of the players, their abound sensitiveness and false grayanies, which were ridiculously mean and troublesome, we see him all through the same calm, good-tempered, full of a manly dignity, kind, forbearing, making a gracious allowance, and almost humoring the pottish comedians, who were worrying him with their broils and fancied outrages. No wonder that with such a nature he won respect and fast friendship and admiration, besides fame.

By the night of the 9th the theatre opened "with eclat." The manager had determined to carry out all his reforms strictly, and by the advertisement the public were warned that no one would be admitted behind the scenes excepting those who had the "5s. 5d." tickets. The quarrelsome "footmen," who waited for their families in the galleries were not to be admitted there without a ticket from the boxkeeper; further, that gentry had a habit of waiting in the "box-room," with flaring torches to light their masters' "chairs" home, a custom that was found inconvenient for the ladies, and was required to be given up. The chief places were 5s. 5d., the "lattises," 4s. 4d.; the "pit," 3s. 3d.; "gallery," 2s. 2d.; and the "upper gallery," 1s. 1d. Tickets were to be had at Mr. Neil's, in Abbey-street, and at the bar of the Merchants' Coffee-house. The performances were to commence at halfpast six, a later hour than in London, for even at this time they had the habit of dining so late as five o'clock.

Mrs. Storer played Ophelia, and after the tragedy sang, while a Madame Moreau danced. Thus the entertainment comprised music, dancing, and singing. On the Thursday was played "Richard," by command of Lord Chesterfield. On the following Thursday Garrick was to have had his first benefit, but the "Messiah" being fixed for that night at the "Music Hall," for the benefit of the "poor prisoners," he good-naturedly deferred his night to Friday, when he appeared in Bayes. Again was the Viceroy present, and also "one of the most polite and crowded audiences that hath ever been seen at any play"—a pardonable exaggeration. Vast numbers had to be turned away for want of room, and the block on the little Blind-quay was tremendous. For it was after this occasion that the play-goers were entreated by public advertisement to keep distinct route in coming and in going with their chairs and coaches, which got sadly confused "in so nar-

row a place," and that "these rules may be punctually obeyed," oddly added the notice, guards were placed to insure the regulations being carried out.

The polished Viceroy affected to disparage Garrick's view of the part of Bayes. He held that it was intended for a serious and solemn character, and that it was quite misconceived. Generally, too, he objected to the actor's comedy parts; but went so far as to say publicly that he was not only the best tragedian of the day, but the best that had ever been in the world. This was high praise and genuine praise; certainly during the engagement the Viceregal box was rarely empty.

This was announced as his last appearance before the holidays. He must have spent them pleasantly. He knew Lord Mountjoy, and Dr. Barry, and Mr. Tighe, of the Castle. He talked "fine things" to them of Mrs. Cibber, who was affectionately thought of. He was really anxious that she should come over and join their company, but she was afraid of the sea.

On the first day of the year they began with the "Fair Penitent" "by command," when Sheridan took Horatio, Garrick Lothario, and the handsome Barry Altamont—a small part, which he made so graceful that it became as important as the other two. No wonder that the Dean of Down's wife should have thought him in this very character "the handsomest man and finest figure altogether that ever paced upon the stage." This fascinating actor was making fresh progress every day. Play-goers and writers seem at a loss for words to describe the charm; but setting all the portraits side by side-Churchill's, Davies', and many more -the features resolve themselves in a noble and graceful figure, a face of calm, manly beauty, an expression of soft interest and tenderness, and a touching and musical voice. These are gifts that would carry any actor through, and most likely they carried him over the mannerisms hinted at by the bitter Churchill, and the affectation with which the same satirist says "he conned his passions as he conned

his part."
The ladies were his warm patrons, whom "he charmed by the soft me-

lody of his love complaints and the noble ardour of his courtship. Lord Chesterfield admired his time also, but wisely forecasted his sudden withdrawal from the stage, carried off by some smitten rich widow. Such conquests by handsome Irishmen were then common incidents of town life; and the runaway marriage of Lady Susan Strangways with Mr. O Brain, another handsome actor, was presently to carry dismay into the noble House of Helicster.

Then followed "Macbeth" by command, "The Orphan," "King Lear and his THEEF DAUGHTLES," Recruiting Officer," and then, for Garrick's second benefit, "The Prowoked Wite and "Tre farce of the Secondboy; then Archer, in "The Beaux' Stratagem.

The footmen had again grown disorderly, and the manager had to address the public on the abuse; threatening to shat up the galaxy altogether. He offered them one last chance of trial on Garrick's benefit night, when it the noise was repeated the gallery was to be closed, at d servants were "never to be a imitted to the theatre again." It was odd that this very class were later to break our at Edmburgh in a riot of very much the same kind.

The English actor could read in his newspaper testimomals as compamentary, though less sub-tantial, from his Dublin admirers. One took the shape of an opigiam --

" Hearing that aged or we are learned and w. . . . I ask'd the ancient, famous case, it

Warning Which I all act is lest described file prize ? Resilvent culting say, but even to

It was said, too, that it was here here eved his popular desset a ratio of "Resous". On another day he read other verses into less compamentary -

the figure of the property of the control of the co This Problem that with some bease Assumist what character you please,

I se Italian to a the trans of Jole Perfect you carse how any very roce. How did my swelling be som glow, To see thy Level map stie work And yet, O. strangel on the same night, How did thy I goog Sharp delight.

Then in reference to his playing Richard III. -

"I serve can think then play'st a part, And I could stale thee to the heart. Tis here thy generalis admired, "Lis here then some tal nest inspired; I lse how could thy sweet nature hear T' assume the murdering villain's air?"

There is almost something like affection in these last two lines.

So, too, in "The Stage," which seems to anticipate the thought in Goldsmith sycrses "off the stage he was acting :"---

"Tell me, then informing Power, Tell me where the difference lies, Twist the notor of an hour. And of life othe dame replies :

In the force, the i're, the feature, Us or'd from a folia, leart; GARRIER Silver William Nature. Markind only a tea part."

All this time young Miss Bellamy was made to progress, and combining the polasures of Dublin society with her profession. The sprightly and ambitions girl had hold y made terms in London with the manager that she Was to be all wed to commence as Clus nor in "King John," a part in which she had a guilah ambetton to take the audience by storm. She was pathrally encouraged to it by the great appliance she received. for she was appearing to any every might, in all soits of characters - was goals to parties at the Butlers' and other is uses, and harnly found time for sleep. See was very pretty; and it gives us a currons hint of the tone of the Dalout drawing-rooms and the taste for the drams of a young actress, when Lord Tyraw-ley's natural descriter was chaperored by Mrs O Hara, Lord Tyrawlive ister, as for more, and Mr. the rack, the young "player," was we consider crywiere.

"King Join, was now talked of, and was said to the papers to be in tenested. There was curnes, iv to see it, as it had not been played "in this kingdom for a any years but there was a commeten going in in the green room. Carrick and the unna ger were to play the Airry and the

Bastard alternately. They were to be the pillars of the play; and Mr. Garrick had privately pitched on Miss Bellamy for a good "hose and trunks" part, Prince Arthur, for which his good sense had told him a pretty and untrained young actress would be better adapted than for Constance. The more experienced Mrs. Furnival he had intended for this part. There was, besides, another objection: the part of Prince Arthur would have to be done by a lady, whose misfor-tune it was to be "hard-featured" and a little too mature for a boycharacter. These objections, like all objections made by Garrick in his life, were utterly unselfish, and marked by reason and good sense. Sheridan stood by his promise, and supported the young actress's claim; but Garrick was firm.

The retaliation she took was characteristic, almost amusing. With true green-room spite and girlish fury she flew to her friend, the "Hon. Mrs. Butler," in Stephen's-green, told her the story of her wrongs and persecution, and actually engaged her in a very vindictive scheme of revenge. Ladies of fashion in Dublin had a great deal of power in reference to the theatre. From the Viceroy down all depended on patronage. The leading actors attached themselves to some lady of quality, who took on herself the management of his "night," canvassed her acquaintances, disposed of tickets, and received all the fashionable part of the audience in the boxroom, as though she were the actress. The night was called, not the actor's, but "Lady — 's night," and there was a sort of emulation among them to have the particular "night" suc-The silver-tongued Barry had many such nights, and was at no loss for patronesses.

Mrs. Butler who led "the genteel world" in Dublin, took up the cause of her protégé, and when the play was announced for the 5th of February, went round diligently to all her friends, and made it a point that they should stay away. One of the fashionable levers she wielded was a series of very select balls, which insured the homage and services of a clientèle of young ladies, who were eager for invitations, and then she insisted they should exert themselves to prevent all their friends attending the first representation of "King John." The wicked little scheme succeeded perfectly. On that night, with Sheridan as the Bastard, and Roscius as the King, the house was miserably thin, and the receipts did not reach £40.

The malicious young actress had triumphed with immense satisfaction. She often told how she had given "the immortal Roscius his first humiliation." She had made him "severely repent" of preferring the regular trugedy queen, Mrs. Furnival, "to her little self." Those who have studied Roscius' life and character will know that no such feelings were in his heart. He was more amused than angry, and at once yielded. He bore not the least malice for so unworthy a trick, and treated the wilful actress with a charming good-humour and forgiveness, that shows us his true character admirably. He was magnanimous enough to have the play put up again, with Miss Bellamy in her coveted part of Constance.

The town meanwhile had got hold of the story, and were vastly amused. This time Garrick was to play the Bastard. Mrs. Butler, no doubt, set her influence at work in that genteel world over which she presided, and the result was an overflowing audience, with a crowd to be turned from the doors. The actress affected to recognise in the boisterous applause of the audience, a recognition of the victory she had gained. But the wilful girl was not yet satisfied. She took this good-humored forbearance for indifference or, per-

haps, contempt.
"Tancred" then followed, and
"Othello"—with Garrick and Sheridan taking Iago and Othello alternately, within a couple of nights. This variety and trial of skill would have delighted the Dublin galleries; but it is plain that by this time, the superior ability and popularity of his rival had excited some jealousy in the manager, who, it is plain, was hostile both to Garrick and to Barry. The feeling between the two latter was most cordial and honorable. Yet, often the role of a waning favourite, hourly eclipsed by the superior attraction of a younger rival, is the hardest of known parts to play. Then came Barry's benefit, "The Distressed Mother," with Garrick's first attempt at Orestes. Then followed "Lear," " being the last time of Mr. Garrick's playing under his present agreement," which might mean the termination of his engagement at a salary, and the beginning of a share in the profits.

On the 19th of March, he attempted Ser Harry Wilder, in which it was confessed that he did not approach the saucy Widlington; and on the 3rd of April played for the benefit of a dramatic author, who, the notices were careful to inform the public, was not Mr. Brooke, the author of the "Fool of Quality."
"A gentleman" was to undertake the part of the Ghost. Then was announced the "Rehearsal" which seems to have always drawn for his benefit, "being desired by several persons of distinction It was also given out that "Mr. Garrick would play two or three times more before leaving the kingdom.

April the 15th was a high festival, being the birthday of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, which, like all loyal occasions, was kept with the extravagant and almost theatrical exuberance which was de rigners in Dublin "with great demonstrations of joy," was the usual expression. "On steet" was the play on this night. Lord Chesterfield and his court, and "a numerous and polite audience" were present. Sierblan spoke a prologue, but the event of the night was the epilogue, written by "The Farmer" a sobjected for by "The Farmer" a sobtopict for "the ingenious Mr. Brooke and spoken by Mr. Garrick. The enthusissm of the occase a and the concest elecution of the speaker, may have diverted attention from the batton and graver but esque of this production. Some of the verses ran-

"Tis not a furth to titles, pour, and state

That forms the brave or electricities the great,

To be the wig of the open's parties was.

And he had to be the large for the said on the control of the control

The last line is admirable. The Viceroy was presently to leave for England, and Rescus had to deliver some passages of complimentary regret:

Then we ze, Hilbertia, wire the present toy,

is secred to the martial boy;

The morrow shall a different strain require,

When with thy Standown all delights

And(a long Polar night of grief begun). Thy soul shall sigh for its returning SUS.

The counter attractions of the ridottes and concerts were still working not to mention "The Fiez and Miniature Curiosities," which were to be seen in Crane lane, and who went out to the nobility's parties. Mons. Guitar was still here, and on one night added to the amusement at Smock alley by "leaping through a hogshead, ten feet from the ground, with a flambeau in each hand." An ordinary play had been chosen for Garrick's last beacht and last appearance, but as there was a desire to see him in one more new character "Jane Store" was underlined, and Miss Bellamy found in this an opportunity for either her malice or her tetulance. She was really gaining favour with the audience by a mixture of impudence and spirit, which is always popular with a mixed andience, and the manner in which she had resented a freedom a Mr. St. Leger had attempted giving him a sound slap on the face in full view of the authence, and causing Lord Chesterfield to clap his hands publicly, and send his aide, Major Macartney, to require a public apology, showed What her character was

Garrick now wished that she should play Jone Shore for him, but she retused posttively - giving him has own excuse in the case of Constates wher excessive youth. He persisted, and got her friend, Mrs. Butler, to use her influence. He even wrote her a sort of playful note, in who have said that if she would oblige him in this matter, he would write her "a goody, goody epil gue, which, with the be post for eyes, should do more into het than ever the flesh or the devil had done since the world began. And the officers he directed burlesquely, "I my some aidel," the " beaut ful. Opening " This was given to his servant to deliver, who handed it ever to as every quir boy, who was utterly mystaled by the address, and to k if to his master. This master turned out to be a newspaper

and he promptly, says Miss

Bellamy, inserted it in his journal.*
"The writer of this high-flown epistle," she says, "was not a little mor-

tified at its publication.'

The way in which the actress reflected on this incident, even many years after, is a curious specimen of blindness and ignorance. That such silly goody, goody stuff as his epistle contained, should ever fall from the immortal pen of the immortal Roscius, even in the most careless and relaxed moment, was strange, was passing strange. It almost seems as though the charms of Miss Bellamy had failed to attract the admirer of Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Woffington, and the burlesque rhapsodies of the great actor piqued her, because it showed he might address her as he

would address a school-girl.

"Jane Shore" was played, but the important feature of the night, instead of the "goody, goody epilogue," was a farewell address to the town by Mr. Garrick. This unhappily has not been reported. That was his last appearance on the stage in Ireland, but he remained some days more. The popular Viceroy was going to England, and sailed on the Wednesday before this last performance. The anticipated departure flooded the papers with apropos verses, almost ludicrously fulsome, making Hibernia, as usual, bewail her departing "Stanhope." One quotation is delightful, and should be pre-

"O! had the wise Athenian clown This HOOL CHESTERFIELD but known, He ne'er had ARISTIDES sent, But STANHOPE, into banishment!"

served :-

This departure could not affect the actor. It was, indeed, said, that with all this ostentatious patronage he had never paid the actor, whom the nobility of the country were honoring, the slightest attention. He affected, as we have seen, to despise his comedy, and perhaps did not dream he would reach the social respect and position Garrick was afterwards to attain to. Perhaps he made advances to him then, as he had done to Johnson, and "incumbered him with help." His last words to Sheri-

dan were the most earnest encouragement as to his scheme of an "oratorical academy" in London, with an appearance of warm personal interest in the project that might reasonably be taken for a promise of support. But when the academy was started, and the actor waited on the patron, a guinea was put into his hand. His ungentlemanly persiflage of George Faulkener, the plain, and simple, and honest Dublin printer, has been well pointed out by Mr. John Forster. It was wholly unworthy of the "elegant" Chesterfield.

It was rumoured that the amount of money divided between Garrick and Sheridan was something incredible; at least the former had full reason to be satisfied with his visit. It is quite plain that the old estrangement had set in again. The older actor naturally resented the superior popularity of the younger, and still more the mortification of thin houses on the nights when he was dependent on his own resources. The fault can scarcely be laid to Garrick's side; for with Barry, far more dangerous as a rival, the "only lover," as Garrick himself called him, on the stage, a sort of warm friendship sprung up; and it seems, too, that Sheridan had fallen out with him too.

The day before Garrick sailed he galloped down to Clontarf to say good-by to the Butlers. He found the whole family walking on the terrace with his girlish enemy. Of the Hon. Mrs. Butler he was a great favourite, but on this occasion she could not resist a sprightly practical joke. She went away suddenly, and came back with a sealed packet, which she put, with a little solemnity, into his hand, with a declaration as solemn. "I here present you, Mr. Garrick, with something more valuable than life. In it you will read my sentiments; but I strictly enjoin you not to open it till you have passed the Hill of Howth." Everyone was a little surprised, "especially," re-marked Miss Bellamy, "Colonel But-ler's chaplain," who was of the party. The same malicious observer imagined that Mr. Garrick took the packet with a significant complacency, as

This must be one of the actresses' common exaggerations or misstatements, for I have looked in the leading Dublin journals, George Faulkener's and Pue's Occurrences, without finding the verses.

though he guessed it would contain some very flattering confession, for he was "as conscious of possessing nature's liberal gifts as any man breathing."

He dined there, and went away in the evening with his packet; then the Hon. Mrs. Butler told the company the joke. The packet contained "Wesley's Hymns" and "Swift's Sermon on the Trinity." He was so chagrined, says his young enemy, and mortified, that he threw them both over the vessel's side. But how did Miss Bellamy learn of this exhibition of wounded amour proper? The good-intured and good humored Garrick told her himself in London!—where, too, he had given her an engagement at his theatre.

Nota week later he sent Mrs. Butler his "Poems," in manuscript it must be presumed. Before he left, Mrs. Cibber enclosed him a glove, and he ordered ten dozen of that pattern for ler. Irish gloves having reputation. These he took away with h.m. Thus ended the great Garriek season.

As soon as he was gone, everything fell into confusion. Salaries were stopped, and the silversmith's graceful son could not get a penny of what was due to him. Garrick, however, had stood his friend, and had lent him money; further, with a wonderful absence of all mean jealousy, was anxious to keep a place for him

in arrangements he was now meditating, and cager to introduce him to a Landon audience. "When I consider you as my guardian angel," wrote Barry to him, "I can resist any temptation. You have already made me happy by your friendship; and it shall be the business and pleasure of my life to endeavour to deserve it, and I would willingly make it the basis of my future fortune."

future fortune."

Sheridan now felt the absence of their attraction. A natural reaction had set in. He had to play Shylock to a house of eighteen pounds; and when his last appearance came, with Hotspur, and there were only ten pounds present at seven o'clock, he thought it advisable to postpone the play. Then there was a sort of riot, owing to a difficulty of distinguishing free admissions when the money came to be returned, and the house had to be chared with some violence; which details were all written over to his

late partner.

No wonder Garrick thought pleasantly of this visit, and spoke of his "love to Ireland." No wonder that while waiting till the chaos at the Lendon theatres should settle into some defined shape, he should think of returning again in the following year. But he never was able to visit Dublin again.

BONNET.

MUTABLLITY.

The earth itself is mobile: through the vast
Dim geons of th' immeasurable past
The trope flamed where now the key poles
Front sunless space in spectral darkness ghast:
The ocean beds to continents have grown
Like buildles, slowly verdure clothed and sown
Through each condition change with forms of life
Progressive, best all semi-froman soil's
Insect and giant, martiform as it is
The whale once sween where the Sahara burns,
And generations rest in sightless urns
In other where the great Are are rolls:
The sun projects the planet, and now draws
Back to its centre, by otheral laws.
The orbits yet man is Nature's final cause.

WHO IS THE HEIR ?

CHAPTER XV.

"Nous qui sommes, De par Dieu, Gentilshommes De haut lieu. Il faut faire Bruit sur terre, Et la guerre N'est qu'un jeu."- Victor Hugo.

THERE are times when a pleasant society becomes electrified, as it were, with intense pleasure. Some influence, known perhaps to only a few of its members, is felt by all. Thus was it at Riverdale Court on the evening of Guy Luttrel's famous declaration. The house was full, the dinner-table brilliant; and the Earl, his daughter, and Guy, had between them two stimulating secrets, which inspired them with unusual gaiety. So the converse took a brighter tone than was customary even in that pleasant house of Riversdale; only Harry Mauleverer was grimly silent, reflecting on the disappearance of his fascinating widow, and making all kinds of fruitless plans for discovering the fair fugitive. He had taken down to dinner the Honorable Miss Bellair, a young lady of prodigious accomplishments, of thirty years and more than thirty languages, resolute in speech, and much dreaded by ordinary men. She knew everything that ends in "ology" and "ism," had read papers before the Social Science Association, and had corrected Professor Owen on some point of antediluvian anatomy. Miss Lucinda's perspicacity soon detected that there was something serious the matter with Harry; and as it was absurd to suppose a Mauleverer could be in debt, she at once concluded that he was "crossed in love." Like most unmarried ladies of thirty, she held in extreme contempt any one who suffered from the inevitable malady, so she amiably attempted to make her neighbour uncomfortable by inuendoes. He meanwhile had almost forgotten her existence, for his imagination was away in search of his lost Helen.

"You must be in love, Mr. Mauleverer," said she, at length, "you make such amazing answers to my questions. Shall I 'conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes'?

"I beg your pardon," quoth Harry "what did you say was the lady's name ?"

"Why," she laughed, "I was quoting Shakespeare. You've read 'Romeo and Juliet,' of course?"

"Well, I don't think I have," said Harry, meditatively. "SawMiss Cushman play Romeo though. She's rather like you, Miss Bellair."

This was not malice prepense on poor Harry's part, but it irritated the fair Lucinda, who thought herself considerably better-looking than the American tragedian.

"You must have been quite a boy at that time," she retorted, "and not at all a judge of a lady's personal appearance.

"Well," said Harry, with a kind of ludicrous disgust, "I am absurdly young, I know. You're not the first lady who has told me so. Perhaps when I'm as old as you, Miss Bellair. I shall be wiser."

"How old do you imagine me to

be?' said the lady, somewhat ruffled.
"Really," said Harry, partially restored to self-possession by having so signally put his foot in it, "it's a subject I hadn't considered. You see, Miss Lucinda, you're so uncommonly clever, that one can't help thinking of you as about twice your real age. I've no doubt Pallas Athene was voted old by all the ladies of Olympus a week after her birth."

The classical compliment appeared Harry's tormentress; she was quiet long enough for him to resume his reverie; but after a while she interrupted his sombre reflections by say-

"Dear me! who is that singularly dressed man sitting opposite Mr.

"That," said Harry, slowly examing him through his eye glass, "that -O! that's the editor of the Owl."
"No, really," she exclaimed. "O! I

should so like to know him. Can you introduce me, Mr. Mauleverer ("

"No; but Luttrel will, I'm sure.

They are great cronics.

Guy Luttrel's opposite neighbour was singularly dressed. As he sat at table you noticed that he wore a purple velvet coat he called it a doublet, I think with innumerable spherical silver buttons down the front and along the sieeves. When his whole pe son became visible the amazed spectator was aware of scarlet kneebreeches of velvet, silk stockings of emerald green, and long pointed shoes of scarlet leather, turned up at the toe. This eccentric individual was Mr. Tostiz, the famous architect, whose designs, whether for a cathedral or a coach-house, were invariably of the thirteenth century. Wherever he went he dressed in thirteenth century costume. Out of doors he covered his finery with a cleak, whose pointed hood defended his head-hat he never Wolfe.

Mr. Tostig I ad come down to satisfy a whom of Lady Vivian's. She had an idea of a iding to her suite of rooms a Christabel Chamber; and the architect, with all his eccentricities, was the very man fitly to carry out a postropica. He had arrive i only just before dinner, so his mission was the subject of conversition.

"You seem quite to understand what I want, Mr Tostig," said Vivian,

"O. yes, the replied, enthusiastically.

triA charater carve is cour custy,

Carvey with Lare transplaned sweet, Alexed and the larving train, Erafary Chica crime to

Of course the above must be strewn with rushes. A carps t would speak

"And a copleand, with bettles of will if wer ware in it, said Luttrel. The look in any walabring with the that Lety Vivan may polk up in the Weeds in malitication

"Yours is a very picture spin con-tion of Mr. Toopig, said Lord Rivers date, "but I wanter you have consider to wear at

"It strage, my and I have courage chough to carry out any true and great idea. Anow me to give you

one of my photographs in this costume; and he handed to the Earl a coloured photograph, in which he was depicted sitting in a magnificent medieval chair, his scarlet and emerald legs crossed in a difficult fashion, waile his face was turned over his left shoulder.

" A curious attitude," remarked the

"A thirteenth century attitude," said the architect. "In portraiture, as in architecture, everything should be in keeping. You see, my lord, my object is to induce all architects to wear this costume, so that they may be distinguished from the common herd. A few of my friends have already followed my example, and I have no doubt it will spread. An architect, you know, is not a mere artist; his profession involves and includes all arts all sciences; and when he achieves his highest work, which I take to be a cathedral, he builds a home for poetry and music and eloquence for prayer and praise. It is my great ambition to build a cathedral.

"Failing which," whispered Guy to his lady love, "he builds a coat, Doesn't he rather remind you of Sir Vavasour Firebrace, in Disraeli's novel, who wanted to dress all the baronets in green coats and white

Lats !

"Well," said Vivian, "I hope he'll make a good thing of my Christabel

Chamber.

"He is sure to. The carvings must be from the peem, of course. The lady, beautiful exceedingly, behind the oak at midmight; the flight on a white pulfrey, with the five warriors, Christabel lifting Geralame over the threshold; the two passing along in the darkness

"As still as with with stilled breath."

Pienty of subjects, not to mention the ghosts of the three sinful sextons; and if in re are wanted than Colemige gives, you can consult Tupper s continuation.

The evening mail brought to River. dale Court public intelligence of the change of inmistry. A group had assembled around the plane, where Luly Vivian had looked up some media val moves to oblige Mr. Tostig. At last Guy Luttre, wishing to mystaly the architect, began to sing Father Prout's clever Latin words to Barney Brallaghan, assuring poor Tostig that it was a genuine thirteenth century screnade-

> "Semel tantum dic Eris nostra Lalage; Ne recuses sie, Dulcis Julia Callage."

The architect, whose knowledge of both music and the Latin language was theoretical rather than practical, quite failed to recognise "Charming Judy Callaghan" in this unknown dress.

Hugh Mauleverer, opening that capital evening paper, the Chiring-('rass ('hronicle, saw the great news." Why, Guy," he said, interrupting

his friend in the midst of his song, you must have known this."

"Knew it just before dinner. Why—do you want office! Perhaps you'd like to be a Queen's Messenger."
"What charming news," exclaimed

Miss Bellair. "I'm so glad Lord Riverdale is going to be Foreign Secretary. I beg your pardon," she proceeded, rather timidly attacking the many-coloured architect. "Of course you knew this a long, long time ago. The Owl knows everything."
"Owl." said Tostig, perfectly

puzzled.

"O, it is so clever!" went on Miss Lucinda, enthusiastically. "And I am so glad to have met you! If I could, in any humble way, occasionally assist you, I should be so delighted! I should so like to be an Owl!

"Miss Bellair spoke italics and notes of exclamation. Tostig was, in fact, quite her fair ideal of the editor of the Owl. A sharp-nosed, thin-legged man, he looked like Mephistopheles in full court-dress. He, living in the thirteenth century, knew nothing of the eccentric publication, whose knowledge of what nobody had any right to know, laughingly communicated to a puzzled public, terrified the exclusives. To reveal secrets of state in jesting fashion is an audacious procedure. Ordinary readers don't understand it, any more than they understand buying sovereigns at a penny each of some-body who sold them for a wager. But the initiated knew well that the Owl wasan "Owl o' meaning," and the politicians whom it exposed denounced it as Οὐλομένην.

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Tostig, in his ignorance, hearing Miss Lucinda Bellair exclaim that glie should so like to be an owl, natural thought that she was rather cracked. So, being a little man, he stepped behind Hugh Mauleverer, and got away to the other end of the saloon, a tolerably wide one. The architect was eccentric enough himself; but the eccentricity of an elderly young lady, who longed to be an owl, was considerably too much for him.

"I am inclined to envy you," continued Hugh Mauleverer to Guy Luttrel. "You go in for politics, make yourself a name, obtain per er and influence. We, Mauleverers, have never, so far as I know, done anything. I feel the hereditary indolence, and so does Harry. amuse ourselves — nothing more. I'll back my father to be the best judge of pictures, books, Cellini vases, brie a brae, Damascus and Toledo rapiers, horses, dogs, women, in all Europe. This is well enough, but this is all. I wish I had some ambition. The old gentleman once recommended me to woo a certain lady of our acquaintance, remarking that to love her is a fiery ambition.

"I know whom you mean," said Luttrel. "But, look here. I'm off to have a quiet talk with the Earl, and shan't come in among the mob any more to-night. Come up to my room by and by, and bring Harry."
Guy Luttrel's talk with the Earl

was technical, of course. When, about midnight, he went to his dressingroom, the Mauleverers had not yet arrived. So he put on his morning coat, and in so doing became aware that he had not read his morning letters. Throwing them on the table he looked lazily at their addresses. One was in a female hand.

"Who the deuce is this?" said

Guy, reflectively.

He looked at the postmark—//enley-on-Thames. He opened it hurriedly. It was from Mrs. Herbert, and ran thus :-

"Cedar Cottage, Henley.
"My DEAR SIR,—I idevo been suddenly obliged to leave your dear little girl, for I know not how long. But old Kezia, who has been with her so many years, will take the greatest care of her till you can make some arrangement. You know the double tie that binds me to that unfortunate woman. She came to Henley vesterday, and sent a note to me to meet her rand I have been obhiged to consent to accompany her where she is going. She has been ordered to leave London, which, I think, is right; but she wants some one to guide her or think for her, else, I am sure, I cannot imagine what she might do.

"I feel certain that you will consider I am doing my duty. Do not leave durling Lily long alone, I entreat. She is a dear little girl, and the wents levelor concerns their mine.

"Yours very gratefully, " Ligara Hyrigher."

"Egal," said Guy to Linself, There's a complication. Only of to leave London, elect. Where will she go! I certainly do pity a man that's married to a timess. And now what arrangement am I to make about Lily ! But a list of the local talink, and make a present of her to Vivian! What prestier got could a man make to his future wife than a mee little gul like Liv! Well, I must go to town and see about it. As to these two women, I suppose they'll wander away to the utmost and to dispose.

His reflexions were interrupted by the entrance of his friends.

"Well, Mr. Under Secretary," laughed Hugh, "I contess I regret being without your and item. I don't believe even my father - receive would supply the missing to been y.

"The respect toyond year reach, Hugh," report Gay. "The hely year referred to is engaged to seem

lunis com

"Whole the laiv" is good Harry of that is statis a fair que obem

"Quite fair, answered Gay, " and the lady is she of whom your father tunate; why not twice I'

said, to love her would be a fiery ambition.

"Vivian Ashleigh!" exclaimed Harry. "And she's going to marry you, Guy, I know. There's no other fellow fit for her. By Jove, I am

glad of that."
"So am I," said Hugh; " but to tell you the truth, Guy. I didn't think you were a marrying man, so the news took me by surprise. Imagine any added ambitton to you, who are as ambitious as a Buonaparte already."

" H faut falre Bruit sur terre, "

s aid Guy.
"Well," said Harry, " I'll wish you
a said of I'm off at daybreak to morrow.

"Where are you going I" asked

Laturel.

"On a wild goose chase," replied Harry, significantly, and left the

" He's right enough there," muttered Hugh, when he was gone. "Poor old Harry! What fools love makes of

The two sat silently smoking for a considerable time. At last Guy Luttre! said-

"Have you any idea where she is Poster 1

"God knows," answered Hugh; "I

don't. Good night, old fellow." Well," meditated Guy, "there are few things I m much afraid of. but marriage is certainly one of them. It so me to have a transforming power on some women. Perhaps that's what Coleradge meant -

"I be so came and looked him in the face An angel beautiful and bright: And that he knew it was a field, The merable knight!

Il wever. I have been once most for-

CHAPTER AVE

" Sweet, to a hast tred en a heart. Private say off full of meb. And we say a value so the unit Most to things now and there Don't but stopped maware-Many rate is can impute, Applying the Malbeart have been there. By a way of a fair we man should see Mess. Browning.

Why indeed to Tes an awkward hearts in the way. It greatly interhabit some mer have et acting their letes with the easy progress of the world, and ought, if possible, to be put down-even as wise Sir Peter Laurie once said he would put down

Never were two women less alike than Edith Herbert and Helen Fitzmaurice. But, as the former said in her letter to Luttrel, they were bound together by a double tie. Edith's life had been self-sacrifice; Helen's had been entirely selfish. And now Edith considered it her duty again to sacrifice herself for Helen, when that imperious and impetuous lady made the demand.

A messenger brought to Cedar Cottage, late at night, a scarcely intelligible note from Mrs. Fitzmaurice. It entreated Mrs. Herbert to come to her immediately. The latter lady postponed the visit to the following day, and then sought the widow at the Red Lion at Henley. The fair Helen was dallying with a late breakfast when Mrs. Herbert entered.

"So you have condescended to come and see me," she said. "Now, don't you think I'm very badly treated?" _"I can scarcely tell," said Mrs.

Herbert, with a grave smile, "until I hear what you have to complain of.

"O, nothing, of course—nothing, in your view of things. You can stay contentedly down here by the foggy river, hearing a little girl in short frocks say her spelling, and declare you're happy, because you're doing your duty! I hate the word."

But what is the matter?"

"Why this. I'm ordered to leave London, for sooth, by that cold-blooded tyrant of mine. I may go where I like, if I'm away from the only place in the world worth living in. No drives in the park, no box at the Opera, no dinners at Richmond or Greenwich—nothing but a wretched humdrum country life. And all because that foolish Harry funcied himself in love with me, and came talking all sorts of boyish nonsense. I'm sure I never encouraged him.'

O, Helen Fitzmaurice!

"Well," said Mrs. Herbert, "what

are you going to do?"
"Poison myself, I think," she
answered vehemently. "Pour some prussic acid into the paté de foie gras -'twill only give it a nice almond flavour."

" Don't be said Mrs. Herbert, severely. "If you go on in this way I must leave you at once.

"Go, by all means—go! But if you do, I'll follow you to your her-mitage. You shan't escape me." "What do you want me to do?"

"Oh, now you're getting sensible. Will you have some breakfast? These cold birds are capital.'

"Thank you; I breakfasted some hours ago. Tell me what you want

of me.

"I want you altogether. You must leave that little girl, and come with me. I shall die or go mad if I'm alone. Will you come?"

"You must give me a day or two

to decide.

"Not an hour-not a minute. If you won't come, you must be responsible for the consequences, and you know what they are likely to be. Say yes or no, at once.'

"But where are you going?" asked

Mrs. Herbert.
"Yes or no? Which? We'll talk of other matters afterwards."

There was a pause of a few minutes.

At last Mrs. Herbert said—

"Yes. I suppose it is my duty to

"Duty! If you do your duty, you're the only creature in the world that does. I don't believe you always did it, either."

No," she replied, sorrowfully, "or

I should not be here.

"Well, never mind," said Helen, looking at a charming little watch fixed in the bracelet on her lovely wrist. "It's twelve o'clock. You can be back by three, I'm sure; then we'll have some lunch or something, and take the first train.

Mrs. Herbert returned to Cedar Cottage. She deemed it her duty to accompany this imperious woman, but was very wretched at the thought of leaving Lily and the quiet cottage by the Thames. But, having gone through one terrible incident, whereby her connexion with her former life was severed, and this by her own fault, she had stolidly resolved always to do what she believed to be her duty, whatever it might c When people-women make this kind of determination, are apt to take exaggerated view what is their duty. In the case Mrs. Herbert i was right; so she wrom

Guy Lattrel which we have theady s en, and she packed her per treatteau, and she tild lary that she was going away, for how long a time was uncertain.

200

"O, how dreadfully dull," exclaimed the spoilt child. "And in this winter weather, too, with snow up on the ground. O, you might wait. tral paper could come.

"Your papa won't let you be long alone, Lily. Perhaps be will find you some livelier companion than I am. At any rate, old Kezia will do the best sack on to cheer you.

"Old Kez a Taughed Laly, "Whee, she's as dect as a post; and her nice of amusing me is to tell me the most horral ghost stories you ever heart. I declare if it wasn't such we telled weather I think I'd run away."

"You I so in get over your trenide, my dear Life. And I hope, as I said. bet by the your pays will find you a his ber out problem

"No. I won't have any You must come back, dear Mrs. Herbert. Promise now that you'll write to me dire tly, and tell me when you are e wang back?

Mrs. Herbert promise 1, and Lily, having was held the fly toll a turn in the road caused its disappearance, went indoors in a very discussible in sid. If my present reader chances to be a poetty gall of laby's age, she will tooks, 'v' a light that to be shut up in a constructor extrage, with no only to amuse you, except a deaf old woman with a genus for telling horrible ghost stones, is, on the whole, rather slow. I must, however, e n fess that Lily went into the kitchen that even ng and reasted some chestmats at the real thorod made out Kezia. to the reserves of perturbations, commence of them too lest, until sile was attach to go to led, and positively so, our I when she met the cationing down stars. Off Kena Was a few skill off less, smoothlyell, ut on tally come, who loke I work. the high water a good that, to say the truta, I was brother to bear for tell growt storp shat more get a wilder

The water that the great disease And the living a surjective And a feet make weto expressed on the garret state, d the looks slip anawares.

But a kind hearted old lady, nevertheless, loving her young mistress devotedly, and half angry with Mrs. Herbert for venturing to leave her. It wasn't her fault that she had no idea of a winter evening's amusement beyond glast stories and roasted chestnuts. And if our Lily was rather frightened, Tabitha, the stalwas housemad, who was a wonderstricken and most credulous listener, was horrified beyond words; and, when a second night's entertainment of the same sort was proposed, craved an lobtained permission to go to bed.

But we must follow Mrs. Herbert to the Red Lion, whither she arrived at about three o'clock. The waiter was just bringing up luncheon. Mul-I gataway soup steamed in a silver tunen, and a depanter of strawcoloured sherry, and a long-necked green flask of still hock showed that the fair Helen did not mean to forego her accustomed luxuries. Had Guy Lattich been present he could scarcely have refrained from an allusion to the Die maka porterera, which the most unschievous of Helens used some tharty century sago, a care destroying liquor, which she appears to have obtained from some Egyptian Tod-Heativ.

Fish tollowed soup, and cutlets fish, and gone cutlets, and the champagne was execuently iced, and Helen Fitzmatrice, changed in mocd, jested merrily as she are and drank. Edith Herbert had little heart for jests, but she managed to eat some lunch, being informed that she had a long journey before her.

"It's not very far to Salisbary by rat, but then we must per, and H. 5 m.

"You have not fold me where you think of zeros and Mrs. Healthing

* No but I will. You have never heard, terl ges, where my tyrant first fourd me

"I have not "

"How stoull you " so I Helen, dubitily take 2 and clive to relieb ber class to "He tornel me where I know nothing of the sect of their or of many offer things that I wish to Heaven I begins very and. He found me where I weed be up at suprise, to milk cows, to make ! 너 cheese. He footed her a c matried me. It never thought -

loved me. He made me what I am: as different from what I was as you can imagine. And then-and then —he found out—and I found outwhat you know. O, it was horrible! How I loved him then, and now I almost hate him sometimes. But, pshaw! I am getting ridiculous. You want to know where I am going?"

" I do."

"I am going to the very place where he first found me-where I lived with my grandfather. When he settled that money upon me, you know, I bought the strange old place, feeling sure that some day I should want to go back to it. And now I am going.

"Have you any servants with you?"

inquired Mrs. Herbert.

"Only one. I wouldn't take my maid, Lolotte. She'd be useless in the country, and she's a spy and a thief, I believe. I've just engaged a new man-servant, for I shall want some civilized being to look after my affairs. He is going with us.

"Who is he ! Is he well-recom-mended?"

"He is a Frenchman. His name is Louis Chartier. His last place was in the service of a Mauleverer, and his chief recommendation to me is that he hates every one who bears that name.'

"How can you be so wicked? It is shocking to listen to you. And perhaps, after all, he only said this because he saw you disliked the Maul-

everers.'

"O!" she almost screamed, "I believe it. I know it. The man is a spy. O, what wretches they are!"

And therewith she suddenly sprang from her seat and rang the bell with vixenish violence. A waiter entered.

"Send my servant here."

Our villanous acquaintance, Louis Chartier, already escaped from the fangs of justice, presented himself. He looked, as he very well could look, the most perfect of valets.

"Have you told me the truth?" said Helen, abruptly, "Do you really hate the Mauleverers? I believe you are

a spy."

The valet's naturally hideous mouth became preternaturally hideous as he horrible French execramected the name of a perfect hurricane or hail-storm of R's. It was hard to doubt his sincerity.

"I will write to Mr. Mauleverer about you," said Helen.
"Write, Madame," he replied with

a civil sneer.

"Well, you can go now. What time is the train?"
"At six, Madame."

"Be ready with the luggage." When he was gone, Mrs. Herbert

"That man is a scoundrel, Helen. I would not employ him if I were you. I never saw so dishonest a countenance.

" He hates the name of Mauleverer. I care for nothing else. I have seen very handsome and honourable faces that concealed cruelty and wickedness. I like the man.

Helen Fitzmaurice had hoped to get to the Grange that night, but the portly landlord of the White Hart at Salisbury, who might easily have been mistaken for the Bishop, assured her it was impossible. She gave it up; had a quiet little supper, and ordered post-horses to be ready at twelve.

"I thought you were in such a hurry, Helen," said her companion.
"So I am, I suppose; but you see

I am going back to my old life. Tomorrow I shall sleep late and breakfast late-that's the last enjoyment of my present life; in future I intend to live as I did when I was a girl before I was unhappy."

Accordingly, Helen came down to breakfast at eleven, and loitered over the meal till half-past twelve, reading the Times, and it was nearly two be-

fore they started.

My readers have not, I hope, forgotten the quaint old Grange. Helen had not seen it since she left it, but it had been kept in good order by her directions, and even that fatal gallery on which she played the part of a ghost, had been carefully restored. Edith Herbert had long since lost her gaiety of spirit; a sober cheerfulness was her best mood; but now, with a bright January sun shining upon frozen snow, the old Grange looked positively delightful; and the great hall, where a huge wood fire was blazing, seemed the very acme of oldfashioned comfort; but for having left Lily, Mrs. Herbert would have felt almost happy in hernovel position.

Helen Fitzmaurice, entering the hall in which her girlhood had been spent with her kind grandfather, stood fixed as a statue. The past came back upon her. She forgot her marriage, her separation from her husband, her London triumphs and luxuries; she ferget poor Harry; she thought only of the kind hearted old farmer whose death was the beginning of her miseries. Late that night, when the household were in bed, the two women sat by the fire, occasionally conversing in short sentert: 'ere.

"I sometimes feel," said Helen, "as if I were poor Nelly Withers again. When grandfather died, they said I should have to go out to service. I wish I had -- oh! how I wish

I had !"

"You might have been quite as miserable, said Mrs. Herbert, saga-

cionsly.

"I could not have been as miserable as I am, she said, excitedly. "Oh, how I hate that man! And I hate your clever Mr. Luttrel worse still. It was he had me sent from London. I know it was. I if he revenged upon him, see if I don't.

"I will not remain with you. Helen, said Mrs. Herbert, "if you talk in this wicked way. It is dreadful.

"You must stay with me; you know it. On, my poor dear grandfather ' nobady else was ever kind to me ex ept, perhaps, Harry. I have been very crue to Harry.

"It would have been very wrong

to act otherwise," said Mis. Heriert,
"O. I know. Duty again always
duty. Dol you ever love! No, you are ice- you have to ver known love.

Harry loved me. Why did I send him away (

"You could not be so wicked as to

encourage him, Helen f

"I don't know. I am wild, I think. O, to be loved is so sweet; and to be despised, and treated with courteous disdain, and ordered to behave discreetly, as I have been for years, is so latter. O, if you knew it and had any heart you would not wonder that I regret poor Harry. He loves me. Yes, Harry dear, you love me I know you do. "Come," said Mrs. Herbert, "it is

almost midnight. Let us go to bed." They went. While they had been

conversing Louis Chartter had been conscaled in a recess of the vast old hall, listening attentively. There were secrets he knew-secrets affecting the Manleyerers. He must find them out. "I wonder," he thought, " is it Mr. Harry Mauleverer who is in love with this dividence ! It must be. I am sorry for him. I don't hate him so much as his brother. Who is her tyrant f I must find out. I must make myself necessary to her. She has no scruples. If I take her the letters Mrs. Herbert writes and receives she will be glad of them. I must so it delicately not to offend her. O, the is a charming little game, and I hold winning cards. If one wants revenge, there is nothing like getting it through a woman. I will be master here yet. I wonder if the knows anything about the true heir

These and similar reflexious passed through the brain of Louis Chartier as he crept stealthily to his room.

CHAPTER AVIL

"What now - what is we thou pilgron gray, what no is from southern land? How take the boat to restance, how is at with I creand? -Bon Gouldier.

is a town who rely a get it in parties, they can a felte it. They charge as tion. The cary atments for ma senset, their cancer to Sir Arthur Winesden, me the Vistory and the state the factories of the half who was

A configuration of a very errors of Error like and resolved that Guy able present on the ment. Invertible Latitudes and not be re-elected, if the place turn out in finite of To any energy of the class got into wided with eager to esche to the quite reserve and strong fresh in the priaria 1861 of globel state for a rent. The "wire pul-ferially lift, to to be of the florence, to use a vio-ratio of the Lorence way private a person called and process, to ear person called Fox—a loud-tongued, audacious, unscrupulous fellow, whom even his own party feared and disliked. most English boroughs there will be found, on one side or the other, a man of this class—a man whose sublime impudence and mendacity make him powerful. Fox, in close committee of the more active Radicals, had expressed his determination that Luttrel should be opposed—even if he stood himself. It was urged that Guy had been at the head of the poll last time, and would come back with added popularity as member of a new Ministry. But Fox was resolute; reproached his colleagues with showing the white feather, and obtained his own way by sheer force of obstinacy. So a candidate was found, in the person of Sir Arthur Willesden, and a persevering canvass began. Guy had little time for canvassing, but calmly left the matter in the hands of Parker -a shrewd, safe player of the electioneering game, who had very seldom permitted an opponent to checkmate him. I may confess, however, that Lady Vivian Ashleigh's low carriage, with the gray ponies, was pretty often seen in Riverdale at this time; and although the British shopkeeper is in matters political immaculate, yet the idea may have crossed one or two minds that the custom of the future Countess was likely to be worth more than that of the insolvent Baronet.

Riverdale being, as we have said, famous for its prize-fighters and cricketers, of course an election usually involved a fine series of rows. Those narrow alleys leading from the Rope Walk, in each of which lay perdu at least one public-house, were splendid places for a quiet fight. Two or three large old-fashioned hotels had great yards, in which skirmishes of a livelier description often took place—the Radicals of the Flying Horse making an attack on the Torics of the Black Boy, or vice versit. And the great market square was frequently the scene of a general engagement, which lasted till Mr. Chief Constable Severne brought his blue-coats down in full force upon the riotous mob.

Pugilists are seldom politicians; but at Riverdale their allegiance was pretty equally divided. The wily Fox, however, had secured the special services of a Cornishman named Bolitho, a giant from Truro, who

after having proved himself the most tremendous wrestler in the peninsula, had been taken in hand by the redoubtable Jonathan Burton, who was training him to challenge the Champion, when an unlucky accident already mentioned, suspended the said Burton's professional labours. The ordinary Cornish wrestler, an hereditary worker in mines, is short and enormously thick set; his centre of gravity lying so low that to move him from his stand-point is something like moving a mountain. He is, almost without exaggeration, "as broad as he is long." I have often thought what splendid material for infantry such men would make. Occasionally. as in Bolitho's case, one of these massive men grows upwards also; and then you have a true Titan. This fellow's hug was deadly. He was but two-and-twenty, and had become illustrious throughout both Cornwall and Devon. Burton, who had heard of his prowess through the Sporting Life, hit on the original idea of adding boxing to wrestling skill, and so carrying away the belt. So Bolitho was brought to Riverdale, where he was first known as "Burton's Novice," and subsequently as "The Truro Baby." He had not learnt to hit straight when his worthy instructor was deprived of his liberty through Hugh Mauleverer's presence of mind and prompt action. It is as hard to teach a wrestler to hit straight from the shoulder, as to teach a sabreur to use the rapier.

On the morning of nomination, the Riverdale Court party had driven in early to breakfast with Archdeacon Coningsby. The Earl was in Downingstreet; but his daughter was there, and Guy Luttrel, of course, and Hugh Mauleverer, and Wynyard Powys, and Mr. Tostig, the architect, who was still busy with the Christabel Chamber. Parker was there, too, looking perfectly satisfied with the position of affairs.

"You mean to win, evidently, Parker," said the Archdeacon.

"We are safe enough, if my directions are observed, of which I have no fear."

"What is your peculiar policy?"
"O, it's simple enough—poll early.
We are not quite sure of a majority
of votes, but if we are well ahead at
noon we shall take all the waverers,"

"Nothing succeeds like success," said Gnv.

"I'll be there at the very first moment the poling begins," said the Archdea on.

"O, George, you had better not expose yourself to danger," said his sister.

"Panger! pooh, pooh! I should like to see the man in Riverdale that would be insolent to me.

"What would you do." asked Hugh. "Excommunicate him!"

"Come," said Parker, "it is quite time we went to the histings. We'll come back and tell the laffes the new- at lunch."

"I say," said Powys, aside, to Level. "This won't do. That cancked architect mustn't go with us, looking like a chap out of a panto-

"I don't think you should venture into the crowd in that peculiar costone, Mr. Tostig," said Guy. "They are a riotous set here in Riverdale, and may annoy you."

"I am not at all afraid of them,"

replied the architect.
"Well," said the Archdeacon, "I should be; and people don't call me a coward."

"You had better stay with us," said Lady Vivian, persuasively.

But Tostig was not to be persuaded. His costume was the pride of his heart, and he verily believed that its glocy would are take even an election meli. Sage Dr. Kitchener beneved that you might drive away a savage dog by turning your book techin, and storying down so as to look at him la two en your legs.

The party set off.

"I am sally afrad," said the Hon. MoseConfrastly to Vivian, "that poor We lost a will be tinto some trouble. Test are such very rengla people here

There will be plenty of post-men, said Vivian, "I don't think there is much cause for all cur-

Guy Lattrell and has eppearant were Is the proceed and control in storings of we charactery near Larve thing. Gay, we wang his men, more as sport a sport has possible for what is the heavest speaking at reat haroth to people who was a listent S. Arthur, less expensive but and are the plated, but with no testit. excipt that he was heat to be a Weck after it.

Then came the show of hands. which his worship the Mayor (a respertable tallow-chandler gave in favour of the baronet; and a poli was demanded for Guy Luttrel; and it was all over.

The Riverdale Not quite all. crowd, thanks to Severne's judicious tactics, had been kept unusually quiet; but, as the occupants of the furtings descended, the luckless ar bitect attracted sudden attention.

"There goes the Tory clown"

shouted somebudy.

"What'll you take for your tog

gery " inquired another.

Guy Lattrel had hurried away with Parker to his office: the Archdeacon and Hugh Mauleverer were arm in arm at the foot of the hust ings, waiting for the crowd to give Sublenly the uproar grew londer, and Wynyard Powys, making his way back to them, exclaimed,

"They're tearing Tostig to pieces"

"Where f" said the dauntless Coningsly. In an instant the venerable priest pushed through the mob towards the scene of riot. Mauleverer and Powys kept close to him. In the midst of a crowd of roughs, of whom the gigantic "Truro Baby" was ringleader, they found the hapless architect. Cloak and hood were gone long ago; his superb doublet of purple velvet had just been torn from his shoulders, and the silver buttons were cousing two or three simultaneous fights. Tostig, powerless amid his vast assarbants, was declaiming fiercely.

"I am ashamed of you' Cow Arres - exclaimed the Archdeacon, in a verse of thunder. "Leave him above"

Hugh Mauleverer, meanwhile, had caught Belities by the collar with a firm grasts. But the huge Cornishman, turneng such bedy round, encircled Hugh's neck with his powerful arm, administering that tremendous bug tir waich he was famous. fear I should at this moment have Lot one of my heroes, but for Chief-Constable Severne, Seeing the battle from after, he drove his horse straight towards the scene of aerons the crowd pated betop ion like water, and he arrived, by good hop, mat as Bolive had closed with Hagh, has right arm found it a adversary a neck. Down came Severie's life preserver on the "Truro Bala a forearm, crashing the bone to fragments, and spoiling his pugilistic prospects for ever. The fellow uttered a hideous yell; and Hugh, shaking himself as if to ascertain whether there was any life left in him, said-

"You are always just in time, Mr. Severne. A minute more, and the fellow would have strangled me."

"When you have had my experience," said Severne, laughing, "you won't give that sort of man a chance. You should have knocked him down the moment you reached him."

"Excellent advice, from a custodian of the Queen's peace," said Hugh. "But you see I did not anticipate his hug. He is a stranger, I see. The roughs of Riverdale hit pretty hard, but don't squeeze.

"He's the Truro Baby," said the Chief Constable, "and I'm happy to say you've enabled me to spoil his chance of being Champion of England.

"Truro Baby! Champion of England!" said Archdeacon Coningsby, who, having been lecturing his riotous parishioners, had just caught Severne's last words, "what in the world do you mean ?"

Severne began to explain.

"Come home, and have some lunch, Mr. Severne," said the Archdeacon, much interested. "The peace of the town must be restored by this time, and I want to hear more about this man and his comrades.

The Chief Constable accepted: and conversation ensued, from which the Archdeacon obtained so much information, that he electrified his hearers on the following Sunday by a sermon against prize-fighting and its collateral iniquities. It was a capital sermon, and might have done some good among the prize-fighting community of Riverdale if prizefighters were born with brains.

Poor Tostig was mildly chaffed about his misadventure, but took it in excellent part, and came down to breakfast at the Court next morning in the costume of ordinary mortals. The worst of purple velvet doublets with silver buttons is, that a man must be a millionaire to fill his wardrobe with them.

The polling day was quiet, unheroic, devoid of great events. Truro Baby was locked up with a broken arm; a score of his followers were locked up with broken heads; and the unconquerable Severne rode through the town triumphant. He was quite delighted at having closed the cruel career of the Cornishman.

The Tories went early to the poll. There are about 7,000 names on the register; and at noon it stood—

The Right Hon. Guy Luttrel, . 2,951 Sir Arthur Willesden, bart., . 2.117

And at the close it stood—

The Right Hon, Guy Luttrel, . 3,478 Sir Arthur Willesden, bart., 2.392

CHAPTER XVIII.

" Beneath a summer tree, As she sits, her reverie Has a charm; Her ringlets are in taste; What an arm! and what a waist For an arm!"-Locker.

This is not a political novel. I wish it was. But, to write a political novel, something is requisite beyond being a member of the Carlton or the Reform -ay, or even of Brooks's or White's. Exoteric knowledge is nothing. You must know, but yet must not reveal, those esoteric facts which lie at the basis of all politics and diplomacy. You must know what the world will not know till the statesmen of to-day have been half a century in their graves-if then. How little wisdom governs the world, is an old story.

What trifles cause all the great events of the world! and how rarely those trifles are known! Now a political novel, to be worth anything, must be written by a man who is thoroughly familiar with the coulisses of politics, yet will not do more than hint at the extent of his knowledge. I cannot do this. I know some things; I guess some things; but there are passages in England's foreign policy, the meaning whereof-although the Times has explained them fully to the meanest intellect—is to me unknowable, unguessable; and, as I den't hve with Lord Palmerst in or Lord Derby as nother Mr. Gladst no nor Mr. Dishadi asks my advocaturnishing me wat a distant region and show and I to write a political to year.

A rich who is in Live on the I thall, to have a third clotted of It d esn't list long, and he enget to have a holdly of a north or so to end by it. How per area, the position or the only by the govern Chaying full in in lave, has to were dry at I archit for montex or years to lave en ende to make in critique a tobacony a to enterprise b. T. is, however, is b to the professional states are the states of Providence, the find was soon that there are easily and the real contents and artise to call as mospacie of a second any officer of british to be sety. as a new true treatment is a lost take a man with some portry in him in man, for example, there is forest Guy Lattre : accode of the real events joying and appropriating to each magnetism and inherite the afteryand to him of dealing with meater finings at said a time. To yourselfor of those or control for with the word is aways with but. A richards вите дви для из берте из Оре idea di vesa men speci tre lizicali the words of three charter to best Boss plat bank increasing a facilities self in this the polytocks towers or fully consists the same largest was in the confidence of the executive transfer Local medical control of e enve de trad As a particular of the control of models of the control of the con ti... t ... tiret et al. 1997. Transport et al. 1997. Transport et al. 1997. teretoria rational orthography (A) Abovania (1985) is a structured by a sixtensive of Abovania (1985) is a structured by the first of the sixtensive of the

haven't fine at this monent to make permanent arrangements. I really haven't lessure to turnk about my marriage.

"On which I must congratulate you, 'sail the paroon, "Lory Vivian Ashleigh is a most craiming person,

"She'd do," replied Luttrel, ir-teverently, "I be nor. But do you thank your come e chiefta ness can find what I want ! I don't want a pt eter prude er a sweet girl graduate, list something medium and mederate.

"Leave it entirely to me. I can

Casaly balabage it.

"The cand must be I'lly Gry will, remember. Don't enaghten a color. When Easter con't Stall can of whe and explain the fiftle mystery to here

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the first of the first of the second yearset, and the first of the second yearset, and the first of yearset, which is an increased the first of years. call for the Power March and the control of the con That is a various of the year 2 of 1900 and 1900 "Oh, you remember Béranger's song. I hope Margot will have stolen the keys of Paradise by the time I want to enter."

The Rev. Mr. Ellerslie made haste to Alexandrina College, and told the Lady Superintendent what he wanted. Now the dignitary in question, Mrs. Thorogood, possessed a niece. Miss Sophia Thorogood, whom everyone called Sophy, was, I fear, what Byron wickedly styled "a dumpy woman." Short she certainly was; plump, with a rather puffy and shapeless plumpness; round-featured; not slender-ankled; with fingers which always had chilblains in winter, and always looked as if they had in summer. Being an orphan, her aunt had striven to educate her for a governess; but she never could learn more than the merest elements of anything; and although her scholastic career had been a long experience of shakings, slappings, knuckle-rappings, backboard torture, bread and water, and other ingenious penal inflictions, Nature had shown herself too strong for the Lady Superintendent, and Sophy at twenty-seven was almost as ignorant as a child of seven. She taught the very young collegians their "scales" and the first four rules of arithmetic (though long division sorely bothered her), and the catechisms of Pinnock; and her aunt relentlessly made her "continue her studies:" indeed when Mr. Ellerslie visited the college, poor Sophy was almost crying over "Murray's Grammar." Lindley Murray was her greatest enemy; no exercise of intellect could enable her to distinguish between an

adverb and a pronoun. My description of Sophy will suffice to show the reader that she was just the sort of girl to wear an unusual amplitude of crinoline, to delight in cheap jewellery, and to send her photographs to her friends. She had innumerable friends among the old collegians, and wrote and received countless letters, invariably crossed. The small pocket-money allowed her by her aunt went in postage, photography, and one other expense—cheap literature. She loved novels; but no novels were permitted to enter the sacred precincts of Alexandrina College. She managed, how-ever, to smuggle in the Family Herald, the London Journal, and

two or three other cheap miscellanies. Her highest ambition was to contribute to these delightful periodicals. She had sent one or two tales, which tasteless editors had rejected: indeed her only success had been in a matrimonial correspondence through the "Notices to Correspondents" of some halfpenny journal. Her description of herself had attracted several gentlemen, among whom her ideal was "Algernon Stuart, six feet high, twenty-five years old, and very hand-some." But so rigid were the rules of Alexandrina College about letters received, that Sophy saw no way of getting into a correspondence with this Adonis.

If a bishop may occasionally be a nepotist, why not a schoolmistress? It naturally occurred to Mrs. Thorogood that the munificent salary of a hundred a year, with board and lodging, ought not to go out of the family. Had there been anything to teach, she was much too conscientious to have recommended Sophy; but there was nothing. Miss Grey wanted only a companion. "Sophy was very steady," she reflected, in happy ignorance of the penny and halfpenny miscellanies and of Mr. Algernon Stuart. So she named her niece to Mr. Ellerslie; and the clergyman, having the fullest confidence in the Lady Superintendent, was quite satisfied; and thus Miss Sophia Thorogood was installed at Cedar Cottage as Lily's companion.

Guy was unable to see anything of his daughter or her duenna till Easter, which came late in April. Then, one delicious morning, when a mist of green was on the limes, and the larks seemed mad with joy, and the cuckoo's "minor third" came from mysterious hollows of the air, and the great green water-lily buds were basking on the bosom of Thames, he told Lady Vivian he should go to

Cedar Cottage.

"I'll go, too," she said. "We can be back to dine with papa at eight."

So she gathered together a few trifles—a new poem, a choice volume of engravings, a trinket or two wherewith to gladden the eyes of her

future daughter.

"I have often wondered what your Lily is like," she said, as they saw the Thames beneath them at Maidenhead; "and now we shall see." "She is a pretty little thlicz," he answered. "I am glad you decided to come, you will tell her who I am, and all that sort of thing, so much better than I could

"Who is the Mess Thorogood that

taker charge of her "

"I have never seen her. Ederslie sent her down. A highly respectable young person, it in that Ladies Col lege of the

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While was the Halles Calabase

are grander than the seminaries of sold but thick bread and thin lutter. and weak milk and water are not ab lished entirely. Post Sephy found here if in quite a fairy land, so far as cating and drinking went, at Cedar Cottage. If frequent | read and water had falled to make her a grammatian, at any rate it had the 1t her their unity to appreciate nels, fae.

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Projectly she arrived, flushed with fist workers and looking anything

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There was a continuation on the

Continent. Consequently there was a combination, originated by Lord Cheiron, for a great attack upon the ministry after Easter. Thus it happened that on Easter Sunday there were councils of the two camps, whereof one was held at Lord Riverdale's, in St. James's-square.

When it was over, and the Earl was alone with his under-secretary,

he said-

"Upon my honour, Luttrel, I am very tired of all this. I am inclined to wish those fellows may turn us

out. They like office—I don't."

"We certainly do take a great deal of trouble for nothing. Of course in my case the salary's an object, though I really haven't time to spend it."

"'O, there's nothing half so sweet in life As quarter day!

As Cheiron sang in the days of his hot youth," observed the Earl. "But I tell you what it is, if they do turn us out I'll never take office again.'

"If others of your class make the same resolve, we shall have an estab-

lished family government.

"Not at all. There's a set of rising men who will prevent that. Manufacture is beginning to form an aristocracy. Trade millionaires are sending their sons to the universities, with a view to their entering Parliament young.

"You wouldn't like to see England governed by commercial men ?"

"With bagmen for ambassadors," laughed the Earl, "on Bright and Cobden's principle. O no; nor is it to be feared. A liberal education-Eton and Oxford—rather more acquaintance with the son of Oloros than Mr. Cobden hath-will transform the sons of manufacturers into thorough English gentlemen. English are sprung of earth's first blood, as Wordsworth puts it; and I have no dread of misgovernment at the hands of such young men as the present generation of opulent manufacturers' sons.'

"You are liberal," said Guy.

"People say the reverse of me. Indeed the cheap journals describe me as a kind of ogre-a man-eating descendant of Polyphemus. very amusing."

At this point entered the venerable Archdeacon of Riverdale, who was in London in his capacity of a leader of the Church.

"I want some advice," he said, after the ordinary greetings had taken

place. "What do you think Dean Grey is going to do?"

Now Dean Grey was the Dean of Idlechester, of which diocese Riverdale is an archidiaconate. Idlechester is the quietest little cathedral town in England. Even the railway has not reached it. It is an ecclesiastical castle of indolence. Cathedral dominates the city; in the tranquil Close are quaint old-fashioned dwellings, environed by charming gardens, where dwell fortunate digni-taries of the church; there is a market-place, with an old Gothic cross in its centre, and there are some very good hotels and shops, where everything is of the best quality and disproportionately dear. Half a mile from Idlechester stands the Bishop's Palace, a very stately edifice of modern erection.

The present Bishop of Idlechester is that famous Dr. Gregory Bythesea, broadest of Broad Churchmen, who readily accepts everything new, whether theologic or scientific, and who was of the first to welcome that great Darwinian theory, one of whose

phenomena is that—

"A very tall pig with a very long nose Sends forth his proboscis quite down to his toes,

And then by the name of an elephant

The Bishop is one of the ablest men of the day; but, like the Athenians of St. Paul's time, his chief delight is to tell or to hear some new thing. Whether he ever had a fixed creed I don't know, but his present mental condition is that of a mirror, which reflects every fresh shade presented to it. There is no more delightful converser in the world than the Bishop of Idlechester. He is brimful of the newest ideas, and he never argues, because he never holds long enough to one opinion to render argument necessary.

The present Dean of Idlechester is a man of good family, politically speaking, and is the lowest of Low Churchmen. When he first came to Idlechester a clergyman who was introduced to him chanced to be a Rural.

Dean.

"I don't believe in Bural Deans." Fairl I

"Tary will last lower to mathe other soft, was the riply, "I to they nrediction is

Aread to be Councilley, that a Client merely first the Charles and dark is the U. S. to t. High Charolisa no. It is easily to be raise ned that the three dignations, were not well so ted for each other. The Arel degrees as Lo had the core is had started a journal of his own, deer the the transform Erast from Existrayer of the Crimchic And it who had a loot grownee in Francisco Una Ric han tay erda di salvida

"What do you thick the Dean is going tool to he top stell "Get pearled, politages," old Gay.

"Yes," answered the Veleria of a "and the heart Mes Present or M is Jerus Phota I din't kie w when to call ber

"Who is a Conduction of the

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"Wey Compatible" says said Conference "You've how before how the

"Rather. The Colonel must have live I of an enouncies page. Transmisder bestähnigt Feder Johnstein und Mittalien in Steiner And seine

get a divided did she?
"This put said the Archiba in "And as non-property was earlier v settled on her to a liv when trust Pall of with extension stell And Gay is a rig to to the five

"Very law Grey," sall the Law

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Test Have your Years State was fitted wear an agenthe Church has soleten to a direct these disminstatives, you can a next been the Dean for any occasion and so these

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at Reveal de, where you'll get a much for all 1 alter dance; and take measures to let the Don know that Leas expected to thy away."

"West," said the Archiencen re-flectively, "I it isk that is good advice, if we can act upon it. But a Congress englit to be in a cathedral

"Shall we establish a new see, and neske y a Poshopou Riverdale before Clear matures us out " said the Earl. "You in thit do werse. To be spice

" West with quasiques," said Guy.

The Arcideae instaved to unche in, whereat Lary Vavian presided.

"Y strips of a leampaign is making you look to tag is had a said to Vivian. "Lalway approximate swomen like you the toris tray undergo.

"Summay is a very heavy to he," she top on "There there of the where therees or erectally. It is I be work boing politic to people you

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"San a somet mes there isn't a green of each ty but for the soly wido care alout," said the Each of There are things estimated with political species to it often make me of Corre-Land stempen.

"What do you think I saw in It's rester to asked the Archdenem,

"He v Medivine

"The Interested" - ad Lastrell. surprised. "Wrat in the world can Harve beat from that quotest of page 1. We have seen and heard in the real control of the Court

The ways patient of the Half Moor. You are at each Hemogram, The said totally of takes a word of froutle total one of total equal below a product of your beauty in every

to the Bory, my present that the first the second to be a letter you are the second year. Displayer Victor Labor

Willemedie und der Gebeitgerspering, said tre Ares each, the gets most of the series content, and he deserves to be each at think you have better port wine than some of

his. I know I have none so good."
"And did you meet Harry Mauleverer at the Half Moon?" inquired

Lady Vivian.
"Yes; we dined together. He told me he had been there about a week. I asked him what doing, and he said, cultivating solitude. He appeared in a very gloomy state."

"Harry wants occupation," said the Earl. "A young fellow like that, fresh from college, with plenty of money and nothing to do, runs a great risk of becoming dissipated. I don't expect that of Harry Mauleverer, but I fear his fine qualities are running to waste.

"He's the victim of a slight monomania just now," observed Guy,
"when he gets over that he will do well. Did he say whether he meant

to stay at Idlechester."

"No; he was not communicative. He seemed, indeed, in a very undecided mood, but was evidently pleased to meet an old friend.

"I hope you gave him some good advice," said the Earl.

"Indeed I did not. There is nothing less wise than to force advice upon people. We talked about the Cathedral, and Tostig's restorations, and your foreign policy, and Hender son's port wine. We had a cup of coffee together, and he walked with me to the train, smoking a cigar. I asked him to come and see me at Riverdale, and he said he'd think about it. But I made no attempt to be his father confessor."

"The "Quite right," said Guy. truth is, that he is a little in love, and very much out of temper. He considers people have interfered with him; and all the Mauleverers resent interference. But he'll soon get over it, if left alone. There isn't a finer young fellow in

England."

"Guy," said Lady Vivian, as they rose from the table, "come to the library for five minutes. I've something important to show you.'

SCENES IN THE TRANSITION AGE FROM CÆSAR TO CHRIST.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

PUBLICUS had fallen asleep, Susarion into a doze; the slaves had stopped to change the burthen they carried to their fellows' shoulders, at a place near the City, from which a narrow street diverged into a small square at the east of the Quirinal, when from the latter an immense clamour of voices rose which awakened the freedman, who, together with his friend, issuing from the lectica, hurried in the direction whence the sounds came.

Arrived at the place which formed part of the Gallic and German district of the City, and which was only illuminated by the sky, they perceived several figures apparently engaged in a desperate contest. "It is some row about a woman," said Publicus, as he pointed to a female figure which a huge Gaul-who seemed to have just started from his bed, as he was almost naked-held behind him with one arm, as with the other he repelled the attack of a man of small stature, who, mad with wine and dagger in hand, seemed recklessly resolved to regain his prize. In the distance a number of the Gaul's countrymen appeared pursuing some straggling figures.

A glance informed Susarion and Publicus that the assailant so inadequately matched was no other than the illustrious personage they had seen in the Milvian gardens. For a moment Publicus listened, and understanding from the threats roared forth by the naked giant and his comrades that they were about to kill their halfdrunken and reckless opponent, hastened forward. The Gaul had already struck him to the ground, and was about to trample on him, when Susarion, who possessed much cool courage, and who saw at a glance the fortune which might arise to himself from a careful interference, springing forward, dagger in hand, plunged it into the neck of the Gaul, who staggered and toppled to the ground, amid the shricks of the female whom he had protected; while Publicus, similarly weaponed, kept at bay an-other of the foreigners, with whom --3

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and tragedy of life so strangely

mingled as in this vast city.

"It is the same everywhere," said Susarion, recklessly dashing the cup he had drained on the table. "If we believe in destiny, which is at the bottom of all creeds, we believe in an insane deity, who, like fortune, is blind,—who possesses more passion than judgment, more caprice than justice. We would flog a boy for acting as ignorantly as destiny."

"Except," said Publicus, laughing, "when he leads us suddenly out of the fog of life into a treasury, or to

the summit of a throne.

"There are good and evil genii, doubtless," said Susarion, uttering at random his inconsecutive thoughts. "But proceed with your history.

Publicus briefly narrated his story, whose singularity kept Susarion's attention awake; and when he had ended, after pausing and refilling his cup, ied :- "And I - I, too, have a range story attaching to me."

"Narrate it, my Susarion," said

friend.

I shall do so, as you please, but dy, as it grows late, and my tite for sleep is increasing from rine, and the wakefulness of some ts of travel.".

By my father's side I am connected a Numidian tribe, who once posd a considerable territory, but were reduced to slavery in the of Marius. Some of them subsently became merchants; among m my grandfather. Being a man auch greater knowledge than most his neighbours, having travelled ough many countries, he made a lution that my father, who was only son, should be educated as a k, raised to the level of a k, and as he grew to manhood, ied to a Greek; and of this reion and purpose he never lost

happened, however, that my , while a boy, had formed an ey with a beautiful Numidian nighter of a neighbouring chief; their years increased he became ionately attached to her that, the objects and views of his resolved t she only should wife. Th tters went on is twe h year, when his zirl, daughter is, whom he No. occleanil.

resolved should become his helpmate - a resolve accorded to by this poor merchant, - my grandfather being

then wealthy.

"A parent's will is law with our people, as here. He possesses the power of death over his offspring. And so my father was compelled to marry the maiden so selected; but though possessed of many amiable and excellent qualities, as I have heard, nothing could overcome the aversion her husband entertained towards her--a hatred only surpassed by that he bore his father, whose tyrannical will had crushed his heart. and hopes, and happiness in life to

" Meanwhile I was born, and meanwhile the antipathy existing between my father and grandfather had deepened with each day that passed over them, when at length a dispute occurred between them, which ended in the old man striking the youth to the ground. To make matters worse, too, this quarrel took place on the very day the Numidian maiden my father loved was married to the chieftain of a great inland tribe."

Here Susarion paused a couple of

moments, and resumed-

"That night, Publicus, my father rose left the chamber, while his wife slept, and returned with bloody hands to her bed. In the morning my grandfather was discovered mur-dered in his. The affair, by no means unprecedented among our hotblooded people, was hushed up by our tribe, between whom however and my father it constituted a perpetual theme of revengeful feeling —a perpetual source of deadly ani-mosity."

"A curious history, certainly," cried Publicus, who, rousing himself and clapping his hands to a slave in the adjoining apartment, called for

more wine.

"At length," Susarion continued, in a low voice, with a fierce brow, and air of one compelled by some pos-sessing power to unfold himself—"at length one day the Numidian chief who had wedded the girl referred to. encountering my father, and accusing him of the crime he conceived known only to his people, the young man became enraged and convulsed with a hundred fierce passions, rushing to his wife's chamber, attempted to destroy her child a destroy deslan, which took place out to was ments after her return to an the triound. where, in obstants a to the answer of an other she had a nearly dishe had given evidence of the indiscer for Instance had a monitod. He was uno i scious of this energiastar cei, but presently, hearing the grasses upproach, and the range cross as till the parisone attempted to draw mefrom the arms of my reflect, who, reckless of her life, succluded berough, At leagth, will convinc for suscenshe combated, the measure getters hood of my arm with or o raid, who ewith the otro the brains docka know, gashed my flest with a recommanda k -the sign of the land Sound of the desert services with a territor eath, that though to fund to kill his hatrol w not to swe has of an and that a time would arrive say as the might, when he would be up his haten off ming as a conffice to the spirit of this lost love, 194 rained life, and Lupaness. As he spake the numsters of vastice above h imposehol, and but him away

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"Who is that fellow?" inquired Su- Co.

"A zony; a porceld stive of the lower trink in the establishment, when the other servants, who have gene to rest, have left to attend us, Bear a lamp here, smal," he added, "and bight this gentleman to his chamber. Geseingert, na Susaren; you as eep without dreams methinks. to mint a except such as your late adyear use may premise for to morrow."

AT A PONIS STOLE

CAUS RAPAN, louterant of the late perconal of the Pentapous, at where myntition Susamon had visited Italy, was immersed in public affacts for some time after his arrival in the Captain being oblined to go this against ear in the establishment handsed and its agents from various thates made by several Cyrercans, of exterts hand carriers. That, is of everyour continue against officlused the fit who algovernments of the enture at this does oled period of Roman history, upon which, however, the senate acre is a teal in a congenial spart. Had Veries, indeed, aved moter Notes at is a kery be well deliave lived in stronger her compay to his latest day; the mary lability being as test, that is seemed investment a Criefly to access, as an angust tribut it is he as he addressed, to comdefent. At Bright, having by power, into straint the ery got himself free Lomin one tions, lawsuits, &c., &c., and having given a feart and show of gue his to the period to render Lime 1 per par, he was not a acce 2 of the sector to the the superior leads of Il no to one of his value near Ant also we then he had invited a incomments by to partake of hespitals ny na material

I desired in vessel Chair Rapax. When the led his by a set caleby the two childrens store as una man-Anthony was as many there in have when a self-time of the first the distribution of the first the first three country I have some a self-time of the first three country I have some a self-time of the first three country I have some a self-time first three country I have some a self-time process of the first three country I have some a self-time process of the first three country. The process which shuffled dear, timing the eigenstreen stated to entry, we happy a healing left the recent the test of the second test of the following Pulmerus, y symmetry early to be seen to the recent test of the following Pulmerus, y symmetry early to be seen to be a few to be the period a great that ejetical, from this another still larger, ending in a broad-pillared gallery, which reached in a straight line to the opposite side of the building, whence it led to a covered marble terrace, running above the sea. On either side of this continued colonnade, so to speak, lay the manifold chambers: dining, banqueting, and sleeping apartments, which were erected less upon a principle of structural symmetry, than with a view to obtain sunshine or coolness, or prospects of the surrounding scenery, land and marine.

Around the building itself, which covered several acres, were gardens, disposed according to the highest taste of the times, all the trees being shaped so as to represent different species of animals; orchards of fig and mulberry; green exercise grounds, encompassed with hedges of box and rosemary; a ball-court; a small hippodrome and theatre; here and there about the grounds small detached retreats, with library and suppingroom; here and there a lofty tower, whose summits commanded prospects of the neighbouring country for leagues. There were also ranges of sumptuous baths, hot and cold, and in the interspace between several semicircular portices connected with each of the portions of the villa allotted to exercise, refreshment, or amusement—sunning places, foun-tains, and banks of violets.

Nothing, indeed, could be more charming than the position of this villa, from whose towers and chambers were seen the majestic and lovely prospects of the green plain, drifted with white sheep and abundant herds of cattle, the village dotted declivities, and crests of the crescent range of wooded Alban and Tiberine mountains, east and north-remote the mighty City, with its white shining structures soaring against the skyarrear the shady promontory, with its pale woods of olive stretching into the blue Mediterranean, whose waters, reposing smilingly around the sunny bay, reflected on their calm and joyous surface the amenity of summer.

Of the company whom Rapax had invited to his country-house, a few were Romans, particular friends, while the greater number formed a motley gathering, among whom Greeks predominated; rhetoricians,

nowned gladiator even, who had been brought hither to afford amusement to the great man.

It was still the forenoon of a beautiful June day, and while the greater proportion of the company were scattered about the grounds, exercising ball-playing, or in the theatre and portices conversing or reciting, Rapax, attended by some half dozen of celebrities, passed hither and thither, exhibiting his latest improvements, his pictures, statues, and museums of antiquities.

"My best pictures," Rapax said, as they entered a small portico, along whose sides numerous subjects appeared, some in encaustic, let into the walls; the greater number on panels and canvas—"my best pictures, my friends, are in my town-house and villa at Formia; yet I believe that, even in this small collection, you may observe a few worthy of admiration. The greater number came into my possession when officially engaged in Greece and Asia some years ago."

"A collection truly exquisite," said a Greek, named Murilogos, who had been conversing on a number of arts and topics in a manner so facile and masterly as to leave the impression that he had devoted his intellect and life solely to each. "A miniature gallery indeed, but of the highest value historically, as it represents the progress of art from the earliest period to the best. Here," taking his stand firmly, while shading his eyes with his jewelled hands, he regarded a faded composition representing Priam entreating Achilles to restore the body of Hector-"here we have an undoubted Polygnotus, evidently a first design of the scene in his masterpiece illustrative of the 'Iliad,' painted for the temple at Delphi, a portion of which is now preserved in the Temple of Mars. What simplicity of style and truth of expression! what admirable design is evinced in those few figures! In the works of the early painters, as those of the first sculptors, imperfect as they are in the technicalities of cultivated art, there is truly a force of nature which the greatest geniuses of later times have, as it appears to me, failed to emulate.

"Much pleased to have your opinion, Murilogos," Rapax said, cour-

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"If it arout to recall ket, my leid." said Marios and you are aware tent in this part in Proyen this paint of this in these, Lipanee. What where sits cartae colow, the features, take field the panels, what you play and I mngerlaggel in Traphichaech is poetaglestientheiner petils a paig ant

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Lage sum, but I mever space memory, arts in the present age as computed to former that, said Rapax, tell a lence. What there yer of this laster tively. "The statusty, pointing, and my le of Green, in R me, is, I have lead, made abelies to that of the easy Grees, who have become, for the most part, copyests of their preredebts.

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"Indeed, you must favour us, Museus, with some of these after supper, "sand Rapax, who was beginning

to think of that meal.

"W. h. y. my lead; and I have ned alt you will a knowledge their

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"Blancy " said Repart. "That word is note frequently on the lips of your count yourn than any other, and I we could it applied to an inflory of a parts and surports. What is tracket. My here is beautiful, na matrice is beautiful, yet each reas no resembling together. How as we address this part uply which are could be step is applicable to so 1. x V 1

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architecture, and so on. It was the same with music; our songs and melodies, as I have said, representing the evolution and embodiment of a beautiful idea or feeling. I am, however, acquainted with several barbarians in the city, some of whom are Celts, some Germans, whose music, though quite unartistic, is, I must say, far more imaginative than that of either Greece or Asia."

Rapax, who was much at sea by what his artist friend meant by imaginative music, paused some moments, and then recollecting that he had acquainted him with the error of ignorance he had committed in the purchase of his supposed antique

pictures, said-

"In yonder museum there is a somewhat large collection of musical instruments, gathered from many countries, and of all ages. As they may be useful to you in your art, Museus, you will oblige me by accepting them.

Here, while several of the group went off to a neighbouring ball-court to exercise, Rapax, ranging himself

beside the artist, said—
"By the way, talking of painting reminds me of a young artist whom I have engaged to execute a picture of the crucifixion for me, and who is at work in yonder building. As I am desirous to have your opinion on his painting, as far as it has gone, be pleased to accompany me thither."

After stopping awhile to speak with some of the garden slaves, who were planting rows of onions beside hedges of roses, and educating a number of large leaved ivy plants over a rocky knoll-he led the way to a thick grove of tall dark trees, surrounding a gloomy looking structure.

"The slave now suffering crucifixion yonder," continued Rapax, in an undertone, as he pointed to the building referred to, "is a Syrian, condemned for attempting to originate a conspiracy among the slaves of his nation in Rome. By right he should have been delivered to the public executioner, but having the object which I have mentioned in view, from my interest at the Palace, I easily procured the warrant of death, and had him brought hither to suffer his punishment. It matters little; but as this course is not usual, my friends, who are all interested in art, will consider the affair as private, especially as if mentioned abroad, the slave population, now become so enormous. might take exception, and create a riot, as they have several times done of late, -you understand."

A CRUCIFIXION.

As he spoke they were ascending the steps of the building, and in a few moments entered a large atrium or hall, whose windows were closed, and into which the only light admitted fell through a small opening in the impluvium, across the greater portion of which a thick awning had been spread. Saving on the narrow space beneath, where this dim glow of light fell, the rest of the chamber was lost in shadow.

So still, cold, and dark, was the place, that Rapax and his company, coming in from the strong glare of noon, paused awhile before they could distinctly perceive its inmates. When the objects revealed by the light met their view they remained motionless, struck it would seem by some feelings akin to awe. So deadly chill was the air of the gloomy stone chamber, that a sympathetic shiver passed through their frames. Still standing in the deeper shadow near the walls, so silent that their advent was unperceived, they regarded for some minutes the scene before them.

There were but two figures in the chamber.

Susarion stood before a large panel which rested on an easel, painting with fierce rapidity the head of a figure, powerfully drawn and coloured, from which he ever and anon turned his strong, eager eyes, eagle-like, in the savage yet calm intensity of their expression toward his model.

At a little distance, where the light fell strongest, appeared a naked figure nailed to a cross, whose lower trunk, fixed in a deep aperture in the pavement, was buttressed with heavy blocks of cemented stone. The man, one of strong frame and in the prime of life, who had been already two days under punishment, exhibited in every lineament the horrible effects of the crucifixion agony. The body, wasted with pain and emaciation, was quickly turning livid; the great muscles twitched spasmodically; the swollen arteries of the neck throbbed visibly; the death-sweat trickled in slow drops from the pale, anguished brow. The eyears i'd falen, but over bondly, when some examinating to remained in the hearts, beckered a mement, discussing the field rate belowing from the dark, protrust a boosished orbs, with pite civishin ture so. The breast heave I with short, quick breath biss. interrupted by pain and the wild turns t of the blood, and in the horable to est of the condixion lever, the dying slave round risidity tengue. bitten and ernsted with gore, als at his burning pays, for bly meaning. A dull, segering odeur pervaded the change r. Ever and after a vuctor where of about the rest, or perched on the special ris narrow land chemous. now to kell on the dyng man, now whether it's book on the store, and again som ng, east on his lived form for a second, as a synaton, the shoster sharlow this wance.

Even the appearance of Sis rlon, who, amout its of achieving a masterly work of art, and come onto the transitory mature of the effects he sought to imitate, he is worked to instrumently for two days and against strink the still significant group of visiters as ghostly and territor. Pare, rangingly, in publish a structure, as for each part and proporting each territor, as for each and a proporting each territor, as for each territor, as the analysis of part and proporting each territor, as the waster shall with stocking the contract of the structure and the struct

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eritieise in whispers the character and merits of his point nz.

Municipal was the first to speak. Assuming a critical att trade and dictatorial manner, he said he did not know whether to admire most the as many of the drawing and fruth of colour, or the matte ions rapidity with which the painting had been excented are spects in which the fraction of Rep x riva led Protegenes and Autiplians; in light and shade it was burdly interper to Plausius, while in the representation of character and extress, neam ettes and rathos his week appropried maner to a tew of them isterpreses of Zeuxisthan almost not measure achievement which had to an indice his observation. Thus proceeding with his high flown commentary, in the same style, for some time be monepol zed the conversation.

Muscus, whose mature appeared at first to bey dt at the spectacle before him, stood meanwhile apart, con-Versity with a company in Presently. however, alvering to inspect the point him has been able to be comized so noted, shart of yet utt. In the represouth a method has eather impression Vitas et land arsonitius esim for art, and, in a low total, he not cated several trads and tenenes in terms of highest ence v, has hotely the matification of R to v. who, though tenerant of art, was sufficiently accumulated with cirarate: to tesped the opinion of the Latter.

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In the interior, near while, the rest of the company storic apart converses:

"How we convenied asked one Greek part of an ite "by this time metricise it so act appraches in details."

To fire cold, the other said, whit as yet I have to be a limited it for periods to the interface in the Lumn, himself to the action of the cold forms.

"I've read his sketchy composition on Cæsar's wars," the other returned; "it is a peculiar work of barbarian genius, with capital descriptive passages, but rather resembling a history in verse than an epic. But what is his opinion of your work?"

his opinion of your work?"
"Why, to say truth, he thinks highly of it;" the other answered, "and you know one may be a good

critic, without "----

"Certainly; and being your friend, his judgment is, doubtless, valua-

"I take your insinuation—ha! ha! Let me add, however, that from the popularity of your poems, I conclude you have selected your enemics for

your critics."

"A jest breaks no bones; but let us inquire of Latura, the writer of those new tales in prose, which are so much read in Rome, on what he is engaged. Latura, we are just speaking of some of your admirable stories with which the baths and porticos now resound. Are you writing any new piece?"

"Just finished the best thing I have yet done," said Latura, gaily.

"What is the subject ?"

"You know my line; a love story, of course. My new volume is entitled 'The Amours of Tryphera', the handsomest youth in the world, and under the special protection of Cupid; he gains introductions to the first houses in Rome (all indicated under feigned names), where he intrigues with the noblest and handsomest women. is, in short, a history of the secret campaigns and conquests of love. It abounds with incidents and scenes; and as regards its style-in order to preserve an artistic tone cognate with the subject-I have written it, so to speak, in a whisper. But, perhaps, you will be surprised at what I am now going to tell you, which is this:—I have made the handsome hero a Jew-why do you ask l-to make the work acceptable to Sabina Poppæa, who has read it-read it, sirs, with such pleasure that she cannot part from the book, but keeps it, as I've heard, under her pillow.

"This is better than writing hymns and epica," said Greek No. 1, to his friend. "If indeed you have tickled the ear of the palace, O Latura! you are in the high road to riches and power. Fortune plays blindfold on

the Palatine, whose freedmen and slaves now govern the empire."

"I am not ambitious; but I expect my love-story, so dedicated, will procure me either an heiress or a province," returned Latura, laughing.

Near hand a couple of Roman gentlemen, the particular friends of Caius Rapax, were conversing gravely together. "You inform me this young artist, whom our friend brought from Africa, and now patronises, possesses a great talent in the arts," one said. "As the Greeks are all artists, such

patronage is politic."

"Ah,—yes," the other returned, pompously; "and I'm pleased that Rapax has manifested the power of the state in thus affording him a means of study not obtainable elsewhere. It cannot but tell well with the Greeks."

As the company were thus chatting apart, a change had come over the summer day. The sky had be-come enveloped in black storm-clouds so rapidly that the inmates of the chamber started, so sudden was the darkness which had fallen from on high. In a brief space there was heard the remote advancing report of the thunder in the horizontal clouds, and aloft its fierce crepitation in the zenithial deeps, breaking through the chaotic wilderness of shadow. Then, while yet they remained silent, impressed with a certain superstitious awe, the storm burst around with preternatural swiftness and fury, peal after peal resounding shook the building to its foundation, and passed on wings of terror reverberating through mountains, whose echoes as they crashingly returned were annihi-lated in some thunder-burst still nearer and more portentous than the last. Ever and anon the red lightning fell through the roof, illumining with fiendish flashes the ghastly spectacle within, and the pale faces of the now paralyzed company.

"An unusual tempest," cried one of the old Romans. "The gods are in wrath at some crime somewhere

now committed.

"On physical principles it may be, perhaps, accounted for," began a Greek of stoical opinions, who, though pale as the rest, wished to evince the independence and triumph of his mind over circumstances, and was proceeding when he was interrupted by one

who had just returned from the porch, crying that a bolt had inst facien beside the building, where it had turn up the ground, adding he was half suntocated with its sol phurous odour.

The terror of the storm was just then concentrated overhead; the noise of the thruder was so tetrible one might have tareled the trembling world was harrying to runnicach instact the lighton goldered with awfar velociners e, as to ough the depths of mameriaty were and open to the ministers of destroyment, when Susarion, who remained not only unap-

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palled by the tempest, but seemed to revel in its accompanying horror, and who had, as before, worked uninterimpledly, paried, and stood gazing on the cru shid tome, around whom the lightness quivered worully. As he gazed, a convulsion passed through the frame-a groun from the breast, on which the head fell heavily. Then all was strik

"He is dead, and my work is over for the present, cried Susarion, now for the first time breaking silence, throwing aside his brush, and advancing to address his visiters with an air of excited cheerfulness.

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dust of the and we have shot away some in Heris of fors of gunpewder in the enleavour to make other nations think so, much to the detriment of larman rating and the destruction of property in every quarter of this id not . But it is in sethan possible a though we naturally shrink from reasons to edea that this great British enteres with its extra odmary specimens, for a lamity and its marve loss a to venents, will one days are the fate of its prodecess to lard trace are reasons were about as probable they never would do transfer exercising the comment cerve symptoms of decay in our tone, and orbitately, that sold confidence is

Tur British are the most would tfull stitution, and that there are many people in the world to receive be no exidences birking about in the chanriels of national vitality which indicate that the time is not far distant when English i will gradually sink into obsourity and desolution, until at length the artistic savage of Macanlay* shall sition a broken archief London Bridge and slotch the runs of St. Paul's. Still it is possible that the peculiar self infliction, which is so characterest. If the British positio may save them yet. Had they not been fully persuaded that there was nothing in this world an Englishman conduct have we up ished so much; but,

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We see that the Wilson Section 1 decreases
 Problem of the Problem of the Section 1 decreases A control of the state of the karman and the state of the karman and the state of t $C_{\rm p}=\{0,1,\dots,n\}$, where $\{0,\dots,n\}$ is the point of th A class at a both of the former of the region of the first of the region of the first of the region The most bank to the weeds, he shrinks I'm the dismaying whitedes"

not so strong as it once was, the result of increased means of communication with other countries, as we may show, if a slight digression be permitted before we proceed to investigate this production of one of the

greatest Englishmen.

The peculiar narrow insular ideas which some good people in Great Britain cherish may be traced, perhaps, to our geographical position in the world, cut off from all other forms and modes of life. Hence it happens that it is not impossible to find people who can recognise no other mode or manner of living beyond their own, who look upon the habits and customs in which they have been brought up as the only reasonable mode and manner of being, and who regard the British Constitution as a divinely ordained state of things; and British laws, British taxes, and British customs, as the only possible condition of entity for rational beings.

But the Briton is in the habit of travelling; and only twenty miles from his own white cliffs he finds a people three times as numerous as his fellow-islanders, living under a totally different regime, obeying different laws, speaking a different language, and worshipping the same God in a vastly different manner from himself; and yet, under all this state of opposition to his own habits and prejudices, looking very well in the world, and thriving. Then he goes further on, and he comes to another mass of people, speaking a language still more dissimilar, governed by still more different laws, and having yet a different form of worship, in fine, whose mode of life is such as he never imagined, who look upon him as an uncouth stranger and foreigner, and have gone on for centuries in this most un-British life. yet still in existence and thriving. So he advances and continues to come across a succession of peoples and kingdoms all differing materially from his own island, marching on in the course of time towards the same goal as himself. By-and-by he comes to a race of people not only differing in mode of life, in language, and in faith, but even in colour—a people who have never yet been blessed with the bare knowledge of the existence of a British Constitution, where a British ship has never touched, nor a Great Briton ever carved his name on post

or pillar; and he sees this people with a government of their own, a mode of life and a belief which they have cherished from time immemorial; and the poor wandering Briton, footsore and weary, is beginning to feel that the world could revolve on its axis without his help; that were he and his Constitution effectually annihilated, the laws of gravitation, the electric current, the succession of seasons, would probably go on in much the same way, and that Great Britain, after all, is not the centre of the solar system as he, his father, his grandfather, and his remote ancestors have always been taught to believe, and have handed down as a glorious tradition from generation to genera-This is the consequence of going to and fro in the earth, and it has shaken much of that strong, bold consciousness of superiority which, after all, is a great help in the struggle of life. But, however, should the day ever come when this great nation, with its long catalogue of noble names and its famous scroll of valorous chivalry, shall have sunk in the scale of civilization, when its glory and its prowess shall but serve to form the schoolboy thesis of an unborn race,—if in that far distant age a philosophic wanderer shall do for us what we have done for buried Nineveh-if a future Layard, searching amidst the ruins of Oxford and Cambridge for evidence of our language and literature shall, amongst the decayed rubbish of those great libraries, only stumble over a tattered copy of Shakespeare, this alone would suffice to show that the English had been a people accustomed to all the refinements of civilized life, possessed of a history full of chivalrous exploits, had a long line of kings, an ancient native nobility, spoke a language which must have received the gradual polish of many ages, and could boast at least of a poet whose works were a sufficient proof of his country's glory. Such is the power of genius! The creations of the pen are immortal; books are of all things the most lasting, and of all men authors are the most famous, for when the temples and palaces of their age have crumbled away under the wasting detrition of time, until their very sites become a scholar's speculation, when the tongue in which they wrote is spoken

no longer, their works, the embodiment of their min Is, ave on the lips and in the hearts of men. The swend may carve out an empare, all the implements of act may embolism it, but time will destroy every trace of its existence, unless it be unmorralized by that power before whose creations the heary devastator bends his head in revotetice.

Before proceeding to examine this drama, we will just note how meane were the mater, is upon which the poet had to work, and we shall then be enabled to caminate all that is onginal in the play. The real history of Micheth, or rather all that hastory tells of him, and, consequently, all that Sinkespecies had to work upon, may be summed up in a few words. In the year 1034 the Section monarchy are actors placed up a the overthe wor Malcolm by a Norwer an chief, who sa shoot a great part of the country, estemally the northern and eastern portions. The rest of the people raised uses king, in the reason of Dun in, whose matter was the daughter of Mal's line. He advanced against the Norwe or makes describe, and was slandly Market attacked to may of Morey, we constrain overren the land, and was no do kn z . Subrequestly the law is a velocities courting PASSWood Exclor No the um er cal value, iverto us Mac betigned with the distriction (Sach are the same of colors desired in which this wast to be I Some to be to for dell. All the supermatural territion of the drawn is developthe window, the chiralities of it Monthly was as in the Contract figure, the mander of Process in cold 11 d, and the duel, are the positis own operation of the standard of be said have historical strains, to the movementally and appearance to the femiliar of up to the tent of the tent is Stock state with less I more from the one of the TV

Probago of may asset the men by if at these parts, but he processing future, we were to be obliged the return the religious transfer to be about the plot. The termination of the formula with a second with seat of the result with instrumental variable ments to be reached from the religious through a second two contents with a second to the religious and the latter a blood of any soldier arrives, and only to mentals

Macheth and Banque; Rosse follows with intelligence of the death of the rebel Thane of Cawdor, whose title the king best ws on Ma loth. Hanquant Mar beth, is turning home from fattle, one uniter the witches on the lonely heath, performing their incantations, a seed gry ensues, during which they had him as Thane of Cawdor and "king that shalt be here iter. Her pro is told, " thou shalt get kings though thou be none; and as each is about to express a natotal currenty to know more, the witches vanish. They next encounter Ross, who intomis Marketh of his being made Thane of Cawdor in the place of the deal rebel, thereby fulfilling the weeks fir t prediction; then follows the interview with the king, who intimates to the new Thane has intention of visiting hun. The next scene is yea's Landa Ma beth reading the letter transfer lead, announcing his horoms and the witches' strange prediction. Her crimmal ambitem crops out, and an attendant asine an ing tile approach of Dinesin, prompts her to her tatal resolution. Vo. 5.26 arrives, to lowed shortly by Denoted, who is he putably received. Then of one those to all se dialogues between the tempted and the temptiess, the variation of Macoth, the onset, to whosens murder, the proclarest in or the commind as king, connecting the cound to diction of the waters. Then to now further circle the new len of Hingmo, and the afficient on his son, who escapes ; the 2. gray remotes of Michigan shown in the supper score, when the greet appears to his tremled con-The counterplat commences in the department of Montest to Engand trand, with brings alsut the panels; of Macrobia wite and childreader offist stept 2 only Mach thato we keep his own retrieves an another see a with the witness, who progress to sto that with provides attorney Mars domestic and of the emely anghter of I have beared three, targes the Linglish kir 2 to 2000 film and, and returns to Section of the an avenging spirit; then comes the death of Last Machth to a win it S was I was Machiga the extra minary fudament of the witches predation, the duel between Math the and Me I . The death of the former, and the proclamation of Mainta.

Such is a brief epitome of the plot of the drama. We will now proceed to examine the principal points which stand out in such bold relief, and endeavour to eliminate the great moral truths contained in them.

Our attention is attracted, first of all, by the celebrated incantation scene, which portrays one of the most subtle follies of our nature—a folly common alike to the educated and the ignorant—that restless longing to pry into the secrets of the future, a foolish curiosity to know what Providence has kindly shrouded in impenetrable darkness. Conceive of the state of a man to whom the future has been revealed, the whole map of his life unfolded; there he beholds all the tortuous windings of his weary journey, the many pitfalls into which he must inevitably stumble, the enemies lying in wait for him, upon whom he must not only advance, but from the possession of his fearful knowledge must contemplate in the long vista of time, until he arrives at the dreaded reality. The sunshine and the gloom are alike revealed to him, he knows when the one will cease and the other commence -the dangers, the cares, the troubles, the anxieties of his whole existence accompany him at every step, like so many mocking spectres, which he cannot beat off. Then, far away in the distance, the scene terminates in the inscrutable gloom of that dark valley where all is lost in impenetrable mystery—that dread valley of the shadow of death, to him ever present, looming darkly up in the distance, gradually drawing nearer and nearer as he travels on through the arid path of his existence, and the light of hope, that heaven which arches over human life like a bright canopy, is shut out from his sight for ever. And yet there is scarcely any feeling more deeply rooted in our nature than this desire to read the scroll of fate; in all nations and times, prophets, seers, and witches have lived and been consulted by men of both high and low degree. Nor has a more extended science nor a more refined civilization succeeded in eradicating this wanton folly. Let those who sneer at the boorish ignorance of the peasant who crosses the impostor's hand with money, pause and remember that the salons of the charlatan are still crowded, and that spirit-rapping, electro-biology, clairvoyance, are but the more refined vocabulary of an ignorance equally dense, a curiosity equally wanton, and a folly equally lamentable. It is one of the anomalies of this age that our credulity appears to keep pace with our reason. We are becoming so severely logical, and our reasoning powers are so keenly developed, that we are beginning to have grave doubts about the Mosaic records, to suffer from a sort of Hebraic perplexity as to the authenticity of the Psalms, to look coyly upon miracles, to detect discrepancies in the New Testament, and to fear there must be some mistake about the Incarnation; and yet, amidst all this intellectual revision of revelation we find the educated and the refined thronging to the séances of the medium, speculating with the utmost seriousness on the apparition of spectral hands, and the mysterious animation of musical instruments. Infidelity and credulity were never at a higher pitch than now. We are struggling hard to claim kinship by a natural development with the monkey tribe, and science is unwearied in her efforts to make our claim good. We are endeavouring to correct revelation, so that it may not for the future insult our understandings; and yet, an unfortunate lawyer's clerk, discharged by his master, has only to pawn his coat and invest the money in advertisements to the effect that his sands of life are fast running out, and he is anxious to communicate to his fellow-creatures, for six postage stamps, a never-failing remedy for curing all diseases; and in a short time he is enabled to employ a score of clerks, to ride in his carriage, and

open a branch establishment in Paris. In the case of Macbeth, the responses of the witches fell upon a mind already inflamed with ambition, and as they boldly suggested the very objects upon which he had often dreamed, but as yet only dared to dream, they the more readily worked out his ruin. In the steps of the drama immediately following these predictions we see Macbeth plunged in gloomy reveries, giving vent to his morbid longings, and like all weak vacillating characters, endeavouring to juggle with his reason, and to persuade himself that instead of being on

the eve of criminal under daings, he was merely following out his binest. true volution a but the national mest. mess, their districts and leadless of the man gets the better of 14s audation and his energy. The end of his solihopey is-

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That is the language of annocence, of a part it is yet tree from the idea of came, or detect are entery tree from the bied, or tably free from any fixed or settle i resolution. But listen to the reply

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Woman's influence, we submit, is the key-stone of this great drama, and its operation upon the character of Macbeth is delineated by the poet as an illustration of its power. That influence, being the first which is brought to bear upon us, must be the most powerful of all influences which operate upon human action. It begins at the cradle and terminates only at the grave; it is acknowledged by the smile of the babe, who laughs back its response to maternal tenderness; and starting from this point it accompanies him through all the chequered scenes of his life in the character of wife, mother, or sister ;-- an influence omnipotent for good or evil, insinuating itself into all his purposes, and interlacing itself with the very web of his destiny. It was a thorough appreciation of this fact which prompted a certain Judge who had been listening for a long time to the arguments of two litigants, to break out impatiently with the exclamation. "Where is the woman ! Produce the woman." Long experience had taught him that in the labyrinth of men's actions, woman's influence is the only

We have read a great deal about woman's rights and woman's mission, about the education of woman, the social elevation of woman, and her capacity for engagements, which belong by the dictates of nature to man alone. That question can be set at rest in no way more effectually than by paying a visit to the home of a large family. There we see one influence permeating through the whole circle, operating upon all its members, from the highest to the lowest, the influence of the good and virtuous woman acting upon him who comes to her, weary from the world's strife, for rest and consolation, as powerfully as upon all the younger members, whose supple dispositions are moulded by her gentle teaching, and who look to her, their good mother, for precept and example; and when we reflect that as each son and daughter of this happy family grows up and goes cut into the world, he and she will take the results of this home training and home teaching in their several characters, and will in turn become the centres of new circles and new families, tracing all the happiiness they enjoy themselves and confer

upon others, back to the heart of that good mother who reared them; and when we know that their children will in turn perpetuate that influence, and extend it far and wide wherever they may go, the question about woman's rights and woman's position, contemplating as we do in the character of the virtuous wife and the good mother her most natural right and her most noble position, seems paltry and foolish, indeed. It is true there are many women who have come out from amongst their sex and measured their strength, and measured it successfully, with men in undertakings which are peculiarly the business of men, and their names are famous in history. But it is a far more natural and more happy thought that there are scattered all over the world thousands of good women whose names we shall never hear mentioned, who are content to pursue their quiet way in the obscurity of domestic retirement, training up sons and daughters to take their place after them, creating that love of home and home associations, which is the foster mother of a love far higher still—the love of country the true and only basis of a great nation's might and glory. Domestic happiness is the life-stream of a nation's existence, and we man is the spring whence that stream must flow. But we should recollect that the in-

fluence of woman for evil is no less powerful than for good, and it is that pernicious influence which we have to contemplate in the character of Lady Macbeth. Her husband was the impersonation of a strong physical, united to a feeble moral constitution; he was a brave soldier, would fight vigorously enough on the field of battle, where mere animal courage was requisite; but on those occasions of life which call for a resolute will, an inflexible determination, or a moral courage, we see how imbecile and vacillating he was. Left to himself he had not the courage of resolution to do the deed and dare the consequences, nor the conrage of conscience to resist the evil and repel the temp-Lady Macbeth's influence tadion. would have settled the question either way, as the stronger character always does when operating on the weaker. She had all the qualities he wanted, more especially a determination which could pursue to the end, regardless of consequences, a purpose once resolved as on. Had she been a good weeran she would as easily, hay, here easily, have onssuaded him from mer actition, being a bad one, she oversame as it solar its and his tears, and in ded min to its commission.

We come, then, to this can below, that the less us atended to be con-Voyed by Sankespeare in this drama is not some if the plant and mayor. sally admitted fact that murder will inevitic y meet with its retability of and men we sen the stage employeis lable as to present to our mosts eye the works and the influence of a had but strong wood woo an up a an irresolute, indifferent plant. Tipe, the retrient of somes, and comes in & mystern is manner, but their s-Bimp'v is a horesary chequeter The here must be given a decimal a Shakespeare was too zo it a dama tist to but the energy was one or about The action, the work is a most the drama was, as we can see, the confe nuclexes so that Mar energy wer over her terst and a and as a mass the deed is a recovarie is stated in the impetuats expect of errors words by be neglected with the horself past disappears to calle will the pro-ishment of the morning, who is a the natural schools on his expects not the term of post to play. It is all in this way, the relief in post of the appropriate to both to provide a conedicadation of the the transfer of wall out, but will have the transfer spend flower to be about the transfer lustrate a contracta de como Mon wo had the en explored to n we have the end of the polyant Mark Mark Property of the polyans . . 1. down to see the property of the second to be seen to be material solds from the free free

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The self-accusing nature of crime. and especially of maider, is shown in the succeptant fate of Madoth. We are so constituted that although external circumstances may consure to conceal our crame, yet retribution communes managinatory after its commission. No sector has the mur-deter ac outplished has ted purpose, than the agonics of an aroused accusmy consenture begin to torment him. Sicety fees uses his eyeads, the darkness of the might is peopled with Lori ble phantonis. They crowd around his pidow, and stabk the name of his dark crime into his ear. Day .. 2ht brongs no reflet, for though he go terth rut other brisy world, and maze with the fasting crowds of his below note, the igh he try to lose han eif in the distraction of guilt; yet in all its spenes the phantom is id less it was experient him with its tools weeyes, as perling him with its specifies to that it stand high above the noise of indep voices, the strains of thus of the real of cannon, or the pear it thun iet, the death shrick of his voting rugs ti tough his soul, for their were of nature as wed as the hand of the chare a two directed against fam as a rist of e common chemy, So it was with Modelly, scarcely had he are inplished his crame, than the fetteer and a merichan began, his whole the about of mod, and le who had strength and a ravely on the field of bottle, it of some direct fall around him, by to every if the struct, now starts at exercise defendances trend every shadow, one red with the torsel of his same hore to viet in the omes a vietne to know to What a tillary territories at that it makes a brave tion for its but, to transfeath.

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the highest of all crimes, but in a proportionate degree it accompanies every infringement of the moral law. We may commit crime without detection, but we can no more commit crime without punishment than we can infuse poison into the blood without injury. It is one of the most subtle workings of our internal constitution, and is in strict keeping with the analogies of nature. We expose our physical constitutions to the action of forces inimical to it, whether of damp, cold, or heat, and we suffer accordingly; and if we expose our moral constitution to the action of crime, we must entail upon ourselves, as an inevitable consequence, the punishment of an avenging conscience -a moral palsy, a wounded self-respect, a loss of that conscious rectitude which can alone make a man decisive in action, bold in danger, and generous and good in all things. Take a case in point. There is a man who has broken the laws of his country, has stolen, perjured, or forged; the vengeance of social justice overtakes him, he is deprived of the rights of citizenship, and confined in prison, whence, after an assigned period, he comes out, and we say his punishment is over;—it is not so, his punishment is going on within, and will probably go on as long as he lives. He has lost caste, has stabbed his self-respect; henceforth he will never feel the same proud integrity amongst his fellow-men; there is a foul brand on his forehead, a felonfeeling in his heart, which will make his lips falter when he pronounces the words of probity and honour, for they will fall from him like lies. Society may welcome him back, may honour him with her most distinguished gifts; but in vain; he will drag the fetid carcase of his moral life through all the world's fairest scenes, and though men may bow before him, yet the applause of honesty will be his most bitter reproof, for to himself he will always be a lost ruined man. Such is the terrible price of the departure from rectitude. Human laws may assign punishment, but it cannot atone for the loss of that feeling of spotless honour that consciousness of innocence which once gone can never be regained, and that whispering of the accusing self

which will blight the fairest life and blast the happiest hour.

With the master - hand of a true poet, Shakespeare has worked out all this in the subsequent stages of the drama; but there is one point upon which we wish to dwell before proceeding further, and that is the supernatural circumstances which preceded the murder and their nature. We read that—

"The night has been unruly. Where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

Lamentings heard in the air: strange screams of death

And prophesying, with accents terrible, Of dire combustion and confused events, New hatched to the woful time. The obscure bird

Clamoured the live-long night; some say the earth

Was feverous and did shake."

Then afterwards Rosse, addressing the old man, says-

"Ah! good father,

Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,

Threaten his bloody stage; by the clock 'tis day,

And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.

Is it night's predominance or the day's shame

That darkness does the face of earth entomb

When living light should kiss it?"

Further on we are told-

"A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and
killed.

And Dunran's horses (a thing most strange and certain),

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race.

Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make

War with mankind."

Shakespeare is fond of introducing this mysterious sympathy of nature with human actions, and evidently believed that such occurrences as he mentions, as well as such natural commotions as thunder, lightning, and earthquake, which so often and so strangely precede momentous or ominous occurrences, precede them by virtue of some mysterious sym-

pathy some electric link of union, terrible calamity, nature manifests Lightst to its a west for a consistenpotential activities which as fates. a consecutive a turnsfer storing and that every to be to happy destroy temporal bases by the beauty of the same of fine weather sympathers in a world laws it a top of it its domestic at too activ Reservation is with wear in them forward percent as as it has ment and its of and one which stoking ways. Took a town istation. It is sold to it when the nutrate ate Lady date they was held by ther analyticas father in low. an new congression to be on wheel at the inspect of weather, the chair had because of the value, beginner were net table 16 het beth, and the reserval betoerents, then, on Luming at the Tower, a tremendous ped suck tre-We exist as the figure heaven about were angry at the project morphism. We all know a starmed for befoll hersoft or a new father the law seem after. On the collebration in any contribution New Constitution orange the French Revious, in which to k place in the Changes is Mars in the presence of half a unifice of people, when a love a storal smoothing upon whom that was left of French problem I to wood opins, that is, the Great glory was there, the clear his broke. It is Classe, the supernatural. We forth lace than der, according and a second control lives and ask why we rain, oil the ractory groups were differentially such a thing, how we compensations is a specify shelter; we clied to reads first conception to for the contract in was the former at substitution in promont, and we not of our society as the common vertices of society depth to the first and somes with high tree months. Leading the Leading instruction desired some that the entire first of the leading that a common way tout some at the interpretability powerful the some pair of the which pleans which is the first power of the weight of the weight of the weight of the first power of the first power of the weight of the first power of the weight of t Was created in the atems of the fact thin the thin the thin white

with provides according from its ther mysterious sympathy, and utters her warming cry. There is, after admorfiliaz so very uniteasonable in such an no c. Name has niways been street on the fact. Order came out et and a the waters separated themserves to a toronivariety the firmament, statement at a mobilishers at I istate, etailized the whole invegetation appeared with an for expliciant leasage of the auto ingvan Floras the sometic sold of a in his majesty, the be dit far home was complete, and to how he the veryof creation, for who man, was made, and to whom are was provided subjection uptear time a the same. Is it, then, miles have to suppose that nature should be strangely against a when he for who in ratificatives toffers on the bronk of description to The natural is bounded by the supermatural as by un dinospiere, an our researcres into the closes of thousa terminate tivie. We set out up a an investi-23° m., step by step we as end from maker wise to make cause, until of a state of an elements, where we

The next step in the tragedy reveals to us another phase in the philosophy of crime, and Shakespeare knew the human heart too well to omit it. The king removed by murder, Macheth had accomplished his purpose and was crowned; but the position was not simply to be gained but fortified, which could be done only by the commission of new crimes.

The witches who had predicted so favourably to Macbeth of his becoming king, had also told Banquo that his children should wear the crown. Macbeth, confirmed in his belief of their predictions by the fulfilment of his own fate, remembers this with anxiety, and believes the more firmly that Banquo will supplant him, since their prognostications have hitherto been so strangely and so strictly verified. From regarding him as the attached friend, he now begins to look upon him and his son, Fleance, as his most deadly enemies, and soon resolves upon their destruction. But notice-he requires no spurring on now; the trembling, consciencestricken, vacillating Macbeth, who needed to be goaded on in his first crime by the taunts and entreaties of his ambitious partner, is changed, and appears now as the intrepid determined murderer. So far from requiring her assistance to encourage him, he does not even consult her on this new plot; nay more, when she ventures to suggest the possibility of its being necessary to get them out of the way, he, who has long ago conceived of the crime, resolved on its perpetration, and even arranged terms with the hired murderers to waylay them on their road and assassinate them, endeavours to conceal it from his wife, and, strange to say, counsels her to use the very same dissimulation which she had counselled him when about to receive Duncan as a guest. Compare the passages. Duncan is about to come to Machetle's castle; Lady Macbeth has resolved on his murder, and thus addresses her husband :-

'. . . . To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your

Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,

But be the serpent under it."

That murder perpetrated, Macheth,

no longer shudders at the thought of shedding it, but outstripping his partner in villainy, has already resolved on a double murder; and now when Banquo and his son are coming, just as Duncan did, as guests to his table, he gives his guilty wife, in unwavering accents, the same counsel he had received from her with so much doubt and trepidation.

Alluding to the approaching festival, she bids her husband be jovial.

He replies: -

. . . . And so, I pray, be you.

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
Present him eminence both with eye
and tongue.

Unsafe the while, that we Must lave our honour in these flattering streams,

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are."

Further, no sooner has he accomplished the murder of Banquo, his son, Fleance, having fortunately escaped, than hearing that Macduf had fled to England to seek assistance, he immediately resolves not on adopting measures to repel invasion, but on the cruel purposcless, vindictive slaughter of Macduf's wife and children. This time he does not even mention the fact to his wife, but acts promptly on the instigations of his own cruel desires. To use his own words—

". . . . From this moment,

The very firstlings of my heart shall be The firstlings of my hand. And even now

To crown my thoughts with acts be it thought done.

The castle of Macduff I will surprise; Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

That trace his line. No boasting like a fool,

This deed I'll do before this purpose

The man's whole nature is changed; from being a loyal brave soldier he becomes a guilty plotting criminal, changed as only crime can change a man, which leads us on to notice more fully that second peculiar phase in the philosophy of guilt, to which allusion has been made. We see in the case of Macbeth, in the terrible pangs of conscience which he suffered

. . .

. .

visible hand of an avenging Providence, and with a heart oppressed by a despairing presentiment of evil, resolves on meeting his fate.

" Arm, arm, and out! If this which he avouches does appear, There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here. I gin to be aweary of the sun, And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.

Ring the alarum bell. Blow wind! come

wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back."

The tidings of the messenger prove Young Siward advances with Macduff and Malcolm at the head of an army; they challenge the castle which soon falls into their hands, and Macbeth, after slaying Siward, is met by Macduff who engages him in that well-known combat, and, after a fierce struggle, plunging his sword into the side of his enemy, avenges at one stroke the murder of Duncan, the assassination of Banquo, the cruel massacre of his own wife and children—the tragedy is ended. Scotland is rid of a tyrant, justice has asserted her rights, Malcolm receives his crown, and the curtain falls upon the avenger, the avenged, and the victim.

In conclusion, this glorious drama should be read not only as an intellectual treat, with a critic's eye and a scholar's pencil, but as a great moral lesson, with an endeavour to eliminate from its poetic embellishments and dramatic contingencies, the fundamental truth which it contains. The want of Macbeth and, in fact, the general want of humanity is, power to resist evil. Our way through life lies through an enemy's country—we

are beset with dangers on all sides, now in the shape of bands of strong armed men, who press sorely upon us when weak and weary, and now in the form of fair sirens who allure us with their seductive invitations to the very brink of destruction; at every moment and in every quarter there is evil to be watched for, boldly met, and bravely resisted. Not only is this a necessary, but a wise arrangement. The sceptic looks upon the world as an anomalous admixture of good and evil, continually warring against each other, and the whole presided over by a Providence whose only wisdom seems to be to continually strive to harmonize this eternal discord by visiting the evil with punishment, the good with reward, and having quelled the disturbance in one quarter to turn again to some new outbreak; but the existence of evil in a moral constitution may not only be consistent with the revealed character of the Deity, but admitting the truth of a future state, it becomes absolutely necessary to the fitting of beings morally imperfect for a state of perfection, that both good and evil should surround them and form the elements of their discipline, the one attracting by the present and future happiness it confers, the other increasing their vigilance by augmenting their danger. Then, instead of being an anomaly it is a wise arrangement and a symmetrical balance, that in this world there should not be so much good as to make us negligent about striving against evil, nor so much evil as to cause us to despair of possessing the good.

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which a general tradesfaring flot the period of Llyward. Here and Area in had suffered but after the retrieval atoms to ranges. Of Tales to remain the greater parton we actualized to have been returned and actual before the twenth contox. With regard to Merlin, or Myrdien, the archicologists could not point out a single stanza on which shounce appointed as having escaped all alteration. A sufficient temptation was at work to induce the adulteration of these portions of Taliesin's, and all of Myrdhin's poems: they were occu-

pied with prophecy.

Count de la Villemarqué, in preparing his "Bardes Bretonnes du Sixième Siècle," made use of the Myvyrian collection; but as it was intentionally printed without corretion of errors however manifest, he compared the text with several MSS. to which he readily found access in his visits to England and Wales. We may dwell on some future occasion at greater length on these scattered treasures. Here we shall only mention their names, and the localities where they are religiously preserved.

The principal collections are those of Castle Hengurt, belonging to the Vaughan family, and at present preserved at Rug, Merionethshire; that of the College of Jesus, at Oxford; that of the Count of Macelesfield, formerly belonging to Sir William Jones's father; that of the Mostyns of Gloddaith; that of the Pantons of Gloddaith; that of the Pantons of Watkins William Wynne; and, finally, that of the British Museum.

Of these we shall mention a few of the more important manuscripts, beginning with the "Black-book of Kerverzin or Caermarthen." It originally belonged to the Church of St. David, and is now in the Castle Hengurt collection. It contains many of Liywarch Hen's genuine poems, and several of the apocryphal ones of Taliesin and Merlin. No part of it is more modern than the twelfth century. There is also in the Hengurt collection, a book of the time of Charles II., copied from older MSS. by the learned Robert Vaughan. It contains the poems of the celebrated triad of the sixth century.

The fine Llyfr Coch (Red Book) of Herghest, a MS. of the fourteenth century, made from other more ancient ones, is preserved in Jesus' College, Oxford. It contains, along with several pieces in prose and verse, all the poems of Llywarch Hen and some of Taliesin's. From it, Lady Guest selected and translated the tales which she published under the title of the "Mabinogion" (Children's Stories), about a quarter of a century since.

This introduction cannot be more appropriately closed than by quoting a few lines from Count de la Villemarqué, on the subject of the unselfish and patriotic Cambrian, Owen Jones:—

" In a cemetery by the Thanies, may be seen a stone blackened by time, the wind, and the fog, standing up against the wall. There is nothing remarkable about it, while around, on every side, many a costly monument seems endeavouring, as Bossuet has admirably expressed it, 'to raise to the heavens the magnificent testimony of our no-thingness. It alone stands upright, and looks towards the east. The attitude of his granite head-stone in the church-yard of All Hallows, was his own during his life. Inflexible in purpose even when he was poor, and most violently assailed by the wind of adversity, he ever kept his eyes turned towards the beacon of light and of progress, which the sacred love of country enkindled for him at the horizon."

Having introduced the authorities to which there will be occasion to refer, we proceed to the subject matters of this paper.

TECTON LEGENDS NEGLECTED BY THE TROUVERES.

The emigration from Britain to Armorica, first in time, occurred about the year 383, during the reign of Maximus. Several bodies of their countrymen followed these first adventurers, under pressure from the Saxon intruders, till at last the Saxon monarch Ina considering the scarcity of people under his sway, sent, as it is said, deputies to these Armorican Celts urging them to return, and making them liberal promises. We find no mention made of the return of any considerable body, but it is certain that a feeling of intense bitterness prevailed amongst them against the West-German possessors of their parent country.

At the period of the Norman invasion by William, there were among his forces a large number of Breton auxiliaries, urged by hatred of the Saxons as much as the desire of acquiring glory and possession of fer-

tile lands.

After the Normans had firmly established themselves in England, it might be expected that their poets would treat Teutonic subjects in their lays, as it was little more than a century since their great chief, Rollo the Ganger, had got footing in Northern

which the test of $\{y_i,y_j\}_{i=1}^n$ is an actual test of y_i and y_j and the second section of y_j . We see that the second section of the second section of $\{y_i,y_j\}_{j=1}^n$ and the second section of $\{y_i,y_j\}_{j=1}^n$

of fancy, would be sure to delight the most fastidious assembly that could be collected in court or castle.

It will not be amiss to furnish a few glimpses of the subject-matter of the old Breton romance, with which some liberties were taken by the Welsh translator, by Geoffry, by Wace, and, subsequently, by Layamon, a Worcester priest, as it passed successively into the Welsh, the Latin, the French of the period, and the later Anglo-Saxon.

THE BRITISH HISTORY OF GEOFFRY OF MONMOUTH.

Brutus, great-grandson of Eneas, unwittingly killed his father and mother, was banished to Greece, and there performed deeds worthy of his future fame. He afterwards moved westward, gained victories in France and Britain, and divided the island between himself and Corineus, built Trinobantum, New Troy, whose name was afterwards changed successively to Caër Lud, Lud-ton, London.

Brutus was ably seconded by Corineus, who gave his name to Cornwall. A conquered giant, Goëmagot, being set to wrestle with him, broke two ribs on his right side and one on his left. Corineus, somewhat enraged at this injury, tossed the giant on his shoulder, ran with his burden to the top of a rock and launched him into the foam. The place was anciently called Leim-Goëmagot (G.'s Leap). It is now known as Haw (near Plymouth).

From the three sons of Brutus, Locrin, Albanacht, and Kamber, Britain proper (Locgria), Scotland (Albania), and Wales (Cambria), received their names. The good historian, after relating how the Severn acquired its name from a virgin named Sabré who was drowned therein, mentions the building of Shaftesbury, and how he would have reported what an eagle standing on its wall, once said, but for his doubts respecting the veracity of the report. Hudibras,

father of the renowned King Bladud, was the architect, and his son exceeded him in skill and deeds of fame. He it was that established Caërbadus (Bath), and regulated its hot-baths, and, like St. Bridget in Kildare, kept up a perpetual fire. Our common proverb—"Pride goes before a fall" Our common -was probably not current in King Bladud's youth, or he might not have perished by a too rapid descent in one of his aerial voyages. A lofty tumble on the towers of Trinobantum ended his career and introduced his illstarred son, Lear, to the cares of a crown, and his other well-known troubles.*

In course of time the "Ferrex and Porrex" of the old dramatist ruled Britain, the conscientious historian being careful at intervals to mention what judge or king governed in the Holy Land at the same time with one or other of the British potentates. After the death of Morvidus, a man of most unedifying life, and justly put to death by a monster which swam over for the purpose from the coast of Wicklow, came a few kings, and then thirty-three others, of whose actions there is no record. One of the sovereigns rejoicing in the rugged name of Gurgiunt Brabtruc, returning from an expedition to the Orkney Islands, met with our own misty hero, Partholoim (Partholan), with thirty ships full of men and women, seeking for a settlement, Gurgiunt not desiring closer acquaintance with these rovers, directed them to Erinn. Geoffry places this event in the time of Brennus the Gaul; the Irish bards, three hundred years after the deluge.

At the period of the invasion by Julius Cæsar, Cassibellanus, brother to Lud and Nennius, ruled the kingdom. Cæsar knowing the relationship of the Romans and Britons through their common ancestor Brutus, would not rashly shed the blood of the poorest islander till all his persuasions to submission proved useless. In the first battle Julius and Nen-

Colley Cibber is blamed (perhaps justly) for altering the catastrophe in the tragedy of "King Lear." His arrangement, however, corresponds better with the original narrative. Lear ruled three years after recovering his kingdom, and was then buried by his loving daughter in a vault under the river Sore in Leicestershire. Cordelia (Cordeilla in the original) held rule for five years after his death, but was finally deposed and imprisoned by the sons of Gonorilla and Regau (sic). Practising a pagan virtue, she put an end to her life in prison.

nius achieved a terrific combat. Caesar's venomous sword Crocca Mors (Yellow Death; glancing from his foeman's helmet, cut so deep into his buckler that he could not withdraw it. The champions being separated, Nennius drew out the poisoned blade, and did powerful execution with it on the Romans. He died of a gash received by it, and was buried at the north gate of Trinobantum with Crocca Mors by his side.

Cymbeline, grandson of Lud, and great nephew of Cassibellanus and the valiant Nennius, ruled the isle in his turn, and the sceptre was afterwards held by Shakespeare's Guiderius and Arviragus; but of the gentie Imogen and the brave Posthumus we find no mention in the grave chronicle. About this time Roderic, King of the Picts, landed on the northern coasts, and ravaged the country; but Marius, the Briton not the Roman of that name, defeated and killed him. He gave the conquered people leave to settle in the wild and barren Caithness; but as he would not allow them wives from among the British young women, they rejected his offer, and sailed to Ireland. There they succeeded; but Geoffry cuts the account short, observing that he did not propose to himself to write their history nor that of the Scots of

Ireland. We must pass over many facts in the history, our concern being only with its fictional side, and come direct to Vortigern, who after forming an alliance with the foreigners, was deprived of his territories, and obliged to fly to Wales. There, endeavouring to raise a strong castle for his defence, he to not that the walls continued to suck into the ground so soon as they were tared to some small height. H - wise men intermed him that the only resle of societing the work was to mimolate on the founda-

tion a youth who could boast of no earthly father. Trusty messengers sent in quest of this very rare article, returned with it in the person of a youth named Merlin or Ambrose, whose mother declared him to be the son of a spirit of the air-one of the class of the Incubi. Merlin acquainted the king with the real cause of the failure, and set men to work, who clearing away the earth found a pool underneath. The pool being removed. a white dragon and a red one were found, each lying in a hollow stone. The outer air being introduced they shook off their lethargy, and both flying up they mutually engaged in mortal combat, the red monster identifying his cause with that of the natives, the white combating for the Saxons.

While Vortigern looked on in amaze Merlin burst forth into a prophecy in which wise men discover the future fortunes of the island. If any reader slow of belief, should fail to see the applicability of the portions quoted below, his case is not encouraging.

"Woe to the red dragon, for his lurking holes shall be seized by the white one, and the rivers of the valley shall run with blood. But the oppressed shall at last prevail, for a Boar of Cornwall shall trample the foreign necks under his feet. Six of his puster ty shall sway the so ptre, but after them shall are a German worm. He shall be advanced by a she wolf whom the woods of Africa shall accompany. A preacher of Ireland shall be dumb on account of an infant growing in the womb. The restorer of the natives shall put on the brazen man, and upon a brizen horse shall a long time guard the gates of London. . . After that shall the torman worm be crowned, and the brazen prince buried. But a posple in wood and in fron coats shall come and revenge upon him his wickedness. In those days sold shall be squeezed from the life and the nettle, and silver shall flow from the hoofs of bellowing cattle.

a of the long friendship and alliance !

'a from Cathluan. Picta

If your hards are all the is the a court. Cathluan, leader of the Pots, first from tigress are titled from Posters, lands ton the Slaney bank when the chief of the place was defending his first against the wis imen a Tuotha Findpha a from Cambria. These last used powered arr we, and the Lemeter men were perishing fast, when a Druid among the Pets prepare I a lath of the milk of therty white cowa, and every man when wounded, ran to it and was ristardly our of Reinforced by the new-concers, and should tog the & the cover med farts on the Welsh, they defeated and slew the whole tribe of the invaders. Cath, can and his Picts easily obtained wives among the grateful longemans, but were obliged against imigrate by King Heremon. Sailing northwards, they made a settlement in Allia which afterwards took the name

So far we were nearly on the point of seizing the allusions, but difficulties began to gather, which we saw from the first to be insurmountable. These consisted of "lions' whelps being converted to sea-fishes; an eagle gilding a bridle; a goat of the castle of Venus invested with golden horns and a silver beard, breathing out a cloud of such dimensions as to cover the whole island; two kings fighting a duel at Stafford for a lioness; the river Usk burning seven months, and serpents issuing from the remains

of the murdered fishes."

Vortigern finding the youth's gifts in prophecy to be so respectable, asked to know his own future fortunes. He had not reason to expect anything good, for he had contrived the murder of Constans the royal monk, son of Constantine the Great, and would have done the same for Aurelius Ambrosius and Uther Pendragon (Dragon's Head) his brothers, had they not made their escape in good time. So Merlin being a reasonably honest man as well as a prophet, informed him that the surviving brothers who had taken refuge in Little Britain (Armorica) were on the seas at that moment, and advised him not to give himself any trouble as they would certainly burn him up in his own tower soon after their landing.

All this occurred as forctold. Vortigern was burned, and Hengist and his Saxons all killed or driven from the country (other historians notwithstanding), and the Christian faith restored, and magnificent churches built by the pious and valiant brothers. While Hengist bore sway, he had treacherously murdered many Briton nobles enticed to a great feast given by him, a few only escaping. One of these the brave Eldol, consul (Count) of Gloucester, catching up a stake, put seventy of the treacherous

Saxons to death, and then effected his escape. It was to raise a fitting monument to these too-trusting Britons that a descent was made on Ireland, and the huge "giant's dance" carried away by Merlin's contrivance from the mountain Killaraus (site not ascertained), and pitched on Salisbury plain (see a former article for details of this nefarious exploit).

After performing many worthy deeds, Aurelius was poisoned at Winchester by an agent of the wicked Pascentius, son of the still more wicked Vortigern; and as his brother Uther was proceeding to fight this Pascentius and the young Gillomanius of Ireland, justly enraged at the robbery of the mighty stones, he saw a wonderful meteor in the air, the chief figure in it representing a golden dragon. Merlin who was in the train, immediately on beholding the phenomenon, cried aloud, "Alas! the star of Britain, Aurelius, is dead. And thou, O Uther, henceforth to be called Pendragon, art summoned to continue his noble work. But before you celebrate the noble Aurelius's obsequies, proceed to crush those Angles and Gaels." The advice was taken, and of course the Germans and Irish were defeated and their kings slain.+

Next we find Uther Pendragon holding high festival at Alcluyd, and falling irrecoverably in love with Igerna, wife of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall. This ill-fated husband and chief did the best thing under the circumstances. He withdrew from court, and finding Dragon Head bent on enacting Tarquin the younger, placed his wife in the isolated Castle of Tintagel, and shut himself up in Dimilioc. This last-named fortress Uther thoroughly invested, and called Merlin to counsel in forwarding his villanous views. This sage, who is henceforward to be looked on as own

^{*} The good Geoffry as well as the good Homer sometimes nodded. After introducing the two exiled princes as the brothers of Constans, he mentions them here as his sons. Even his learned editor, Dr. Giles, indulges in an occasional mistake. He confounds the Walter Calenius who secured the "Brut y Brenhined" with the wise and witty Walter Mapes, and having made Robert of Gloucester the natural son of Henry Beauclerc, he makes him afterwards half-brother of King John.

[†] Students of Welsh and Irish archæology are aware of the unfriendly feeling of the writers of both divisions of the same race to each other from the earliest times. The early and long continued ill-will probably arose from the Cymry dislodging the Gaels from different parts of Britain, and gradually urging them westward till they forced them across the Irish sea.

brother to "Sir Pandarus of Troy." by charms and moder-ments, converted Jan. into a perfect double ganger of pear Goldes, and of conse the day well mir ded wite entertained to misgages when he missed over to the sea beaten't these of Tantagel. While tarrying there, intended a reached Treme that Dismage was most to it, and there for band, slain, Ste angle hard the message, as may be empressed, know a stance to think, which the face Garage artered the had the moment after distamous vas Utbert, of be have 4 through out the whole transaction, his conschen e zave han some trou de dit re wards, and he made the wid wid Learner 13% refer stream his power, by mounty of a sometical being at Very confine Cormus poisoned the spring that on west tree easts, and the Kernanda randred and prival hiscory to respect social. He was ball of heads his blother Aurelius, with n the Gotts Date, or Arthur less son bereite. Kieg of Bestam, when may have a very left age.

Only one to be King's death, the Gorald's retrained by great remalets, by Kerthall With the Arms Karatterns E. Editors I from a T Ranks Change to correct and tow they are a second for the and the wather you give so which you have second for the property of them, we not them, there are second your rest to make the second your second to have a to be second to be the father of the convey open so you State of the was A true week. well used the appearance to tash and other field.

• Contract of

with his lance named Ron ! which was hard, broad, and fit for sloughter.

The Saxons, concluding from their late treachery that they should receive no quarter, fought like fields. But the lintons at last gaming the enamence, cut them down, Caliburn schding four laundred and seventy to Hades as its own contingent.

Prace being estadished in the south, Artistr proceeded against the Piets and Scots, who were powerful on the banks of Loch Lumond so . At the time of the composition of thes history, sixty rivers if wed into Iso h Lum and, and sixty islands rose from its surface. "There is also an equal number of rocks in these islands, as also of eagles' mests in these rocks, which flocked together there every Vent. 3

These curious properties of the lake being told to Arthur by his nephaw Heel, whose residence was at Air myd, he expressed no surplise, but mention of aquadras, but a poul discovered by lansed, in the four corners of with fixed to a different kinds of there so. There was also, to his knowodge, a post near the bank of the Severa, note which, when the tide il was the level of the pend is never tased an mich, but the mement it with draws, the received flood is fluig at of the perd with great violence. More very if a person stands with his then to the ponda during the crupton, was too he may be reached by the spray, reas manediately drawn into at, as a or wood. There is not tresolutest our ter of him, however, and the same of the even were he standing much closer, if to respect to a kit safe.

The host set our Arthur invaded recannot reduced King Combanda (1975) and the second of the following the second of the first term of I Ireland, and studed King Garlians

^{*} Programme of the special beauty.

* Programme of the special beauty must endead up to ascretain for howelf the special beauty made to be a s

toolla De. General General at least on the Christia Gilchrist, Christ's servant of the "dmere Mary with a con-

Gothland, and Gunfasius, King of the Orkneys, that they could not muster courage to strike a blow.

Returning to Britain, and ruling his kingdoms for twelve years in peace, he began to entertain the design of conquering all Europe, inviting in the interim the youth of Christendom to his court, and impressing on them that if they did not imitate the fashion of the arms and the other usages of Caerleon, the world would look on them as nobodies. He then set forth on his conquests, beginning with Norway and the neighbouring country, Dacia. Establishing his brother-inlaw, Lot, on the Norse throne, he invaded Gaul, then governed by Flollo for the Emperor Leo. This prefect being blockaded in Paris, and nearly described by all his forces, challenged Arthur to a single combat. The challenge was accepted, and a tough fight ensued, ending as usual. Gaul being overrun, he held high festival in Paris, bestowed Neustria (Normandy) on Bedver his butler, and Audigavia, wherever that may be, on

Caius (Kay) his sewer. But he was nowhere so much at home as in the City of the Legions --

Caerleon on the Usk. There on high festival days would assemble four tributary kings and their queens, and nobles innumerable. After the grand musical Mass, the king dined in one palace with his knights, the queen in another with her ladies. "For the Britons still observed the ancient custom of Troy, by which the men and women used to celebrate their festivals apart." Kay, assisted by a thousand young noblemen dressed in ermine, served up the meats; Bedver, similarly attired and attended, looked after the drinks. The queens in their halls were not neglected. People of later times can scarcely realize to themselves the style and magnificence of the court of Arthur, whom they regard as a petty King of South Wales in the sixth century, hard put-to to defend his few hundred acres of moss. mountain, and valley, against the Saxons. Hear Geoffry, who lived only six hundred years (a mere trifle),

later :-

"At that time Britain had arrived at such a pitch of grandeur, that in al undance of riches, luxury of ornaments, and politeness of inhabitants, it far surpassed all other kingdoms. The knights, famous for feats of chivalry, were their clothes and arms all of the same colour and fashion. The women, also, no less celebrated for their wit, wore all the same kind of apparel, and esteemed none worthy of their love but such as had given proofs of their valour in three several battles. Thus was the valour of the men an encourager of the women's chastity, and the love of the women a spur to the soldiers' bravery."

Lucius Tiberius, Roman consul (what has become of the Emperor Leo () not relishing the encroachments made on the Holy Roman empire, summoned Arthur to yield allegiance to the Senate and the Roman people, or meet him in conflict; and, on the refusal of our British king, sent for help to several tributary kings in the east and south, whose names will scarcely be found in Gibbon or Merivale. A few are given for the sake of the curious Epistrophius, king of the Grecians; Mustensar, king of the Africans: Alitantinam, king of Spain; Polytetes, Duke of Bithynia, &c.

Arthur proceeding to meet the mighty forces coming against him, delayed a little to punish a villanous Spanish giant, who had forcibly carried away the Lady Helena, niece of Duke Hoel of Brittany, and taken refuge on the top of St. Michael's Mount. Having scaled the steep, he slaughtered the monster, and was soon facing the multitudinous Roman legions and their auxiliaries, on a wide plain in Gaul. Of all his contests, the ensuing one was the most severe, but his arms were in the end triumphant. Conquering the Allobroges to keep his hand in practice, while meditating a descent on Italy, he heard of the disloyalty of his nephew, Modred, and the falsehood of his queen, here called Guanhumara. Returning with only a moderate force, he had to oppose a body of so,ood warriors—Germans, Picts, and Gaels. At the fatal fight of Camlan, the perfidious Modred met his well-deserved fate; but the noble Arthur being

^{*} The ballad of the "Ill-Cut-Mantle" gives a different aspect to the moral picture of the court. The virtuous mantle would not fit a lady at any time disloval to her lord. The only lady that found herself properly draped was the wife of C

by they were hely are add Considered him, and that he fought with stantile, which there is set to taking all over it assessments against the in-Last, seen and the record of the traders Avaloute even last responding His natural constraint and the Land Magazina was was to peak an that show and us from this point to seems at Villes to be traces, the affile. to the detailed has set to to be we take base of managements that, except Kay and Beaver, to mentalis by has a more of the list and so fatoritis in the Arthurran cy or of two s."

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father: he is the chief of battles and the honour of Cornwall. The bardic synod chants in his praise-"Be Arthur blessed according to the rites of the assembled bards! Glory to the countenance which flashes in the fight when all around is strife!" He receives from his father the "Glaive of the Mighty Enchanter." He undertakes great expeditions, captures cities innumerable, and subdues tracts of country unknown to modern geographers.

In the bardic poems he is attended by his steward, Kai the Tall, Beduyr his butler, and Gwalchmai (Sir Gavain), his herald of the golden tongue. His queen, Guenivar, is called Gwenhwyvar, and the treacherous Modred, Mcdrod. Taliesin, or the poet personating him, gives the same character of the queen as the French romancers. "She was," he says, "of a haughty disposition in her youth, and still more haughty in her womanhood." A bard of the tenth century has left to posterity a dialogue, in which she rails at her future husband, and contradicts him at every turn. A fragment follows.

"Arthur.- 'My steed is black; he bears me nobly; he takes the water, and starts at nothing.'

" Gwenivar .- 'My steed is dapple-gray. Let the boaster be despised! His words please none but himself. Who caracoles when it is his pleasure, and marches first to battle? A warrior, whom none will vanquish—Kai the Tall, son of Seuni.

"Arthur .- 'I ride when I please. I spur my steed along the sea margin when the tide is rising. I should have small trouble to conquer Kai.

" Gwenivar .- ' Hold, young man! It is strange to hear you talk in this guise. Unless you are better than you seem, you could not vanquish Kai, even helped by a hundred such as yourself.'

" Arthur .- ' Gwenivar of the handsome face, gibe me not. Though low of stature. I would, single-handed, conquer a hundred warriors.

" Grenicar .- 'Young man, in examining your features I think I have seen you elsewhere.'

"Arthur .- 'Gwenivar, of the beauteous

eyes, tell me where you have seen me.'
"Guenivar —' I have seen, at Kelliwig, in Dyfnaint (Devonshire), a man of middle size, sitting at table, and distributing wine to his companions.'

"Arthur .- Gwenivar, of the charming speech, the woman's lips have let the truth shine through the raillery. There you first

saw me." - " Myryrian Archaiology," vol. i., page 175.

This discourse must have taken place before Arthur had the courage to make her his queen. It would be an interesting subject for one of our debating societies :- "Did Robert Wace act judiciously in bringing before the evil-disposed wife of Henry II., the example of wicked Queen Gwenivar 1" She is certainly severely chastised, and dies penitent; but has the reading of the sad catastrophe of the career of Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin ever prevented an undeveloped house-breaker or highway robber from imitating their example, and gracing the gallows ?

In the lays of the bards, as well as in the French poems, Gwenivar proves faithless, and elopes with Modred; but, as Merlin said-"She was punished; she languished in a cloister, and was subjected to ecclesiastical authority." (Myvyr. vol. i., page 153.) The same prophet-bard, or one of his interpolators, mentions the punishment of Modred, at the fight of Camlan. Taliesin said that Arthur disappeared in the throng of the melee; and another, that he was translated to the skies, and became the constellation, called in Welsh "Arthur's Chariot" (Ursa Major.) At the fated time he will revisit the earth, and restore the Cambrian empire, and the pleasant old institutions of cattle-raids, farmstead burnings, clan-battles, and slave-huntings.

The historic Arthur has been already quoted in the " Death of Ghe-In the Triads of Caradoc, the rent." learned monk of Llanearvan, who died in the year 1150, Arthur again appears as a chief of the ordinary type; and Gwenivar, Beduyr, Kai, and Gwalchmai, are invested with the same characters which they afterwards exhibited in the French

romances.

Thus we find among the purely Welsh legends of the king, a mythologic and a quasi-historic phase. In one, a stag, a blackbird, an owl, and an eagle, which picks at the stars, which has seen all, and knows all are his companions, and reveal all mysteries to his friends when sent to consult them. A salmon carries Kai and Beduyr across the seas. These heroes know the language of animals.

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"His helds like Coast at Coast-Look, in Walks. Sir is represent alting to the mates of the half of space on a week of green women larget, with a larget police. supel maler life feet, and a self-railine poler life allow). Things take their exerciwith very finds ellepenter-I might sep, in very brougeste fastissis. The processorier days not the distinct, we his errors in the shouth. He sally drawn is against the wild heade of the funds, which he had to comproy with He knights. He existing he age of paligious ballet; and were it and that the Now is remediate additional linhas him, our would repose him anything had a ellutidate. His countries out stad denic around him, and while away the time in talking stories. The queen employe board in newley in the window years. The door in year spen, and the porter in feequently about or mark of hespitality among the Cubic tellan."—"Les Ressurs de la Tuble Itaalis," pur le Faculte Th. Harmeri da la Tillamorgal.

Our heroic king was not only made a mythologis hero-a second Fion ManCuit-by the sider Celtic burds, n more patriot chief by Llywarshi Hon and Caracter, a hospitable householder as in the story quoted, but the serious minded composers of Latin poems and byons, from the ainth to the twelfth century, bestowed the character of a pious crumder on him. "Presures of Godfrey of Bouillon, he visited the Past, he finted, watched, and prayed three days at Haly Bepulshen. He brought

borned. But any previous season are the paper. programming and first to make a sell y metic. To less of its long to long to lender to the Break traction printing with roll and Torough Streeting Clary may a way and in the labeling of other. At his steel, as in from these bars, fasts, extents, your loop is to Fox IS, not led you ignorable will be define this emphasis here if way and as all section, will be we had, done of the builty section was seen as the loss less. Discould, surposed that he had the letteding largest covers person critical mess, and time even the a log from the tolt of a mil- desirent in the last of relative ther or mich also me formed. In both, paler for stade of figure

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> The ideas of the Armorican Brothess on the subject of Arthur depotemently. coincide with any of those hithertopresented. As exiles, they tenderly cherished the old legrads of their pative Britain and its mythic hornes. They entertained for Arthur in particular that enthusiastic love and reverence, which in a higher degree still they experienced for St. Kadoo or St. Herve. He was the warlike genius of their native country, who defended his people while alive, and whose influence was still great in a spiritual and poetic sense.

In a firmer article was given a literal translation of a war ode in honour of Arthur, simg by the royalist Bretons when marching against the Bless of 1703. To the Armori-cans contending with the kings of France of old days, or the blood-by Panton and Robespierre, he was not the chivalrous king of the middle ages, nor the all-accomplished knight, nor the seeker of adventures. He was simply the patriotic and revengeful chief leading his faithful people to take dire vengeance on their foes. At times he protected his land (Brittany)* from the ravages of wild beasts and sea monsters - resembling in this the rude heroes of the Greeks, Hercules and Theseus. He is found doing duty in this fashion in the legend of St. Efflamm. This holy man, quitting his Irish home and his Irish bride, Enora, on the very night of their nuptials, sets out to dedicate his whole life to solitude and penance. Coming to the sea-shore, he cannot espy boat or ship, nothing but a chest pierced with many holes. Stepping fearlessly into this barge, he is wafted to the coast of Lannion, in Brittany.

- "Then was Brittany desolated By wild animals and dragons fierce; But no portion was in such ill plight As the coast of Lannion.
- "But many of them were already slain By the chief of Breton warriors, Arthur,— Arthur, whose equal has not been found Since his first appearance on earth.
- "When Saint Efflamm touched the strand, He saw the king in dire struggle; His choked steed lying on his back, Pouring the blood through his nostrils.
- "Before him raged a fierce monster; In the centre of his front a large red eye; Green flinty scales round his shoulders, His size that of a full-grown bull.
- "His tail twisted as a strong iron screw, His horrible mouth stretched from ear to
- And filled with fangs, white and sharp As the tusks of a tierce boar.
- "Three long days they had struggled, Neither with power to crush his foe, But when the saint stepped on land, The king was sinking to his knee.
- "But when he caught sight of Efflamm, Faintly he cried—'Sir pilgrim, Bring me water, or I perish!'

- "Said Efflamm—' With the aid of God, The Lord blessed for evermore, I will find for thee water.'
- "And with his strong staff
 Thrice he smote the rock,
 The mossy rock on its summit;
- "And from that summit rushed a spring Of pure water, to refresh the hero, And restore his strength and health.
- "Refreshed he then rushed on the beast, And deep in his throat he buried his keen glaive.
 - A loud cry uttered the monster, And plunged deep into the sea waves."†

The grateful hero invited the saint to come with him to Court, but the holy man knew better. He made a hermitage for himself near the spot, and there lived. At the conclusion of the legend, when the married saints receive their glorious rewards, the composer makes these remarks:—

"In order that no one may forget these things that have never yet been in any books, they are here put in verse, so that they may be sung in churches."

On the front of the Church of Perros, by Lannion, where the combat was supposed to be fought, is still to be seen a bas-relief representing the rough patriot, crown on head and sword in hand, overcoming the dragon with the saint's aid. Its date is clearly established as the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century.

The "Brut y Brenhined," already spoken of as having been brought from Brittany in 1125, and translated into Welsh by Walter Calenius of Oxford, is not in existence, but Welsh copies are extant.\(\frac{1}{2}\) It has never been cordially cherished by the scholars of the principality, for the original compiler had more at heart the glory of his own country than that of Cambria. He sends Breton heroes to the mother country, to succour her struggling princes on the point of being defeated, and he objects to the Welsh that they lost the early proud name of the race,

^{*} As the Irish colony settled in the sixth century in the West Highlands gave localities in their new country to the Fians of their ancestors, so the Bretons connect some of Arthur's exploits with their own heaths, valleys, and rocks.

^{† &}quot;Barzaz Breiz," par Villemarqué.

[†] One of these has been preserved in the "Myvyrian Archaiology," vol. ii., under the title of Brut Tysilio (the Legend of Sulio). An account of this saint, so devoted to sacred music, may be seen in a former article in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

while those who sought refuge in Armorica bravely and nobly retain it for themselves and their new dwell-

ing place.

It is curious that something analogous happened amongst ourselves. The Scots of our country sent a colony in the sixth century to Alba or Caledonia, and this colony attached the name of their parent country and that of their ancestors to their new resting-place, and there it has become permanent.

No Irishman at this day thinks anything about his island having lost its former name, and he and his countrymen their patronymic; while Highlanders, who have some right to be called Scots, and Lowlanders, who have no right at all, enjoy the full privilege and all the accruing advan-

tages of the title."

In the sketch of the life and exploits of Arthur, taken from the Latin chronicle of Geoffry, and which is substantially the same as the Welsh version of the Breton romance, it will be seen that the characters of Arthur and his Court, are e-sentially different from those that appear in the Welsh triads, and poems, and takes, and from what the French and English poets, later in time, took the hierty to present in a form altered for the worse. Instead of the struggling petty canel of some legends, or the mythological undefined demi god of the others—

" We find Arthur with the particular expression, amount on, and relat which the jogular paintings if Armorica have given him. He retains little of the king of the Welsh stories. He speaks, he talks, he acts as a knightly king. He saters in full panoply into the will of chivalry, the dawn of which them tes his festures. He belongs less to the Cambrians than to all civilized Europe His kit , bits. Kan and Beduar, become French time is of La Manche the other of Arrion. He has the cross engraved in his eword, and on his forehead the eight of the Christian, as a crown. He is voting he is tan is me, he is good. The limit on love and fellow him. the national saints prites thank these him; the Pagan Saxone fear him, and attack him

only by treason. . . . Brave as the Charlemagne of story, he is no less pions than that exterminator of the Saxon."—(Count de la Villemarque.)

In the Breton chronicle he has several of the chivalric attributes. He goes on making conquests, less for power than glory. He holds high state in Paris and other continental cities; but his greatest merit, in the eves of the zealous Count from whom we have quoted, is that, like Dante, he had put himself under the tutelage of the heavenly Patroness of Purity. Thus in the legend of the kings, we find the remark "The ladies were chaste at the court of King Arthur. and through the love the knights cherished for them, they were all variant and virtuous.

This parity of sentiment, investing the Armoriean Arthur, and his court, sadiv deteriorated when the Norman-French poets took the chromeling of the court affairs in hand. Even the Cambrian chiefs and minstrels were not to be compared with their Armorican brethren in what may be considered the finest properties of the chivalric era. Caradoc of Llancarvan. assures us that -" The Prince Rhys Ap Tudor returning in 1077 from a long sojourn in Gaul, brought back with him the habits, the sentiments, and the manners of the court of Arthur, which, having been lost in Cambria, had been religiously preserved among the Dukes of Brittany f

The reader may possibly wender that as yet no mention is made of the Round Table; but, in reality, there is none made of it either in the old Weish pseurs, in the triads, in the Welsh prose tales, or the Armorican manuscript, or its versions. Wase merely says that Arthur had a table mode for his knights, but says not a word about its form. However, the French posts, who took Arthur and his court for their subject, insisted that they had heard of the atticle from the Welsh story tellers.

 Fist Arthur Lyrounde tal le Dont Britone Leut mainte fable.";

[•] In the "Book of Armagh" is an insertion made in the beginning of the eleventh contary by the hard of the secretary of Brian Boromhe. In it that monarch is styled "Emerger of the Scote."

[&]quot;" and Archaelogy," vol. ii., page 521; " lolo Manus ripts. page 391; " ande the Round Table, tons tell many a

Referring to the enduring impression which the old Arthurian legends have left on the public mind, Count Villemarqué gives the following information.

"The entertainments of the court of Arthur, have left in Armorica traces, very humble if you will, but very significant of their strong hold on the traditions of the land. Country children in Brittany knowing neither how to read nor write, and speaking the language of their parents, have often in their plays, revealed to me treasures of the old Celtic poetry. They had, thirty years since, and probably they have still, in some places, a play which they called the play of King Arthur.

"They sought a large isolated stone, and s t on it one of the gravest and steadiest of the troop. They crowned him with leaves, and the rest—boys and girls—taking hands formed a ring round him, singing this

distich :—

'Roue Arzur, me ho salud, Me ho salud, roue a Vrud.'*

"After making three rounds they applied their faces to the earth three times."

Having, as in duty bound, given reasonable attention and space to the king, his knights claim our notice. Alas, if all were without fear, some were not without reproach. It will be more agreeable to writer and reader to get over the disagreeable portion of our task first, and have the satisfaction of ending with the career of the heroes commendable at all points. Our first election then falls on Tristan, with whom is eternally remembered the ill-starred Irish princess, Iseult. They are better known by the names of—

SIR TRISTREM AND THE FAIR ISOUD.

The story of these ill-fated lovers suffers some variation in the hands of the different relaters; but the following facts agreed on, stand out in the various versions.

Tristan received his military education at the court of his uncle Mark (Marc'h, Horse), King of Cornwall. Morhoult, an Irish prince, appearing at the court, demanded tribute; but Tristan engaging him in single com-

bat, slew him. Being wounded by the poisoned weapon of Morhoult in the thigh, he proceeded to Ireland, and was healed by the fair Iseult, or Isoud. † Returning home, he so extolled the beauty and virtues of his fair physician, that his uncle sent him back to bring the charming lady to Cornwall to be his queen. Tristan faithfully performed his duty to a Iscult's mother incertain point. trusted a wonderful love - potion to her favourite maid Brangwen, to be delivered to the Equine King to be swallowed by himself and his bride. A strong mutual love would be the enduring result. Very unfortunately, Tristan was seized with thirst on the voyage, and coming at this liquor, drank some, and persuaded Iscult to finish the rest. They were ignorant of the quality of the beverage till too late, and each found it afterwards impossible to overcome a violent af-fection for the other. Some time after her marriage with King Marc'h (ch guttural), the husband was informed of his wife's infidelity and his nephew's disloyalty. The unfortunate and guilty pair were seized and led to execution, but Tristan escaped, and in a short time effected her deliverance, and both fled to the woods. Marc'h tired of his enforced single life, recalled and pardoned his queen, but ordered Tristan to keep his dis-He, however, assuming the character of a fool, once more became a resident of the Court of Tintagel, and a favourite with his uncle. A new accusation, a new awakening of Marc'h's jealousy, and an appeal on the part of the lady to the protection of King Arthur and his knights. By an ingenious ruse she established her innocence to the full satisfaction of Arthur and everybody, and a grand tournament took place. In it all the knights of the Round Table were forced, by an unknown warrior, to bite the dust, but when the jousting was over he was not to be found. Knight after knight went in pursuit to induce him to return, and receive honours and rewards at the hands of Arthur, but he would not be per-

^{* &}quot;King Arthur, I salute thee, I salute thee, O king of renown."

[†] Local antiquaries assert that this hapless princese has left her name to the village of Chapelizod.

sunded: Le dreaded his uncle's resentment. At this time, owing to the philtre's having lost its power," and to the counsels of a holy hermit, he repaired to the Court of Brittany, and became the husband of the daughter of King Hoel, an Iscuit also. The memory of his former love somewhat troubled his new lite. and he sought in dangerous adventures a distraction for his ennui. Receiving a dangerous wound he despatched a messenger to the Cornish queen, entreating her aid; but his wite having discovered his fermer misdeeds, brilled the messenger to say, on his territor, it that she would not contribute in the slightest degree to his recovery. He died, rather from chagrin at Iscuit's abenation, tian the effect of the wound.

The story of "Tristan and Iscust," was in the repertory of the Northern Trouveres and the Troubadours of Provence, in the early part of the tweltth century. No specim as of the southern lass on the conjecture extant. One of the counts' nections versions known was composed by a certain hard named Berexual on 1160. The next in order of this was versified by Thomas of II: isleting in the wort of English speken at the court of Scotland in the hist hair of the tran-teenth century. Concerning Tremas and his weres and his times, ample information is given in the "Sir Tristrem, "el tole y Sa Waiter South As the Trouveres and been exercising their wits on the snight morely half a century let be the time of The mass. who was begun in 1200, he must have had the Field plots under contribution, or have stored the "Legends of the Cymry of Weltmore and, Camberra d. A. Lister South west of Sociated and Section VERSITY MACAZINET adamics victor The latter said often is the more \mathbf{p}_{i} become

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localities mentioned in the "Mort d'Arthur," belong to the border. Bamborough Castie was the Castle Orgeillous; Berwick, the Joycuse Garde Sir Launcelot's fortress. In the thirteenth century there must still have remained in some force, the British speech and a considerable portion of the old literature; and we find in the romance of Thomas, the localities, and most of the personages, undeniably Celtic. The action passes in Cornwall, Brittany, Wales, and Ireland; and the names Tristan, Morgan, Rus, Urgan Urien, Brangwen, Ganharden, March, and Isoude, or Isoud, have Celtic roots.

Thomas was living after the date 12:4, and the existing MS, copy of his poem is supposed by Sir Walter Soft to have been written about 1330, in the reign of Edward III. It is called the Auchinleck MS., and was presented to the Advocates' Library by Alexander Boswell, of Auchinlook, ford or session, and father of Dr. John only Boswell. There is nothing known of the early history of the precious manuscript. This verse will give an idea of the orthegraphy of the English stoken at the Scottish court when Edward IIIs reigned in Hagland, 1027 to 1057. For though Thomas wrote his poem in the reign of Henry III., we may suppose the speaking in the MS, to be that in use in the time of the copyist.

"Thus lath Tristron the Swete, Yislaws the Donke Morgan: No wolf he never lette.

Ellimose offer were tan. To do sither wolf him skete, Artistes of the offern, The rife for to her stoff ther nan Indiana.

He do is his faber Ban, After well as her he had and

This in the current hard of the nilecteenth century will read-

to this both Tristens the Sweet slain the thick Milegan, for would be ever stop tid more and sweet staken. Lowes they solve being a key and other stead or street of those, the bolk foll at his rest, are not him stood their more mitted land, he slow has rather base, all bowed to his hard.

[&]quot;This love; the wis warrieted the stain its active for three years. In some Irish and a methanical or full and ur for twenty- no.

Raoul de Beauvais, a Norman poet, contemporary with Thomas, is supposed to have rendered his Tristrem into French verse, of such orthography and construction as would furnish a good exercise to a feuilleton writer of our day to discover its sense. This copier mentioned that different bards took different methods of telling the story, but that he followed Breri.

"Nel dient pas sulun Breri, Ki solt les gestes et les cuntes De tus les reis, de tus les cuntes, Ki orent ésté en Bretagne, E sur que tut de cest ouraingne."*

This would be as much of a puzzle to a modern French scholar as Thomas's verses to an English one. In a portion of this poem he quotes Thomas's authority, and a couple of fragments extant, in Mr. Dyce's possession, at the time when Scott was preparing "Sir Tristrem" for the press, tell the story in conformity with the plot of the English poem.

Gottfried von Strasburg, who wrote a poem on the loves of Tristan and Iseult in the thirteenth century, also quotes Thomas of Britannia with great respect and honour, and follows his plot closely, but generally requires seven verses to render the sense of one. Death interrupting his work, it was completed, but in a very inferior style, by Heinrik von Vribert.

A few lines are quoted of Gottfried's version, which will be found much more to resemble modern German than the language of Beauvais modern French.

"Aber als ich gesprochen han, Daz si niht rehte haben gelesen, Daz ist als ich uch sage gewesen, Sin sprachen in der rihte niht, Als Tomas ron Britanie giht, Der aventure meistr was (war?); Und an Britunschin buechen las Aller der lautheren† leben, Und es uns ze chunde hat geben."‡

Six ancient copies of Godfrey's

poem have been preserved.

A combination of happy circumstances, which we have not space to particularize, rendered the cultivation of such poetry as Thomas delighted in, a favourite exercise at the Scottish court in his time. But it was only at that period that the English of the south, treated so discourteously by the Anglo-Norman nobility, was assuming the form adapted for poetic purposes. The transition state from the Auglo-Saxon to Chaucer's English did not encourage-indeed was unfit for poetic composition. The French prose romances, which were merely the old metrical lays reduced to that easy form of composition, began about 1190.

The first productions in that form were put forward by the good easy folk in cloisters and other retreats of lettered repose, as so many historics which they, the editors, pretended to have translated from some Latin or Greek or British original. "The minstrels, forsooth, who had sung on the same subjects, were not trustworthy —they had been guilty of leasings in-numerable." It was only in the prose narrative now issued that the genuine deeds of such and such heroes were narrated. Thus the author of "La Vraye Histoire de Troy" concludes his egregious narrative in these words —"I have thus brought to end the true history of Troy, in the manner as it was found written in the hand of St. Peter, in the Greek language. and from Greek put into Latin. And I have translated it into French, not

Who had been in Brittany,
And about the whole of this story (work)."

† Lantheren, as quoted by Sir Walter Scott; evidently erroneous.

* But as I have said That they have not truthfully recited,— That is, as I to you have told, Because they have not said truth As Thomas of Britain gives it, Who was master of adventure (romance), And in British books read

[&]quot;They do not tell it as Breri does, Who knew the gestes and the tales Of all the kings, of all the counts,

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Figure 6. In the control of the first became wherever the corresponding for In ade, the copy of the control of the control of the first be would be upon the control to the fixth of the control of the

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"Therax—"I fear his Victim I would brave him in nine handbed before him of the control of

" Gariffman . Trestan, televisi of lad on before going to fight it is fit to listen to terms.

" Printed . While his sweet is on my thich, and my right arm can defend me. I teat no one.

"General Pristin of change to lents, do not determine to ught Arthur, thy frand.

" Priston ... Gwalliman, for the love I will reflect. I say to you in truth, I love all who love me."

" Greathmai. - Tristan, of the stubborn disposition, the rain softens a hundred cake. Come to thy kinsman.

" Prister. - Gwallimai, of the perverse answers, let the rain moisten a hundred furrows. I will follow you everywhere." (They approach Arthur.)

" Gentlemi (to Arthur) Arthur of the mild words, the rains moisten a bundled heads. Behold Tristan, and reporce "

" Arthur. ' Gwallingi, of hisproachable answers, the rain moletens a hundred heads. Welcome, Tristan, chief of the army! Tristan, king of battles, receive the highest himself has suggested the text of the control of the or deads on species all in lade or de direct or parted accluse

"special weather has the unsatisfied. The even settle than boil of

another instance taken from the in Stall typing nine emplish an rachiton of the commence to see that giving it is always wroning in My tray seems his way conductie to Commend to help bear to how to me to the surveying by in the harmy a and the same demonstration by a few areas and the Section of the S sections. The man will be by Alabaha or hardens will be to will be use, use, see " to Seemy the wife of Consumption of the solution one of Lindson, was 110 weeks His tree of the state of the common all and the s so at a wire, rate

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the visit at Malad side convertion Be days, and known to have been composed before the two the contact. It is called them, them's in the parsever of war, and in its carle many must have served so the groundwink to the above passage. I roung like ton warren made prisoner, senda in a trusta massenger, a ring to his mother, a proof of his being still alice, with a request that she would come to him. The messenger, disquierd as a leggar, accomplishes his creand, and the glad woman accounpenies him to the strange land to see her beloved child. He is in expectation of the visit, and has the gaoler on the watch. But the perfidence fellow, when he sees the two mp preaching, mentions that the messen ger only is coming. The heart of the anxious expectant sinks, he expures, and the unfortunate woman arriver too late.

" The lady asked of the people whom sho met, 'What has happened, that all you bells are ringing?"

"An old man answered "A young, wounded wattier, a prisoner, has died this evening."

"He had scarcely fin'shed when the hely ran towar is the dun, on

"The lady ran, all in tears, her gray hair be se and it winds so that the reciple wondered, so and a lady in such greet, has-

tening through the streets.

25 So much that they asked of each other *Whicis this poor lady, and when ledoes she come? And the lady rap and such to the porter when she came to the foot of the Rosser --

" Open to me quickly. Open the dor. My son, my son! I must see him.

"When the great door was opened, she threw here If on her sen's being help in I him in lor arus, and never rese again. *

Having thus endeavoured to show how much the Norman Trouveres and Thomas of Erceld une were indibited to the Celtic bands, for the entertain. ment they affected to court and camp, and having given such teasons. as occurred to us for their neglect of the old Tentener sagas, we want comclude with a quotation to in S r Walter Scott's "Tristom," wherein he accounts for their preference of the Celtic productions through other mewill a sult from a combination of the two theories. The passage to be quoted did not come under our attention till the earlier portion of this article had been written.

" Invaders have, in every country, adopted, so nor or leter, the tradit ins, somet mes even the general gross of the original inhabitants, while they have forgotten, after a low comerate us, those of the country of their forefathers. A race of strain ers, when the layse of years has indue t them no let er to a emit themselves such, well in any fittin by which they contract to the cancest as with the source in which the solves live, as transplanted trees, what the every time that may conto them will the sal towhich they are trace of the Thus, every tradition failed are no the Saxons which related to their trust of fit is on the Fibe. The Normous to start as any their ancient dweltrees. Note an exposessions, and both $a^{(i)} = a^{(i)} a^{(i)}$ but some and they as but even their Neuswith the dy ariour the sabusous to the first open around the factorists of Arthur and His chevalry in prefer a state of the factor authoritisated and the regularity at a measurements of Hengist, or tives. Perhaps the complete truth or last can rethe conquery of Normandy.

GUY DEVERTIL

BY J. S. OF PANE, ATTHOR OF TUNCTE SHAP " "WITD, R'S HAND," &c.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MAIL IN DIRASS & F. C. PAM

"GUY DEVERTO left to issue, said. Dives.

"No, a is in the will be settler chick not so the I root between brass fact and a list any that land inleaded to entered a factories is not eye. see In two terres of fire to ch (I control it | 10) s ; were a source to a war ways. Dive-Cary as a special probability in 😁

Manage of the state of the Diversity in the state of the manner of the state of the ever state where there and possing becomes and statements your Both's haller is Goy, we make a large 1

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"Gog 85 noneage, you know," sact Saidekyl.

"Well, what of Strangways ! I der er

"Ways, ways, you remember, or to find our was the name of tile from that was asways with -

when the second and much while the property of the property of the property and that pight, and enstancy, a neroad I think at the control gaming places where

y where it is not have the transwed me a per see liter in ney, and from habit he calcaid, but with some-

was Bround Brown Book of the Value to 40. However, a while than units over the form and a control of the Brown product of the form of the control of the con could be the terminate of the price of near,

thing of a frown. "He could have given me a lot of trouble, but so could I him. My lawyers said he could not seriously affect me, but he might have annoyed me; and I did not care about the money, so I did not follow him; and, as the lawyers say, we turned our backs on one another.

"Strangways," murmured the rec-

tor, musingly.
"Do you remember him, now?"

asked Sir Jekyl.

"No; that is, I'm not sure. I was in orders then though, and could hardly have met him. I am sure I should recollect him if I had. What was he like?"

"A nasty looking Scotch dog, with freckles-starved and tall-a hungry hound—large hands and feet—as ugly a looking cur as you ever beheld.

"But Deverell, poor fellow, was a bit of a dandy—wasn't he? How did he come to choose such a companion."

"Well, maybe he was not quite as bad as he describes, and his family was good, I believe; but there must have been something more, he hung about him so. Yes, he was a most objectionable looking fellow. So awkward, and not particularly well dressed; but a canny rascal, and knew what he was about. I could not make out what use Deverell made of him, nor exactly what advantage he made of Deverell."

"I can't, for the life of me, see, Jekyl, anything in it except a resemblance, and that is positively nothing, and a Christian name, that is all, and Guy is no such uncommon one. As for Strangways, he does not enter into it at all - a mere accidental

association. Where is that Strang-ways—is he living?"
I don't know now; ten years ago he was, and Pelter and Crowe thought he was going to do me some mischief, a prosecution or something, they thought to extort money; but I knew they were wrong. I had a reason -at least it was unlikely, because I rather think he had repaid me that money about then. A year or so before a large sum of money was lodged to my account by Herbert Strangways, that was his name, at the International Bunk in Lombard-street; in fact it was more than I thought he owed me—interest, I suppose, and that

The bank people could not nothing. help us. Unluckily I was away at the time, and the lodgment was two months old when I heard of it. There were several raw Scotch-looking rascals, they said, making lodgments about then, and they could not tell exactly what sort of fellow made this. I wanted to make out about him. What do you think of it?"

" I don't see anything suspicious in He owed you the money and

chose to pay.'

"He was protected by the Statute of Limitations, my lawyer said, and I could not have recovered it. Doesn't it look odd?"

'Those Scotch fellows."

"He's not Scotch, though."

"Well, whatever he is, if he has good blood he's proud, perhaps, and would rather pay what he owes than not."

"Well, of course, a fellow's glad of the money; but I did not like it; it looked as if he wanted to get rid of the only pull I had on him, and was going to take steps to annoy me, you see."
"That's ten years ago?"

"Well, considering how short life is, I think he'd have moved before now if he had ever thought of it. It is a quarter of a century since poor Deverell's time. It's a good while, you know, and the longer you wait in matters of that kind the less your chance; and with a brisk decision the rector added, "I'll stake, I think, all I'm worth, these people have no more connection with poor Deverell than Napoleon Bonaparte, and Strangways has no more notion of moving any matter connected with that unhappy business than he has of leading an Irish rebellion."

"I'm glad you take that view-I know it's the sound one. I knew you would. I think it's just a little flicker of gout. If I had taken Vichyon my way back I'd never have thought of it. I've no one to talk to. It's a comfort to see you, Dives. I wish you'd come oftener." And he placed his hand very kindly on his

"So I will," said Dives, not without kindness in his eyes, though his mouth was forbiddingstill. "You

brother's shoulder.

"Individ remark that fat, mounter to Premiately which that ease I but if have was very depositive are of the green counters, asked but

Jeky, respects a office.
"No. I ship of hear ham mention."

it, what was it is asked Dives "Well, not a great deal, only he seemed to want to know an about that part cular ris in and its listery. y art as it there was already some time?

in the head about it.

"Well, I tool you, Jekyi, Kad Dives, in a subship Ltone, by a might ted competings decisive about that room, an things considered. If it were man, I cortell year I should pail it down, not of concerning with a way as to make to be tak and a-k questi descont asasort of improvement. I d'in secaconservatory or estactione, you e me a conservatory, and the for angles positively according to the lite is not the same and to the Yu might put something there twee as god. At a counts I destroyers "So I was I intenty I think

varietists. Treesvay Batterwis brought arout by artic Beatrax talking a cert haunted to his, you know, and that most of a nonsect said Sa

Jeksl

"On then she mean no late. He only asked questions are it what surtool name. Surely we are not going to VOX V Promition of that

Sudday to a stranger Hogelod,

but in togrates, and otherly.

"Weal I tody a vicknew, I do believe it sureat a and we dever it is, I know, Dives, you've done me a great deal of good . Consequence, Lya horse I think you also be a lover should see have him at your to see, and These As in nome to you differents

While the group was putting the the term, Sr Jeny, Who was green and as arite of eye, needs at the dark faced anto all fit after valet, when he had not a fit a more than can be in than heat the discount of model has been to be a few about the

With a determined some and surrug, all at one, thee little genz his German pape with the

English very well, and a little German. He could keep accounts, and write a neat little foreign hand with flored capitals. He could mend his own or these and even it sales as He could play the flate a little, and very much the fiddle. He was curious, and l kel to knew what was taking place. He liked a j ke, and the dame, and was principle to the tender passion, and aked, in an h hest way, a little bit of all the, of even especially. Such e man be was as I could fancy in a hight company of that marvellous amy at Italy, of which Napoleon L. always spike with wonder and deagut.

In the stable yard, as I have said, the bar not found this dark sprate sin kanz a German paper, and salutations having been exchanged, he fed him try instead two of his famous Zarawa sa Le presented, and then he electronet han on tolkers, and on his family, the theatres, the ranways, the

L. teles and finally Sit Jokyl said-"I wish you could recollect a man the year of I want one confouncostly. I shall be going alroad in August next year, and I d give him five the isand france a year, or more even, with pressure, and keep him probably as an glassible liked to stay with his. Try it you can remember such a fellow. Turn it over in your u ind-deven seet and I don't care he was a hore that into my service.

The man littled has cap again and lewed even lower, as he undertook to "turn it over in his naid," and though he smiled a great deal, it was poon less thoughts were already series by employer in turning the subject over, as requisted by the

barenet.

Next morning M. Varbarriere took a quet spertunity, in the hall, of handing to his first two letters of intooms to me as trey are called some tion the baronets old frield, Charterrs, attorned to the emission at Paris a sare will below, a monof the world, amplitudes, both Torollo and English, and equally at fome on either son speak (2 minustakably in high terms of M. Var scriere as of a gentleman very ment, respected in very 1 late quarters. The other was al ben a corner - byet, equally functioned But Charters

said he was very glad to hear from his friend Charteris—the date was not a week since—but laughed at the formality, regretting that he had not a note from Charteris to present in return, and then gracefully quoted an old French distich, the sentiment of which is that "chivalry proclaims itself, and the gentleman is no more to be mistaken than the rose," and proceeded to ask his guest "How is Charteris—he had hurt his wrist when I saw him last—and is there any truth in the report about his possible alliance with that rich widow !" and soforth.

When Sir Jekyl got into his sanctum I am afraid he read both letters with a very microscopic scrutiny, and he resolved inwardly to write a very sifting note to Charteris, and put it upon him, as an act of friendship, to make out every detail of the past life and adventures of M. Varbarriere, and particularly whether he had any young kinsman, nephew, or otherwise, answering a certain description, all the items of which he had by rote.

But writing of letters is to some people a very decided bore. The

baronet detested it, and his anxieties upon these points being intermittent, the interrogatories were not so soon despatched to his friend Charteris.

Old General Lennox was away for London this morning; and his host took a seat beside him in the brougham that was to convey him to the station, and was dropped on the way at the keeper's lodge, when he bid a kind and courteous adieu to his guest, whom he charged to return safe and soon, and kissed his hand, and waved it after the florid smiling countenance and bushy white eyebrows that were protruded from the carriage-window, as it glided away.

as it glided away.

"You can manage it all in a day or two, can't you?" said the baronet, cordially, as he held the general's wrinkled hand, with its knobby and pink joints, in his genial grasp. "We positively won't give you more than three days' leave. Capital shooting when you come back. I'm going to talk it over with the keeper here—that is, if you come back before we've shot them all."

"Oh! yes, hang it, you must leave a bird or two for me," laughed the general, and he bawled the conclusion of the joke as the vehicle drove away; but Sir Jekyl lost it.

Sir Jekyl was all the happier for his morning's talk with his brother. An anxiety, if only avowed and discussed is so immensely lightened; but Dives had scouted the whole thing so peremptorily that the baronet was positively grateful. Dives was a wise and clear-headed fellow. It was delightful his taking so decided a view. And was it not on reflection manifestly, even to him, the sound view?

The baronet approached Marlowe Manor on the side at which the stables and out-offices lie, leaving which, to his left, he took his way by the walk through the wood which leads to the terrace-walk that runs parallel to the side of the old house on which the green chamber lies.

On this side the lofty timber approaches the walks closely, and the green enclosure is but a narrow and darkened strip and very solitary. Here, when Sir Jekyl emerged, he saw M. Varbarriere standing on the grass, and gazing upward in absorbed contemplation of the building, which on the previous evening seemed to have excited his curiosity so unaccountably.

He did not hear the baronet's approaching step on the grass. [Sir Jekyl felt both alarmed and angry; for although it was but natural that his guest should have visited the spot and examined the building, it yet seemed to him, for the moment, like the act of a spy.

"Disappointed, I'm afraid," said he. "I told you that addition was the least worth looking at of all the portions of this otherwise ancient house."

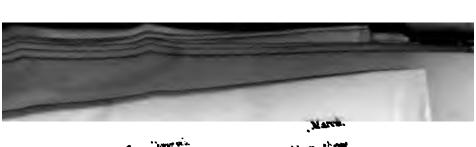
He spoke with a sort of sharpness that seemed quite uncalled for; but it was unnoticed.

M. Varbarriere bowed low and graciously.

"I am much interested—every front of this curious and handsome house interests me. This indeed, as you say, is a good deal spoiled by that Italian incongruity—still it is charming—the contrast is as beautiful f quently as the harmony—and perplexed."

"Same of my friends toll

"Some of my friends tell the house so much I ought wo down, and I have a great mind



Cay Courses

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temperament, as the reader is aware, which is fired with an instantaneous inspiration at sight of this sort of plumage and flutter.

"What a fortunate fellow am I!" exclaimed Sir Jekyl, forgetting in a moment everything but the sunshine, the bright tints, and the pretty sight before him. "I had laid myself out for a solitary walk, and lo! I find myself in the midst of a paradise of graces, nymphs, and what not!"

"We have had such a charming drive round the lake," said gay little

Mrs. Maberly.

"The lake never looked so well before, I'm sure. So stocked, at least, with fresh-water sirens and mermaids. Never did mirror reflect so much beauty. An instinct, you see, drew me this way. I assure you I was on my way to the lake; one of those enamoured sprites who sing us tidings in such tiny voices, we can't distinguish them from our own fancies, hummed a word in my car, only a little too late, I suppose.

The baronet was reciting his admiring nonsense to pretty Mrs. Maberly, but his eye from time to time wandered to Lady Jane, and rested for a moment on that haughty beauty, who, with downcast languid eyes, one would have thought neither heard

nor saw him.

This gallant baronet was so well understood that every lady expected to hear that kind of tender flattery whenever he addressed himself to the fair sex. It was quite inevitable, and simply organic and constitutional as blackbird's whistle and kitten's play, and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, I am sure, meant absolutely nothing.

"But those sprites always come with a particular message; don't they to said old Miss Blunkett, smiling archly from the corners of her fierce eyes. "Don't you think so, Mr.

Linnett !

"You're getting quite above me," answered that sprightly gentleman, who was growing just a little tired of Miss Blunkett's attentions. suppose it's spiritualism. I know nothing about it. What do you say, Lady Jane !"

"I think it very heathen," said Lady Jane, tired, I suppose, of the then," said Sir Jekyl, in a lower key; he was by this time beside Lady Jane. "I'd have been a most pious Pagan. As it is, I can't help worshipping in the Pantheon, and trying sometimes even to make a proselyte.

"Oh! you wicked creature," cried little Mrs. Maberly. "I assure you, Lady Jane, his conversation is quite

frightful.

Lady Jane glanced a sweet, rather languid, sidelong smile at the little

ady. "You'll not get Lady Jane to be-Maberly. I appeal for my character to the general.

"But he's hundreds of miles away, and can't hear you," laughed little Mrs. Maberly, who really meant no-

thing satirical.
"I forgot; but he'll be back tomorrow or next day," replied Sir Jekyl, with rather a dry chuckle, "and in the mean time I must do without one, I suppose. Here we are, Mr. Strangways, all talking nonsense, the pleasantest occupation on earth. Do come and help us.

This was addressed to Guy Strangways, who, with his brother angler. Captain Doocy, in the picturesque negligence and black wide-awakes of fishermen, with baskets and rods, ap-

proached.

"Only too glad to be permitted to contribute," said the young man, smiling, and raising his hat.

"And pray permit me, also," said courtly old Doocey. "I could talk it, I assure you, before he was born. I've graduated in the best schools, and was a doctor of nonsense before he

could speak even a word of sense. "Not a bad specimen to begin with. Leave your rods and baskets there; some one will bring them in. Now we are so large a party you must come and look at my grapes. I am told my black Hamburgs are the finest in the world.'

So, chatting and laughing, and some in other moods, toward those splendid graperies they moved, from which, as Sir Jekyl used to calculate, he had the privilege of eating black Hamburg and other grapes at about the rate of one shilling each.

"A grapery-how delightful," cried

little Mrs. Maberly.

on the table, and closing her thin lips tightly when she had spoken.

"Your letter, my good Donica, it is next to impossible to read, and quite impossible to understand. What I want to know distinctly is, why you have urged me so vehemently to go to Marlowe I'

"Well, my lady, I thought I said pretty plain it was about my Lady Jane, the pretty creature you had on visits here, and liked so well, poor thing; an' it seemed to me she's like to be in danger where she is. I can't explain how exactly; but General Lennox is gone up to London, and I think, my lady, you ought to get her out of that unlucky room, where he has put her; and, at all events, to

self, at all times." "I've listened to you, Donica, and I can't comprehend you. I see you are hinting at something, but unless you are explicit, I don't see that I can be of any earthly use."

keep as near to her as you can your-

"You can, my lady—that is, you may, if you only do as I say--I can't explain it more, nor I won't," said Donica, peremptorily, perhaps bit-

"There can be no good reason, Donica, for reserve upon a point of so much moment as you describe this to be. Wherever reserve exists there is mystery, and wherever mystery guilt,"

So said Lady Alice, who was gifted with a spirit of inquiry, which was

impatient of disappointment.
"Guilt, indeed!" repeated Gwynn, in an under key, with a toss of her head and a very white face, "there's secrets enough in the world, and no

guilt along of 'em.' "What room is it you speak of--

the green chamber, is not it ?"
"Yes, sure, my lady."

"I think you are all crazed about ghosts and devils over there," exclaimed Lady Alice.

"Not much of ghosts, but devils, maybe," muttered Gwynn, eddly, looking sidelong over the floor.

"It is that room, you say," repeated Lady Alice.

"Yes, my lady, the green cham-

"Well, what about it-come, woman, did not you sleep for years in that room ?"

"Ay, my lady, a good while."

"And what did you see there?"

" A deal.

"What, I say !"

"Well, supposin' I was to say devils," replied Donica.

Lady Alice sneered.
"What did poor Lady Marlowe see there f" demanded Donica, looking with her odd eyes askance at Lady Alice's carpet, and backing her question with a nod.

"Well, you know I never heard exactly; but my darling creature was, as you remember, dying of a consumption at the time, and miserably neryous; and fancied things, no doubt, as people do."
_ "Well, she did; I knew it," said

Donica.

"You may have conjecturedevery one can do that; but I rather think my poor dear Amy would have told me, had she cared to divulge it to any living being. I am persuaded she herself suspected it was an illusion fancy; but I know she had a horror of the room, and I am sure my poor girl's dying request ought to have been respected."

" So it ought, my lady," said Donica, turning up her eyes, and raising her lean hands together, while she slowly shook her head. "So I said to him, and, in like manner, his own father's dying orders, for such they was, my lady; and they may say what they will of Sir Harry, poor gentleman! But he was a kind man, and good to many that had not a good word for him after, though there may a' been many a little thing that was foolish or the like; but there is mercy above for all, and the bishop that is now, then he was the master of the great school where our young gentlemen used to go to, was with him.

"When he was dying?" inquired Lady Alice.

"Yes, my lady, a beautiful summer it was, and the doctor, nor I, thought it would be nothing to speak of; but he was anxious in his mind from the first, and he wrote for Doctor Wyndale -it was the holidays then-asking him to come to him; and he did, but Sir Harry had took an unexpected turn for the worse, and not much did he ever say, the Lord a' mercy on us, after that good gentleman, he's the bishop now, came to Marlowe and he praved by his bed.

and closed his eyes, and I, in and out, and wanted there every minute, could not but hear some of what he said, which was not much."

"He said something about that green chamber, as you cad it, I always understood : ' said Lady Ance, inter-

rogatively.

"Yes, my lady, he wished it shut up, or taken down, or summat that way; 'but man proposes and God disposes, and there's small affection and less gratitude to be met with now-a-days.

"I think, Donica Gwynn, and I always thought, that you knew a good deal more than you classe to tell me. Some people are reserved and secret, and I suppose it is your way ; but I don't think it could harm you to treat me more as your friend."

Donica rose, and courtesied as she

said-

id—
"You have always treated me friendly, I'm sure, my hary, and I hope I am the clark and tars I know, I'll be a factatul servant to your ladyship so long as I continue in your Service

"I know that very well; but I wish you were franker with me, that's

all here are the keys.

So Donica, with very little ceremony, assumed the keys of effice.

"And pray what do you mean exactly ("said Lady Alice, rising and drawing on her g, we, and not looking quite straight at the hiersekeeper as she spoke, "Do you mean to say that La ly Jane is glody or improdent I Come be distinct

"I can't say what she is, my beiv, but she may be brought rate to ay some way. I only know this much, please my lady, it will be good for her you should be migh, and your eye and thoughts about her, at least till the general returns

"Well, Gwyne, I see you doe't

choose to trust me

"I have, my licit, spoke that free to y u, as I would not to any other, I think, any

" No. Gwynn, you der t trust me, you have your reasons. I suppose that I think you are a strowd woman shrewd and me or well. I don't suppone that you could talk as you do without a reason, and to each I can t see any myself, not believing in apparitions or -- or ---

She nearly lost the thread of her

discourse at this point, for as she spake the word apparation, the remembrance of the young gentleman whom she had seen in Wardlock Cimreh rose in her memory-handsome, pale, with sealed lips, and great eyes unreadable as night -the resurrection of another image- and the old yearning and horror overpowered the train of her thoughts, and she floundered into science, and coughed into her handkerchief, to hide her momentary confusion.

"What was I going to say!" she said, briskly, meaning to refer her breakdown to that little fit of coughing, and throwing on Gwynn the onus of setting her speech in motion

aza.n.

"On! yes. I don't believe in those things not a bit. But Jennie, poor thing, though she has not treated me quite as she might, is a young wife, and very pretty; and the house is full of wicked young men from Londen; and her old to doof a nu-band choises to go alsort his business and leave her to her devices the ts what y u mean, Gwynn, and that's what I na ordant.

"I have said all I can, my lady; you can help her, and be near her

night and day," said Donica.

"Sir Jokyi in his invitation bid me choose my own room so I shall. Ill choose that oddly shaped little room that opers into hers, if I remember rightly, the room that my poor dear Amy occupied in her last illness. "And, my indy, do you take the

key of the door, and keep it in your bag, please

"Of the deer of communication between the two rooms to

"Yes, my lady

" Whe should I take it : you would not have me lock her up?

"Well, no, to be sure, my lady."

"Tuen what!"

" Because there is no bolt to her door, made or out. You will see what I mean, my lady, when you are there

" Because she can't secure her door without it. In to take possession of her key wasi Lady Aase, with a dignified speed

" Well, my as iv, it may seem queer, but you have west I hear.

Lady Alice tessed her stately head. "Any commands in particular, please, my lady, tef mero f



quired Donica, with one of her dry

** No; and I must go. Just hand his pillow and bag to the man; and suppose you wish your respects to Miss Beatrix ?"

To all which, in her own way,

Donica Gwynn assented; and the old lady, assisted by her footman, got into the carriage, and nodded a pale and silent farewell to her housekeeper; and away drove the old carriage at a brisk pace toward Marlowe Manor.

CHAPTER XV.

LADY ALICE TAKES POSSESSION.

What to the young would seem an age; what, even in the arithmetic of the old, counts for something, about seventeen years had glided into the eternal past since last Lady Alice had beheld the antique front and noble timber of Marlowe Manor; and memory was busy with her heart, and sweet and bitter funcies revisiting her old brain, as her saddened eyes gazed on that fair picture of the past. Old faces gone, old times changed, and she, too, but the shadow of her former self, soon, like those whom she remembered there, to vanish quite, and be missed by no one.

"Where is Miss Beatrix?" inquired the old lady as she set her long slim foot upon the oak flooring of the hall. "I'll rest a moment here." And she sat down upon a carved bench, and looked with sad and dreaming eyes through the open door upon the autumnal landscape flushed with the setting sun, the season and the hour harmonizing regretfully with her

thoughts.

Her maid came at the summons of the footman. "Tell her that granny has come," said the old woman gently. "You are quite well, Jones?

Jones made her smirk and courtesy and was quite well; and so tripped up the great stair to apprise her

young mistress.

"Tell the new housekeeper, please, that Lady Alice Redeliffe wishes very much to see her for a moment in the hexagon dressing-room at the end of the hatchment gallery," said the old lady, names and localities coming back to her memory quite naturally in the familiar old hall.

And as she spake, being an activeminded old lady, she rose, and before her first message had reached **Beatrix was as**cending the wellstair, with its broad shining and her hand on its

ponderous banister, feeling strangely, all in a moment, how much more she now needed that support, and that the sum of the seventeen years was something to her, as to others.

On the lobby, just outside this dressing-room door, which stood open. letting the dusky sunset radiance, so pleasant and so sad, fall upon the floor and touch the edges of the distant banisters, she was met by smiling Beatrix.

"Darling!" cried the girl, softly, as she threw her young arms round the neck of the stately and thin old lady. "Darling, darling, I'm so glad."

She had been living among strangers, and the sight and touch of her true

old friend was reassuring.

Granny's thin hands held her fondly. It was pretty to see this embrace. in the glow of the evening sun, and the rich brown tresses of the girl close to the ashen locks of old Lady Alice, who, with unwonted tears in her eyes, was smiling on her very tenderly. She was softened that evening. Perhaps it was her real nature, disclosed for a few genial moments, generally hidden under films of reserve or pride—the veil of the flesh.

"I think she does like her old granny," said Lady Alice, with a gentle little laugh. One thin hand on her shoulder, the other smoothing back

her thick girlish tresses.

"I do love you, granny; you were always so good to me, and you are so—so fond of me. Now, you are tired, darling; you must take a little wine—here is Mrs. Sinnott coming— Mrs. Sinnott."

" No, dear, no wine; I'm very well. I wish to see Mrs. Sinnott, though. She's your new housekeeper, is not she?"

"Yes; and I'm so glad, poor, good old Donnie Gwynn is with you. know she would not stay; but our new housekeeper is, I'm told, a very good creature too. Grandmamma

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wants to speak to you, Mrs. Sinnott. Lady Ance by this time had entered the dressing room, three sides of which, projecting like a truncated bastion, formed a great window, which made it, for its size, the best lighted in the house. In the wall at the right, close to this entrance, is the door which admits to the creen chamber. In the opposite wall, but nearer the whelow, a deer leading across the end of the hatchment gallery, by a little passage, screened off, with its large high window, by an oak partition, and admitting to a bestroom on the opposite sale of the gallery.

In the middle of the hexagon dressing-room stood Lady Alice, and looked round regretfully, and said to herself, with a little shake of the load -

"Yes, yes, poor thing

She was thinking of poor Lady Marlowe, whom, with her deal per versity, although a step harriter, she had loved very tenderly, and who in her last illness had tenanted these rooms, in which, seventeen years adv. this old lady had sat beside ner and seathed her sickness, and by her to derness no i cald softened the seunthat troubles warely gethered about Ler bod, as leath drow near.

"How do you are, Mrs. Sometro" work stately heavy Alloy relevening her dry and letty in an er-

" Lady Alice Red life, my grand mamma, said Beatrix, in an under tored introduction, in the Louise Keeper sear

M - Such it made a fussy little

e messy.

"Y ar Lely-lag s room, which is at the other on lof the gallery, police,

is quite really, my cely.

"I don't figure chave those rober though that's the reason I sent for you please to all this is to, it is from Sn. Joseph Marlower. By the Ly, is your master at home?

"No, he was cert."
"Well, be = 2 od as to read this? And Luly A . a pligod Beatra's note of invitation in Mis. Supports hand, and planted to a passage in the autograph of Sir Jekyl, which spike thius

"P.S. -- Do come, dearest little

ments and hours, and in short rule us all. With all my worldly goods I thee endow, and place Mrs. Sinnott at your orders.

"Well, Mrs. Sumott, I choose these apartments, if you please," said Lady Alice, sitting down stiffly, and there-

by taking possession.

"Very well, my ludy," said Mrs. Sinnett, do pping another courte-y: but her sharp rol nese and little black eyes looked sceptical and uneasy, "and I suppose, Miss," here she paused, looking at Beatrix.

"You are to do whatever Lady Alice directs," said the young lady.

"This here room you know, Miss, is the dressing room properly of the green chamlar.

"Lady Jane does not use it though!"

replied the new visiter.
"But the general, when he comes

back, 'insmaated Mes Sinnott,

"Of course he shall have it. I'll remove then, but in the mean time, liking these rooms, from old remembrances, best of any, I will compy them, Beatrix, the sas advessing room, and the apartment there as bed room. I hope I don't give you a great deal of tracher, added Lady Alice, address ing the housekeeper, with an air that planty and that she did not care a jun whether she did or not.

Satus point was settled, and Lady Allowson't but her maid and her boxes. as in the she approached the deer of tile groun chamber, and positing to

it, said to Beatrax--

"At its Liely Jane has this room. Down anke her, Beatrix C

"I can't say I know her, grand Bartatan

"No. I dare say not. It is a large. that the large for my netten of a

Tre off Lely drew near, and kass keel

" See a not there !!

" $N_{\rm Pl}(s) + s$ in the terrace garden" Log A to probabilities described.

and loked in

"A very one room. That room is lenger than my drawing room at Wardlock, and that is five and thirty feet long. Demail I say though so much light, and that portrait. Sir Harry smorking there. What a lock of duplicity in that face. He was an old man when I can rememto paint under his eyelashes, and had, they said, nine or ten sets of false teeth, and always wore a black curled wig, that made his contracted countenance still more narrow. There were such lines of cunning and meanness about his eyes, actually crossing one another. Jekyl hated him, I think. I don't think anybody but a fool could have really liked him; he was so curiously selfish, and so contemptible; he was attempting the life of a wicked young man, at seventy!

Lady Alice had been speaking as it were in soliloquy, staring drearily on the clever portrait, in gold lace and ruffs, stricken by the spell of old

remembrances, into a dream.

"Your grandpapa, my dear, was not a good man; and I believe he injured my poor son irreparably, and your father. Well—these things, though never forgotten, are best not spoken of when people happen to be connected. For the sake of others we bear our pain in silence; but the heart knoweth its own bitterness.

And so saying, the old lady drew back from the threshold of Lady Jane's apartment, and closed the door with a stern countenance.

Almost at the same moment Sir Jekyl entered the hexagon, or, as it was more pleasantly called, the window dressing-room, from the lobby. He was quite radiant, and in that warm evening light, struck Lady Alice as looking quite marvellously youthful.

" Well, Jekyl Marlowe, you see you have brought me here at last," said the old lady, extending her hand stiffly like a wooden marionette, her thin elbow making a right angle.

"So I have; and I shall always think the better of my eloquence for having prevailed. You're a thousand times welcome, and not tired, I hope; the journey is not much, after all.

Thanks; no, the distance is not much, the fatigue nothing," said Lady Alice, drawing her fingers horizontally back from his hospitable pressure. "But it is not always distance that separates people, or fatigue that depresses one.

i No, of course; fifty things, rheumatism, temper, hatred, affliction; and I am so delighted to see you. Trixie, dear, would not grandmamma like to see her room? Send for"—

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"Thank you, I mean to stay here," said Lady Alice. "Here!" echoed Sir Jekyl, with a rather bewildered smile.

"I avail myself of the privilege you give me; your postscript to Beatrix's note, you know. You tell me there to choose what rooms I like best," said the old lady drily; at the same time drawing her bag toward her, that she might be ready to put the documents in evidence, in case he should dispute it.

"Oh! did I?" murmured the baro-

net with the same faint smile.

Lady Alice nodded, and then threw back her head, challenging contradiction by a supercilious stare, her hand firmly upon the bag as before.

"But this room, you know; it's anything but a comfortable one-don't

you think i" said Sir Jekyl.
"I like it," said the inflexible old

lady, sitting down.
"And I'm afraid there's a little difficulty," he continued, not minding. "For this is General Lennox's dressing-room. Don't you think it might be awkward?" and he chuckled agree-

ably.
"General Lennox is absent, in Longrim as an old Diana; "and Jane does not use it, and there can be no intelligible objection to my having it in

his absence.

There was a little smile, that yet was not a smile, and a slight play about Sir Jekyl's nostrils, as he listened to this speech. They came when he was vicious; but with a flush he commanded himself and only laughed slightly, and said-

"It is really hardly a concern of mine, provided my guests are happy. You don't mean to have your bed into

this room, do you?"

"I mean to sleep there," she replied drily, stabbing with her long forefinger toward the door on the op-

posite side of the room.

"Well, I can only say I'd have fancied, for other reasons, these the very last rooms in the house you would have chosen-particularly as this really belongs to the green chamber. However, you and Lady Jane can arrange that between you. You'd have been very comfortable where we would have put you; and you'll be very uncomfortable here, I'm afraid; but perhaps I'm not making allowGuy Deverell. [Murch,

ance for the affection you have for Ludy Jane, the length of time that has passed since you've seen her, and the pleasure of being so near her."

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There was an agreeable irony in this; for the baronet knew that they had never agreed very well together, and that neither spoke very handsomely of the other behind her back. At the same time, this was no conclusive proof of unkindness on Lady Alice's part, for her good will semetimes showed itself under strange and uncomfortable disguists.

"Beatrix, dear, I hope they are seeing to your grandmanma's room; and you'll want coolds, it is grown a dark. Altogether I'm afraid you're very une out it lie, little mother; but if non-prefer it, you know, of course. I'm shout

With these words he kissed the old lady's chilly check and varies od.

As he can down the darkning stairs the barenet was smill 2 moschievously, and when having made his long straight purpey to the first of the back stars, the remove the had passing through the two little mide rooms, entered has own hereby be ichamber, and so ned at his nation of and wonde they reserve the dark to glass. He is well estimated that the contact the extraction of the contact the extraction of the glass.

When, a tew plantes later, that prends all santy, Leaved method wed by her made said a set ingerto the wind with restriction. I can also in preference—and there saw by the light of a pair of wax candles, a stately figure seated on the sofa at the further end in grey silk drap ries, with its feet on a boss, she paused in an attitude of sublime surprise, with just a gleam of defiance in it.

"How d' y do, Jennie, my dear," said a voice on which as an old piano, a few years had told a good deal, but which she recognised with some little surprise, for netwithstanding Lady Alice's note, accepting the baronet's invitation, be had taleed and thought of her activally coming to Marlowe as a very unike year, a new molecul.

"Oh" oh! Lady And Redditte!" evela med the yearst water setting down but believe in cantile, and advancing with a transitivity in leto her old kit sweman, which of rese from her throne and kit at her on the chook, as she at each of to meet her salitation. "You have only arrived a townmunes. I sawy our carriage good to und from the door."

"About twenty minutes. Lardly half an hour. How you have filled up, date, you require an involve figure since I saw you. I don't hak it mide coming a your conference of does you've when, and you're quite will?"

"To a wear and your

"I in pretty we had ar, a good deal fatigued, and soy a reachite, Jonne,

аві усту в дру. І в деб

"I clear to say I have anything to trouble me. I am our to happy, that is, as happy as other proper I suppose.

CHAPTER AVE

EXCYCAGO BODS (FED)

"There is the glad problem of your bushed. I should set steps to be a his acquaint down continue is Lay A to

"He hash altographed which int business, this is frime, but he's to return very so to

"How so not dear

"In a day or two, asswered the your a wat-

"To me row" and a red Lody Allon, drily

"Ornext lay," reganed Lady Jane,

"He said he should be detained only a day or two in them?"

Od Ledy Vroeshock ber irezelu leds tead, bokir z starght betore ber

"I don't that kills can have so I the dare, to be write to not or I of interesting that he should be detained by bus no staticast a week."

"the dalle

"Yes, and dekyl Merlowe, I dare say, to the I owll be kept there language.

P. L. Shami'd Sorris Transport for a condi-

The old lady, with closed lips, at this made a little nod, which might mean anything.

"And I can't conceive how it can concern Sir Jekyl, or even you, Lady Alice, what business my husband may have in town.

It was odd how sharp they were

growing upon this point.

"Well, Sir Jekyl's another thing; but me, of course, it does concern, because I shall have to give him up his room again when he returns.'

"What room?" inquired Lady Jane,

honestly puzzled. "This room," answered the old lady, like one conscious that she drops, with the word, a gage of battle.

"But this is my room."

"You don't use it, Lady Jane. wish to occupy it. I shall, of course, give it up on your husband's return; in the meantime I deprive you of nothing by taking it. Do I I'

"That's not the question, Lady Alice. It is my room -- it is my dressing room and I don't mean to give it up to any one. You are the last person on earth who would allow me to take such a liberty with you. I don't understand it."

" Don't be excited, my dear Jenny," said Lady Alice -an exhortation sometimes a little inconsistently administered by members of her admirable sex when they are themselves most exciting.

"I'm not in the least excited, Lady Alice; but I've had a note from you, said Lady Jane, in rather a choking key.

"You have," acquiesced her senior. "And I connect your extraordinary intrusion here, with it.'

Lady Alice nodded.
"I do, and—and I'm right. You mean to insult me. It is an outrage—a beastly shame. What do you mean, madam ?"

"I'd have you to remember, Jane Chetwynd (the altercation obliterated her newly-acquired name of Lennox), that I am your relation and your senior."

"Yes, you're my cousin, and my senior by fifty years; but an old woman may be very impertment to a young one."
"Compose yourself, if you please,

compose yourself," said Lady Alice, in the same philosophic vein, but with you're a disgraceful old woman. I'll complain to my husband, and I'll tell Sir Jekyl Marlowe. Either you or I must leave this house to-night," declaimed Lady Jane, with a most beautiful blush, and eyes flashing lurid lightnings.

"You forget yourself, my dear," said the old lady, rising grimly and

confronting her.

" No, I don't, but you do. It's perfectly disgusting and intolerable, cried Lady Jane, with a stamp.

"One moment, if you please-you can afford to listen for one moment, I suppose," said the old lady, in a very low, dry tone, laying two of her lean fingers upon the snowy arm of the beautiful young lady, who, with a haughty contraction, and an uplifted head, withdrew it fiercely from her touch. "You forget your maid, I think. You had better tell her to withdraw, hadn't you l" "You forget your maid,

"I don't care; why should I?"

said Lady Jane, in a high key.

"Beatrix, dear, run into my bedroom for a moment," said "Granny to that distressed and perplexed young lady, who accustomed to obey, instantly withdrew.

"We may be alone together, if you choose it; if not, I can't help it," said Lady Alice, in a very low and

impressive key.

"Well, it's nothing to me," said Lady Jane, more calmly and sullenly, nothing at all—but as you insist --- Cecile you may go for a few minutes.

This permission was communicated

sulkily, in French.

"Now, Jane, you shall hear me," said the old lady, so soon as the maid had disappeared, and the doors were shut; "you must hear me with patience, if not with respect—that I don't expect-but remember you have no mother, and I am an old woman and your kinswoman, and it is my duty to speak"-

"I'm rather tired standing," interrupted Lady Jane, in a suppressed passion. "Besides, you say you don't want to be overheard, and you can't know who may be on the lobby there, and she pointed with her jewelled fingers at the door. "I'll go into my bedroom, if you please; and I have not the slightest objection to hear

Guy Deverell.

Saving which Lady Jane, taking up her bedroom candle, rustled out of the room, without so much as looking over her shoulder to see whether the prophetess was following.

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She did follow, and I dare say her becture was not mitizated by lady Jane's rudeness. That young lady was lighting her candles on her dressing-table when her kinswoman entered and shut the door, with ut an invitation. She then scated herself serenely, and cleared her voice.

" Thre very much out of the world in fact, quite to my-e.f ; but I learn occasionally what my relations are doing; and I was gileved, Jane, to hear a great deal that was very unpleasant, to say the least, about you." Something between a smile and a

lang'i was for only answer.

"Yes, extremely folls"a. I dat. of course, say there was anything wicked, but very feel shand to aless. I know perfectly how you were take ed of ; and I know an e why you married that execulate test out much General Lennex

"I don't think anyone toke Labout me. Everybody is take twent. The e has been en mail of this rullism. barnt your od ous letter, baske in

Lady Jane, me helo billy

"And would be dealth burn the wrater, if you condi-

As there was no mediatiner, Lady

 Λ h a p sum ed.

and assert a market as · / · w. . l · i. most respectively a constraint of that early year has been also been also been also in the subject Live to hera. It is Salia Late Late man, yet on the reset of the week of the West of the State of the State of the West of the State of the State

or answered the "I to st

old la ba

"To suffer the second of the letter to the second of the s

that way, young love in wellings a attempt to be terme one very track. there? Brewe of Ald Lary A. e. suddenly large nersect burned section of the surrer table, above "You know what I meet out it's the salt, at who is the chaff people more, I do, to .. We have ke water were scaled

Do you think I imagine he cares twopence about your stupid old husband, and that I don't know he was once making love to you. Of course, I do; and I'll have nothing of the sort here and that's the reason I've come, and that's why I'm in that dressing-room, and that's why I'll write to your hus band, so sure as you give me the slightest uneasiness; and you had better think weil what you do.

[March.

The o'd lady in a towering passion, with a fierce lastre in her cheeks, and eves thishing lightning over the face of her opponent, vanished from the

rosan.

Lidy Alice had crossed the dispered territory of the window dressing room, and four d herself in her elected bestroom before size had come to Terself. Sor saw Lody Jane's face will before her with the larid astems liment and tear, whate and sharp, on it as when she had threatened a letter to General Lenne X

See sat down a little stunned and control at our the woode thing, itcenses, an ionsqueted with Lady Jare, and confirmed in her suspect they a looks and at not like in that your a last trooping who have per ration had called up. She did not hear the see, a reconder that pursued her through the shut door. She had given way to a foirst of passion, and to the late of deat and a big

We say the party assomitful at day nor halfy Jane excepted here it move than would be Sur was agree done and execute katavi, and his estimation to the most field of the electricity of some payment of the standard specifical and analysis of the source of the of a Loriy Alice at the other side of tictore but a kit milat. Fut - Country and have the how he detertwo lates you would have set firm down is the departure at a first lab sported, and Larged to a the Vitra in the arterior trix in the late of

Tree conversely had to send of the table postality and the milking sometimes called the sets to his part ner and turn but the how that the whole or apply to the king and spirance together to testance two perform, wone't fire a construction of the control of the control

Wardlock, and I'm ashamed to say I can't answer her," cried Sir Jekyl diagonally to Lady Alice, so as to cut off four people at his left hand, whose conversation being, at the moment, in a precarious way, forthwith expired, and the baronet and his mother-in-law were left in possession of this part of the stage.

The old lady, as I have said, looked ill and very tired, and as if she had grown all at once very old; and instead of answering, she only nodded once or twice, and signed across the table to

Lady Jane.

"Oh! I forgot," said Sir Jekyl; "you know Wardlock and all our distances, don't you, Lady Jane,—can you tell me?"

"I don't remember," said Lady Jane, hardly turning toward him; "ten or twelve miles-is not it i it may be a good deal more. I don't really recollect," and this was uttered with an air which plainly said, "I don't really care.

"I generally ride my visits, and a mile or two more or less does not signify; but one ought to know all the distances for thirty miles round; you don't know otherwise who's your

neighbour."
"Do you think it an advantage to know that any particular person is your neighbour?" inquired impertinent Drayton, with his light moustache, leaning back and looking drowsily into his glasses after his wont.

"Oh! Mr. Drayton, the country without neighbours—how dreadful!" " Exisexclaimed Miss Blunkett. tence without friends.'

"Friends - bosh!" said Drayton

confidentially to his wine.

"There's Drayton scouting friendship, the young cynic!" cried Sir Jekyl. "Do call him to order, Lady Jane."

"I rather incline to agree with Mr. Drayton," said Lady Jane coldly.

"Do you mean to say you have no friends i" said Sir Jekyl in well-bred amazement.

"Quite the contrary—I have too

many."

"Come—that's a new complaint. Perhaps they are very new friends ?" inquired the baronet.

Some of them very old, indeed; but I've found that an old friend

means only an old person privileged to be impertinent.'

Lady Jane uttered a musical little laugh that was very icy as she spoke, and her eye flashed a single insolent glance at old Lady Alice.

At another time perhaps a retort would not have been wanting, but now the old woman's eye returned but a wandering look, and her face expressed nothing but apathy and

sadness.

"Grandmamma, dear, I'm afraid you are very much tired," whispered Beatrix when they reached the drawingroom, sitting beside her after she had made her comfortable on a sofa, with cushions to her back; "you would be better lying down I think."

"No, dear—no, darling. I think in a few minutes I'll go to my room. I'm not very well. I'm tired—very

tired.'

And poor old granny, who was speaking very gently, and looking very pale and sunken, sighed deeply,

it was almost a moan.

Beatrix was growing very much alarmed, and accompanied, or rather assisted, the old lady up to the room, where aided by her and her maid, she got to her bed in silence, sighing deeply now and then.

She had not been long there when she burst into tears; and after a violent paroxysm she beckoned to Beatrix, and threw her lean old arms

about her neck, saying -

"I'm sorry I came, child; I don't know what to think. I'm too old to bear this agitation-it will kill me.

Then she wept more quietly, and kissed Beatrix, and whispered—"Send her out of the room—let her wait in

the dressing-room.

The maid was sitting at the further end of the apartment, and the old lady was too feeble to raise her voice so as to be heard there. So soon as her maid had withdrawn Lady Alice said -

"Sit by me, Beatrix, darling. am very nervous, and tell me who is that young man who sat beside Jane

Lennox at dinner."

As she ended her little speech Lady Alice, who, though I dare say actually ill enough, yet did not want to lose credit for all the exhaustion she fancied beside, closed her eyelids, and leaned a little back on her pillow motionless.

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that fisher bases at all hold I known that don't be some at five at all hold I known that don't be some at Decay at Loweshold reaction

about him; all which seemed somehow brutal to the nervous old lady.

"Wonderfully, considering the surprise you had prepared for me, and which might as well have killed me as not," she made answer.

"I know, to be sure—Strangways, you mean. Egad! I forgot. Trixie

ought to have told you.

" You ought to have told me. I don't think I should have come here,

Jekyl, had I known it."
"If I had known that," thought Sir Jekyl, with a regretful pang, "I'd have made a point of telling you.'

But he said aloud-

"Yes. It was a sottise; but I've got over the likeness so completely that I forgot how it agitated you. But I ought to tell you they have no connexion with the family—none in the world. Pelters and Crowe, you know-devilish sharp dogs-my lawyers in town —they are regular detectives, by Jove! and know everything and particularly have had for years a steady eye upon them and their movements; and I've had a most decided letter from them, assuring me that there has not been the slightest movement in that quarter, and therefore there is, absolutely, as I told you from the first, nothing in it."

"And what Deverells are now living?" inquired the old lady, very pale.

"Two first cousins, they tell meold fellows now; and one of them has a son or two; but not one called Guy, and none answering this description, you see; and neither have a shadow of a claim, or ever pretended; and as for that unfortunate accident"-

" Pray spare me," said the old lady,

grimly.

"Well, they did not care a brass farthing about the poor fellow, so they would never move to give me trouble in that matter; and, in fact, people never do stir in law, and put themselves to serious expense, purely for a sentiment—even a bad one.'

"I remember some years ago you were very much alarmed, Jekyl.

"No, I was not. Who the plague says that? There's nothing, thank Heaven, I need fear. One does not like to be worried with lawsuitsthat's all--though there is and can be no real danger in them.

"And was it from these cousins you apprehended lawsuits?" inquired

Lady Alice.

"No, not exactly-no, not at all. I believe that fellow, Strangways-that fellow that used to live on poor Guy I fancy he was the mover of it indeed I know he was."

"What did they proceed for?" asked the old lady. "You never told me—you're so close, Jekyl."

"They did not proceed at all—how could I ! Their attorneys had cases before counsel affecting me-that's all I ever heard; and they say now it was all Strangways' doing-that is, Pelters and Crowe say so. I wish I were close.

Old Lady Alice here heaved a deep groan, and said, not with asperity, but with a fatigued abhorrence-

"Go away; I wonder I can bear

you near me.

"Thank you very much," said the baronet, rising, with one of his pleasant chuckles. "I can't fell you how glad I am to see you here, and I know you'll be very glad to see me in the morning, when you are a little rested.'

So he kissed the tips of his fingers and touched them playfully to the back of her thin hand, which she withdrew with a little frown, as if they chilled her. And by her direction he called in her maid, whom he asked very smilingly how she did, and welcomed to Marlowe; and she, though a little passe, having heard the fame of Sir Jekyl, and many stories of his brilliant adventures, was very modest and fluttered on the occasion. And with another little petting speech to Lady Alice, the radiant baronet withdrew.

It is not to be supposed that Lady Alice's tremors communicated themselves to Beatrix. Was it possible to regard that handsome, refined young man, who spoke in that low, sweet voice, and smiled so intelligently, and talked so pleasantly, and with that delicate flavour of romance at times,

in the light of a bogle!

The gentlemen had made their whist party. The Rev. Dives Marlowe was chatting to, not with, Lady Jane, who sat listlessly on an ottoman. That elderly girl, Miss Blunkett, with the naive ways, the animated, smiling, and on the whole malevolent countenance, had secured little Linnett, who bore his imprisonment impatiently and wearily it must be owned. When Miss Blunkett was enthusiastic it was all very well; but her playfulness was wicked, and her satire gaily vitriolic.

"Mr. Marlowe is fascinated, don't you think! she inquired of barmless little Linnett, glaneing with an arch flash of her fierce eyes at the Rev.

"She's awfully handsome," said

Linnett, honest.y.

"Oh, dear, von wicked creature, you can't think I meant that. She is some kind of consin, I think — is not she and her husband has that great living what's its name? and no relation in the Caurele, and Ludy Jase. they say, rules home and Sir Jokyl, some people say, in escher.

Lennett returned her arch glance with an honest state of surprise.

"I had no blea or that, each said ...

"She thinks him so wise in all worlder metters, you know , and people in Landon tanco dishe went there bein the selve Hacky Mar (we, it slie had not not General Lenn & cust at n emits of time, and failer in live with Lim. archess essettessee, agnol.

"Really on anod Limetty and he survived Tally Jane in this new

Light with a recov.

"I really a not know r I heard it wild, merely and very likely, yet know, it is not then she answered.

With at latters 2020.

"I alway two contributions in by disk, yelled for a four floor, but The experiency Scholens is a letter sto how on that purity into $M_{\rm es}$ $M_{\rm es}$ y . Is somewhat with

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people become incredibly more handsome, and this Guy Strangways now shared in that translated glory, as he leaned on the back of a tall carved chair, sometimes speaking, sometimes hstening.

"It is quite indescribable, Miss. Mariowe, how your music interests me I should say, haunts me. I thought at first it was because you loved ballad music, which I also love. but it is not that it is something

higher and more peculiar.

"I am sure you were right at first, for I know I am a very montherent musician, sand Beatrix, looking down under her long lishes on the keys over which the jew. Addingers of her right hand wandered with hardly a Unkle, just tracing dreamily one of those sweet melanensiy aris which more in facely an accompaniment to the music of that young fellow swords,

How teamtitues he looked, too, with eyes lowered and parted lips, and that listening smale, hot quite a smale districted in with a strange rapture of public and softnoss, the flatteries which

she to trood and yet invited.

"It is smotting higher and mysterrors, who have highed shall never ettempt to explain, niness, miled, I Stort of the County Vity Wilder Box William for your to unconstitud, or, if market rate to be well

"You have been a back a balled y mence to and 'said Beat, x, fright at others as well as met new hearing wherever the rope of their ridgey horre begins on a subject to defice

"Ye to sed, and troduces of the stream was very "I vast so not the I should be an entreamy new raseedfer of its board patient of the will bright a process to call extend thought a long duly do see

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"The flattering by the more spin to East with the first of the wind another to Miss Mark we have the first of the and periods as wester that the There are times, units, a coloris, who is destrict to be an his are a "Papa, I am sure, will be very sorry to hear that you and Monsieur Varbarriere are thinking of going so soon; I must try, however, to improve the time, and hear all you can tell me of those interesting people of Brittent."

Brittany."

"Yes, they are. I will make them another visit—a sudden visit, Mademoiselle—for me a far more interesting one. You have taught me how to hear and see them. I never felt the spirit of Villemarque, or the romance and melancholy of that antique region, till I had the honour of knowing you."

"My friends always laughed at me about Brittany. I suppose different people are excited by different subjects; but I do not think any one could read at all about that part of the world and not be interested. You promised to tell all you remember of

that Breton ballad.'

"Oh, yes; the haunted lady, the beautiful lady, the heiress of Carlowel, now such a grand ruin, became enamoured of a mysterious cavalier, who wooed her; but he was something not of flesh and blood, but of the spirit world."

"There is exactly such a legend, so far, at least, of a castle on the Rhine. I must show it to you. Do you read German?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"And does the ballad end tragically?"

"Most tragically. You shall hear."
"Where are you, Guy?" in French, inquired a deep ringing voice.

And on the summons Guy glanced over his shoulder, and replied.

"Oh, I demand pardon. I am disturbing conversation, I fear; but an old man in want of assistance will be excused. I want my road book, Guy, and you have got it. Pray, run up stairs and fetch it."

With great pleasure, of course, Guy Strangways ran up stairs to tumble over block-books, letters, diaries, and the general residuum of a half-emp-

tied valise.

Miss Beatrix played a spirited march, which awoke Lady Blunkett, whom she had forgotten; and that interesting woman, to make up for lost time, entertained Beatrix with history of the unreasonableness of Smidge, her maid, and a variety of other minute afflictions, which she

assured Beatrix seriously, disturbed her sleep.

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That night Sir Jekyl led the gentlemen in a body to his outpost quarters, in the rear of civilization, where they enjoyed their cigars, brandy and water, and even "swipes," prodigiously. It is a noble privilege to be so rich as Sir Jekyl Marlowe. The Jewish price for frankincense was thrice its own weight in gold. How much did that aromatic blue canopy that rolled dimly over this Turkish divan cost that off-handed Sybarite? How many scruples of fine gold were floating in that cloud?

Varbarriere was in his way charmed with his excursion. He enjoyed the jokes and stories of the younkers, and the satiric slang and imperturbable good-humour of their host. The twinkle of his eye, from its deep cavern, and the suavity of his solemn features, testified to his profound enjoyment of a meeting to which he contributed, it must be owned, for his own share little but smoke.

In fact, he was very silent, very observant—observant of more things

than the talk perhaps.

All sorts of things were talked about. Of course, no end of horse and dog anecdote—something of wine, something of tobacco, something of the beauties of the opera and the stage, and those sad visions, the fallen angelic of the demimonde—something, but only the froth and sparkle of politics—light conjecture, and pungent scandal, in the spirit of gay satire and profligate comedy.

"He's a bad dog, St. Evermore.

Did not you hear that about the

duel ?" said Drayton.

"What?" asked the baronet, with an unconscious glance at Guy Strang-

ways.

"He killed that French fool—what's his name?—unfairly, they say. There has been a letter or something in one of the Paris papers about it. Fired before his time, I think, and very ill-feeling against the English in consequence."

"Oh!" said the baronet.

"But you know," interposed Doocey, who was an older clubman than Drayton, and remembering further back, thought that sort of anecdote of the duel a little maladroit just then and there, "St. Evermore has been talked about a good deal; there

were other things-that horse, you know; and they say, by Jove, he was licked by Tromboni, at the wings of the opera, for what he called insulting his wife; and Tromboni says he's a marquess, and devil knows what beside, at home, and wanted to fight, but St. Evermore wouldn't, and took his licking.

"He's not a nice fellow by any means; but he's devilish good company lots of 2 sed stories and capital

eigars," said Drayt in.

At this point M. Varbarriere was seized with a fit of coughing; and Sir Jekyl glanced sharply at lam; but no, he was not laughing.

The conversation proceeded agreeably, and some charming stories were told of Sir Paul Bankett, who was not present; and in less than an hour the party backe up and left Sir Jekyi to his solitary quarters.

The larenet bid his last guest goodnight at the threshold, and then shut his door, and locked himself in. It was his custom, here, to sleep with his door locked.

"What was that fellow laughing at - Variarriere ! I'm certain he was laughing. I never saw a fellow with so completely the cut of a charlatan. I'll write to Charteris tonight. I must learn all about him.

Then Sir Jekyl yawned, and reflected what a fool Drayton was, what a fellow to talk, and what asses all fellows were at that age; and, being sleepy, he postponed his letter to Charteris to the next morning and proceeded to undress.

Next morning was bright and pleasant, and he reasivedid not see much good in writing the letter; and so he put it off to a more convenient time.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUT STRUNGWAYS ASD M. VARRARRIERE CONVERSE

SHORTLY after the belief hed left the drawing room for their bearcosts, Beatrix, having be ked by the a nosment to her grand manning speem, and, with a kes and a good uight, taken wing again, there entered to hely Ance, as the edg avs express it, then composing lossed for the might, Larry James to all with

"Parse, my arry by bely wants to know if yor looyship knows where her fully a pis key may be "

" Whithey !

"The key of her bedchamber, please, my may

the new of my diessings room. To a Lary Joseph at Large g time key of the origin dressed room, and in, on to keep at Coopied the soil and tribe

The matric years has surfesy, and departed and Laby All Sank Lak again mem her pales, with her eyes and in whi filling of oil, at it is counter use of an oil male who is consequenced having done her dicy

title to the of her sex

About two nametes later there came a rastle of a dressing 2 (80) does the patter of a swift suppored to d the migh the short passa a from the dressing from and, with at a stork, Lady Jane, with a brilliant flush on her face, ruffled into the 1 cm, and,

with her head very high, and flashing eyes, demanded

"Will you be so good, Lady Alice Red litter as to give me the key of my be frount

To which Lidy Alice, without cp to uz ner eyes, and with her hands many classed in the fashion of a naciceval monument, ever her breast, nuckly and from y made answer-

"It you mean the key of the octagen dressed room, Jane, I have a ready tool your maid that I mean to keep it.

"And I denot leave the room till I get it," and Lady Jane, standing fierdly bear a the na nument.

"They you'd not leave the room to regardance replacitie statucaque suffer on the sol.

"We shall be that. Once more, will you give no my key or not i

"The key of my dissing room door is in the persons on, and I mean to keep it. Top- dod the old lady, with a provon high mades as

"You shan to in white you'll do no such thing. You enail give up the key von have stolen. Lil lose my

inter our Laborake von.

"dane, dane, said the old lady, "you are samy changed for the worse nince last I saw you.

"And if won're not, it's only be-

cause there was no room for it. Sadly changed indeed-very true. I don't suffer you to bully me, as you used at Wardlock.'

"May Heaven forgive and pardon you," ejaculated the old lady, with great severity, rising perpendicularly and raising both her eyes and hands.

"Keep your prayers for yourself, madam, and give me my key!" demanded the incensed young lady.

"I'll do no such thing; I'll do as I said; and I'll pray how I please, ma'am," retorted the suppliant, fierce-

ly.
"Your prayers don't signify twopence. You've the temper of a fiend, as all the world knows; and no one can live in the same house with you, rejoined Lady Jane.

"That's a wicked lie: my servants

live all their days with me.

"Because they know no one else would take them; but you've the temper of a fury. You haven't a friend left, and everyone hates you."
"Oh! oh! oh!" moaned Lady Alice,

sinking back, with her hand pressed to her heart piteously, and closing her eyes, as she recollected how ill

"Ho! dear me!" exclaimed Lady Jane, with high disdain. "Had not you better restore my key before you

die, old lady f"

"Jane!" exclaimed Lady Alice, recovering in an instant, "have you no feeling--you know the state I'm in; and you're bent on killing me with your unfeeling brutality ('

"You're perfectly well, ma'am, and you look it. I wish I was half as strong; you oblige me to come all this way, this bitter night, you odious

old woman."
"I see how it is, and why you want the key. A very little more, and

I'll write to General Lennox. "Do; and he'll horsewhip you."

Lady Jane herself was a little stunned at this speech, when she heard it from her own lips; and I think would have recalled it.

"Thank you, Jane; I hope you'll remember that. Horsewhip me! No doubt you wish it; but General Lennox is a gentleman, I hope, although he has married you; and I don't suppose he would murder a miserable old woman to gratify you."

"You know perfectly what I mean

-if you were a man he would

horsewhip you; you have done no-thing but insult me ever since you

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entered this house."

"Thank you; it's quite plain. I shan't forget it. I'll ask him, when he comes, whether he's in the habit of beating women. It is not usual, I believe, among British officers. It usen't, at least; but everything's getting on-young ladies, and, I suppose, old men-all getting on famously."

"Give me my key, if you please; and cease talking like a fool," cried

Lady Jane.

"And what do you want of that key? Come, now, young lady, what is it !"

"I don't choose to have my door lie open, and I won't. I've no bolt to the inside, and I will have my key, madam.'

"If that's your object, set your mind at ease. I'll lock your door myself when you have got to your bed."

"So that if the house takes fire I

shall be burnt to death!' " Pooh! nonsense!

"And if I am they'll hang you, I

hope."
"Thank you. Flogged and hanged!" and Lady Alice laughed an exceeding bitter laugh. "But the wicked violence of your language and menaccs shan't deter me from the duty I've prescribed to myself. I'll define my reasons if you like, and I'll write as soon as you please to General Lennox."

"I think you're mad-I do, I assure you. I'll endure it for once, but depend on it I'll complain to Sir Jekyl Marlowe, in my husband's absence, in the morning; and if this sort of thing is to go on, I had better leave the house forthwith - that's all."

And having uttered this dignified peroration with becoming emphasis,

she sailed luridly away.

"Good night, Jane," said Lady
Alice, with a dry serenity.

"Don't dare, you insupportable old woman, to wish me good night, burst out Lady Jane, whisking round at the threshold.

With which speech she disappeared, leaving the door wide open, which is, perhaps, as annoying as clapping it, and a less vulgar insult.

When M. Varbarriere and his

nephew this night sat down in their dressing room, the elder man said -

"How do you like Sir Jekyl Mar-

lowe !"

"Amostagreeable host very lively --very hospitable," answered Guy Strangways.

"Does it strike you that he is

auxious about anything ("

The young man looked surprised.

"No; that is, I mean, he appears
to me in excellent spirats. Perhaps,
sir, I do not quite apprehend you?"

"Not unlikely," said the old gentleman. "He does not question you?"

"No, sir."

"Yet he suspects me, and I think suspects you," observed M. Varbarriere.

The young man looked pained, but

said nothing.

⁶ That room where poor Lady Marlowe met her death - the green chamber it is connected with the misfortunes of your family (*)

" How, sir f"

"Those papers you have heard my lawyer mention as having been lost at Ducois' Hotel in London, by your grandfather, it is my benefixere lost in this house and in that room."

A gentleman smoking a eigar must be very musa interested, in ice h when he rem was his weed from his lips and rests the hand whose fingers head it upon his knee, to the manufacturisk of letting it go call while he pauses and is tere.

"And how, sir, do y a suppose this occurre holy what aloney had another the hands me young gentlemen.

"The glast" answered M. Varsbarriers, with a scientific sec.

Guy Strangways know no could not be serious, actionize, looking on his countenation, he could discentification certain trace of fronty as he processed.

"Many years later, poor Lody Marlowe, entering that room late at right sher maid sept to be and she being ill, for a charge, in the smaller room adjoining by in don't know these rooms, but I have looke i in at the door behold what we can the ghost, and never smalled or reld up hat head after," said the portly old gentleman between the puris of his eight.

"Beheld the glost

"So they say, and I believe it --

"Did she make an alarm or call her

"Her husband slept in that remote room at the very back of the house, which, as you see, he still occupies, quite out of hearing. You go down stairs first, then up stairs; and as he says the greater part of two hundred feet away from the front of the house, of course he was out of the question," and M. Varbairiere succeed again solemnly.

"A housekeeper named Gwynn, I am told, knows all about it, but I

believe she is gone."

"And do you really think, sir, that my grandfather lost those deeds here!"

"I always thought so, and so I told your father, and my information got him into a bad scrape."

"You don't, I know, think it occurred supernaturally f" said Guy,

more and more bewildered.

"Supernaturally; of course it was - how clse could it be?" answered the old gentieman, with a drowsy irony. "That room has been haunted, as I have heard, by a devil from the time it was built, in the reign of Georgie the Second. Can you imagine why Ge-

neral Lennex was put to sleep there f'
The young man shook his head.
The old one resumed his smoking,

leaving his problem unsolved.

"It shall be my business to evoke and to my that devil," said the elderly gentleman, abruptly.

be warned it you really think there is any any damper I

"The danger is to General Lennox, as I suppose

"I don't understand, sir."

"No, you don't better not. I told your possitation my belief once, and it proved latticknowledge to him. In the day that he eat thereof he died. Bah." It is better to keep your mind to yours af unit, you have quite made it up you understand to and even then tid the time for action has come, and not even then, unless you want belp. Who will sum up the mischief one of these prating follows does in a lifetime to

The gentlemen were silent hereupen for a period which I may measure

by haif a eigar.

"That green chamber it is a hyperite," said the solemn old man, looking drowedy on the smoke that was according the chimney, into which he threw butt-end of his

cigar-" mind you, a hypocrite. I have my theory. But we will not talk; no-you will be less embarrassed, and I more useful, with this reserve. For the purpose I have in view I will do fifty things in which you could and would have no partnership. Will you peep into that letter, Monsieur?" The ponderous gentleman grew dramatichere. "Will you place your ear to that door, si'l rous plant - your eye to that keyhole? Will you oblige me by bribing that domestic with five pounds sterling? Bah! I will be all ear, all eye-omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent !-by all means for this END-ay, all means-what you call secret, shabby, blackguard," and the sonorous voice of the old man, for the first time since his arrival, broke into a clangorous burst of laughter, which, subsiding into a sort of growl, died, at last, quite away. The old gentleman's countenance looked more thoughtful, and a shade darker than he had seen it. Then rising, he stood with his back to the fire, and fumbled slowly at the heavy links of his watch-chain, like a ghostly monk telling his beads, while he gazed, in the abstraction of deep thought, on the face of the young

Suddenly his face grew vigilant, his eyes lighted up, and some stern lines gathered about them, as he looked down full upon his nephew.

"Guy," said he, "you'll keep your promise—your word—your oath—that not one syllable of what passes between us is divulged to mortal, and that all those points on which I have enjoined reserve shall be held by you scrupulously secret."

Guy bowed his acquiescence.

"What nonsense was that going on at the piano to-night? Well, you need not answer, but there must be no more of it. I won't burden you with painful secrets. You will understand me hereafter; but no more of that—observe me."

The old gentleman spoke this injunction with a lowering nod, and that deliberate and peremptory emphasis to which his metallic tones gave effect.

Guy heard this, leaning, in an unchanged attitude, on his elbow, over the chimneypiece, in silence and with

downcast eyes.

"Yes, Guy," said the old man, walking suddenly up to him, and clapping his broad hand upon his shoulder, "I will complete the work I have begun for you. Have confidence in me; don't mar it, and you shall know all, and after I am gone, perhaps admire the zealous affection with which I laboured in your interest. Good night, and Heaven bless you, dear Guy," and so they parted for the night.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY ALICE TALKS WITH GUY STRANGWAYS.

GUY STRANGWAYS had all his life stood in awe of this reserved, despotic uncle—kind, indulgent in matters of pleasure and of money, but habitually secret, and whenever he imposed a command, tyrannical. Yet Guy felt that even here there was kindness; and though he could not understand his plans, of his motives he could have no doubt.

For M. Varbarriere, indeed, his nephew had a singular sort of respect. More than one-half of his character was enveloped in total darkness to his eyes. Of the traits that were revealed some were positively evil. He knew, by just one or two proofs, that he was proud and vindictive, and could carry his revenge for a long time, like a cold stone, in

his sleeve. He could break out into a devil of a passion, too, on occasion; he could be as unscrupulous, in certain ways, as Machiavel; and, it was fixed in Guy's mind, had absolutely no religion whatsoever. What were the evidences! M. Varbarriere led a respectable life, and showed his solemn face and person in church with regularity, and was on very courteous relations with the clergy, and had built the greater part of a church in Pontaubrique, where prayers are, I believe, still offered up for him. Ought not all this to have satisfied Guy? And yet he knew quite well that solemn M. Varbarriere did not believe one fact, record, tradition, or article of the religion he professed, or of any other. Had he

denounced, ridiculed, or controverted shape, cat and drank and slept, talked them ! Never. On the contrary, he kept a civil tongue in his head or was silent. What then were the pre-fs which had long quite settled the question in Guy s mind ! They consisted of some half dozen sumes and shrugs, scattered over some fitteen years, and delivered impressively at significant moments.

But with all this he was kindly. The happiness of a great number of persons depended upon M. Varbarriere, and they were happy. His wine estates were well governed. H:s great silk factory in the south was wisely and benevolently administered. He gave handsomely to every deserving charity. He staded on chadren and gave them small coins. He loved flowers, and no man was more idelized by his dees.

Guy was attached by his kindness, and he felt that is it a named sy tem exactly what it is girt, he had triened one, and acted unster it, and ite instinctively imbibed for him that res peet which we always elemen for the man who has submitted his combact consistently to a code or in heppermposed by intelligence leven errors.

When Guy had bal this man and night, and entered his charact, he threw himself into his easy chalic beside the fire when had grown low and gray in the crase. He felt both said and abouted. He new felt assured that M. Victoria are wie that important attends to the rate park of a hour to which has to wilk evil against treit his time his family. His family ! His of my ! r Beating. He in inoction.

Already and and in deception, the reasons for wants, he know not, the dire to not which he only says period thought as he was to sectively by promises the rest sacred, to his stern old know or at a betefacter, he dared not divine to the Seneral Low the blow me it we to be was emi fident, against this bar act, was to roll and to 6 years at tane. What a Villian so and recovering when a way over Sadowen's notet at alk and hespitales how a near territor carned the most state, be it we does small, that threatened : At I the image of Beatrix, one an initial

setween her father and the villaio, Guy, who had house in a berrowed and smiled, and, he now feared, lored, and in the end struck!

When Mr. Guy Strangways came down next morning he looked very pale. His breakfast was a sham. He talked hardly at all, and smiled

but briefly and seldom.

M. Varburiere, on the contrary, was more than usually animated, and talked in his pecunar vein rather more than was his went; and after breakfast, Sir Jekyl placed his hand kindly on Guy Strangways' arm as be looked dismally from the window. The young man aimost started at the kindly presoue.

"Very glad to hear that Monsieur Varbarrière has charged his mind,

sabi Sar Jokyl, with a smile.

What change was this! thought Guy, whose then this were about other plans of his uncle's, and he bloked with a strange surprise in Sir Jel vis face.

"I mean his i'l natured idea of going so soon. I'm so glad. You knew you have seen nothing yet, and we are going to kul a buck to day, so As a had better postpone the moor to to morrow, and if you like to take year red in the afternoon, you will find Barron tells rice somevery fine tiont, about half a mile lower down the stream than you fished yesterday a lettle below the bridge.

Gay ti mked him, I fancy, rather odd v. He heard him in fact as if it was an effort to follow lis meaning. and he is ally did feel relieved when has good natured host was called away, the Loxt moment, to settle a disputed que tion, between the two sp. "smer, Linnett and Doorey.

"How is grandmamina this morning inquired Sir Jokyl of Beatrix,

bet resident: the room.

"Petter, I think. She says she will the a little turn up and down tic be si waskiy and by, and I am to 20 % Liber."

"Very pleasant for you, Trixie," so ditempore, with one of his chuckles. "Soy no alt po with your ladies to Lea ded to day

"No it can the helped; but I'm glid poor granny can take her little

walk." Not a bit of you, Trixie."

"Yes, indeed, I am. Poor old grantly

The incredul us baronet tapped

her cheek with his finger, as he chuckled again requishly, and with a smile and a shake of his head, their little talk ended.

In the hall he found Guy Strangways in his angling garb, about to start on a solitary excursion. He preferred it. He was very much obliged. He did not so much care for the chase, and liked walking even better

than riding.

The Baronet, like a well-bred host, allowed his guests to choose absolutely their own methods of being happy, but he could not but perceive something in the young gentleman's manner, that was new and uncomfortable. Had he offended him -had anything occurred during the sitting after dinner last night? Well he could not make it out, but his manner was a little odd and constrained, and in that slanting light from above, as he had stood before him in the hall, he certainly did look confoundedly like that other Guy whose memory was his chief spoil-sport. But it crossed him only like a neuralgic pang, to be forgotten a minute later. And so the party dispersed. Some mounted, to the park; others away with the keeper and dogs for the moor; and Strangways, dejected, on his solitary river-side ramble.

His rod and fly-book were but pretexts—his object was solitude. It was a beautiful autumnal day, a low sun gilding the red and yellow foliage of wood and hedgerow, and the mellow songs of birds were quivering in the air. The cheer and the melancholy of autumn were there—the

sadness of a pleasant farewell.

"It is well," thought Strangways,
"that I have been so startled into consciousness, while I yet have power to escape my fate—that beautiful girl! I did not know till last night how terrible I shall find it to say farewell. But, cost what it may, the word must be spoken. She will never know what it costs me. I may call it a dream, but even dreams of paradise are forgotten; my dreamnever! All after days dark without her. All my future life a sad reverie -- a celestial remembrance--a vain yearning. These proud English people-and those dark designs, what

me if I have saved her—in so few days a grown to be so much to me—my idol, my darling! though she may never know it?"

Guy Strangways, just five-andtwenty, had formed, on the situation, many such tremendous resolutions as young gentlemen at that period of life are capable of. He would speak to her no more; he would think of her no more; he would brave his uncle's wrath—shield her from all possibility of evil—throw up his own stakes, be they what they might and depart in silence, and never see Beatrix again.

The early autumn evening had begun to redden the western clouds, as Guy Strangways returning, approached the fine old house, and passing a thick group of trees and underwoods, he suddenly found himself before Beatrix and Lady Alice. I dare say they had been talking about him, for Beatrix blushed, and the old lady stared at him from under her gray brows, with lurid half-frightened eyes, as she leaned forward, her thin fingers grasping the arms of the rustic chair, enveloped in her ermine lined mantle.

Lady Alice looked on him as an old lady might upon a caged monster—with curiosity and fear. She was beginning to endure his presence, though still with an awe nearly akin to horror—though that horror was fast disappearing—and there was a strange yearning, too, that drew her towards him.

He had seen Beatrix that morning. The apparition had now again risen in the midst of his wise resolutions, and embarrassed him strangely. The old lady's stare, too, was, you may suppose, to a man predisposed to be put out, very disconcerting. The result was that he bowed very low, indeed, before the ladies, and remained silent, expecting, like a ghost, to be spoken to.

expecting, like a ghost, to be spoken to.

"Come here, sir, if you please," said the old lady, with an odd mixture of apprehension and command.

"How dye do, Mr. Strangways? I saw you yesterday, you know, at dinner; and I saw you some weeks since at Wardlock Church. I have been affected by a resemblance. Mercitical same affected by a resemblance.

most of my dearest ties on earth, and cannot expect to remain much longer behind them."

It was odd, but the repulsion was still active, while at the same time she was already, after a fashion, opening her heart to him.

It was not easy to frame an answer, on the moment, to this strange address. He could only say, as again he bowed low—

"I do recollect, Lady Alice, having seen you in Wardlock Church. My uncle, Monsieur Varbarriere"——

At this point the handsome young gentleman broke down. His uncle had whispered him, as they sat side by side"Look at that old lady costumed in mourning, in the seat in the gallery with the yellow marble tablet and two angels—do you see !—on the wall behind. That is Lady Alice Redeliffe. I'll tell you more about her by-and-by."

"By and by," as Guy Strangwaya had come to know, indicated in M. Varbarriere's vocabulary, that period which was the luminous point in his perspective, at which his unexplained hints and proceedings would all be cleared up. The sudden rush of these recollections and surmises in such a presence, overcame Guy Strangways, and he changed colour and became salent

CHAPTER XX.

SOME TALK OF A SURVEY OF THE URBEY CHAMBER

THE old lady, however, understood nothing of the causes of his sudden embarrassment, and spoke again.

"Will you forgive an old woman for speaking with so little reserve! your voice, too, sir, so wonderfully resembles it wonderfully."

Old Lady Alice dried her eyes a little here, and Guy, who felt that his situation might soon become very nearly comical, said very gently

"There are, I believe, such likenesses. I have seen one or two such myself." And then to Beatrix, asole, "My presence and these reconcetions, I fear, agitate Lady Alice."

But the old lady interposed in a softened tone, "No, sir; pray don't go, pray remain. You've been walking, fishing. What a sweet day, and charming scenery near here. I kin ow it all very well. In my poor ger, a lifetime. I was a great deal here. Snewas very a composhed - shedrew beautifully poor thing, my pretty Beatrix here is very like her. You can't remember your poor maining I No, hard'y."

All this time Lady Alice was, with aristocratic til breeding, contemplating the features of Guy Strangways, as she might a picture, with sablened eyes. She was becoming accustomed to the apparation. It had aimost ceased to frighten her, and she liked it even, as a help to memory.

Five minutes later she was walking feebly up and down the plateau, in the last level beams of the genial sunset, leaning on the arm of the young man, who could not refuse this courtesy to the garrulous old lady, although contrary to his prudent resolutions, it retained him so near to Beatrix.

"And, Mr. Strangways, it is not every day, you know, I can walk out; and Trixic here will sometimes bring her work into the boudoir—and if you would pay me a visit there, and read or talk a little, you can't think what a kindness you would do me f

What could be say but hear and smile, and declare how happy it would make him. Although here, too, he saw danger to his wise resolutions. But have not the charities of society their claims !

These were the parting words as they stood on the stone platform, under the carved armorial bearings of the Marlowes, at the hall door; and old Laciy Airce, when she reached her rosm, wept softer and happier tears than had wet her checks for many a year.

This red sunset beam that had lighted the group we have just been following, glan cell through the windows of M. Va. tarriere's dressing room, and lighted up a letter he was at that moment reading. It said—

"The woman to whom you refer is still living. We heard fully about her last year, and we are informed by a recent letter inquiring in accordance with your instructions—is now in the service of Lady Alice Redeliffe,

thought, reliable in her statements, though impracticable and obstinately reserved; but that is eight years since. She was, I think, some way past fifty then."

M. Varbarriere looked up here, and placed the letter in his pocket, be-

holding his valet entering.

" Come in, Jacques," exclaimed the ponderous old gentleman, in the vernacular of the valet.

He entered gaily bowing and smil-

"Well, my friend," he exclaimed good-humouredly, "you look very happy, and no wonder-you a lover of beauty, are fortunate in a house where so much is treasured.'

"Ah! Monsieur mocks me. But there are many beautiful ladies as-

sembled here, my faith !"

"What do you think of Lady Jane

Lennox !"

"Oh, heavens! it is an angel!"

"And only think! she inhabits, all alone, that terrible green chamber!" exclaimed the old gentleman, with an unwonted smile, "I have just been wondering about that green chamber, regarding which so many tales of terror are related, and trying from its outward aspect to form some conjecture as to its interior, you understand, its construction and arrangements. It interests me so strangely. Now, I dare say, by this time so curious a sprite as you—so clever—so potent with that fair sex who hold the keys of all that is worth visiting, there is hardly a nook in this house, from the cellar to the garret, worth looking at, into which you have not contrived a peep during this time ("

"Ah, my faith! Monsieur does me too much honour. I may have been possibly; but I do not know to which of the rooms they accord that name.

Now, upon this, M. Varbarriere described to him the exact situation of the apartment.

"And who occupies the room at

present, Monsieur !" "Lady Jane Lennox, I told you."

"Oh! then I am sure I have not been there. That would be impossible."

of Wardlock, within easy reach of carnest" emphasis. "If you satisfy Marlowe. We found her, as we me during our stay in this house I will make you a present of five thousand francs—you comprehend?—this day three weeks. I am curious in my way as you are in yours. Let us see whether your curiosity cannot subserve mine. In the first place, on the honour of a gentleman-your father was a Captain of Chasseurs, and his son will not dishonour him-you promise to observe the strictest silence and secrecy.

> Jacques bowed and smiled deferentially; their eyes met for a moment, and Monsieur Varbarriere said -

> "You need not suppose anything so serious-monami-thereis no tragedy or even fourberie intended. I have heard spiritual marvels about that apartment; I am inquisitive. Say, I am composing a philosophy and writing a book on the subject, and I want some few facts about the proportions of it. See, here is a sketch-oblong square—that is the room. You will visit it-you take some pieces of cord ---you measure accurately the distance from this wall to that—you see?—the length; then from this to this—the breadth. If any projection or recess, you measure its depth or prominence most exactly. If there be any door or buffet in the room, beside the entrance, you mark where. You also measure carefully the thickness of the wall at the windows and the door. I am very curious, and all this you shall do.'

The courier shrugged, and smiled,

and pondered.

"Come, there may be difficulties, but such as melt before the light of your genius and the glow of this, and he litted a little column of a dozen golden coins between his finger and thumb.

"Do you think that when we, the visiters, are all out walking or driving, a chamber-maid would hesitate for a couple of these counters to facilitate your enterprise and enable you to do all this? Bah! I know them too well."

"I am flattered of the confidence of Monsieur. I am ravi of the opportunity to serve him.

There was something perhaps cynical in the imposing solemnity of I who want all these foolish little pieces of twine," said the grave gentleman; "she would tell everybody.

What will you say to her!

"Ah, Monsieur, please, it will be Margerie. She is a charming rogue, and as discreet as myself. She will assist, and I will tell her nothing but fibs; and we shall make some money -she and I together—in the servants hall. She shall talk of the ghosts and the green clamber, and I will tell how we used to make wagers who would guess, without having seen it, the length of such a room in the Chatean Manyille, when we were visiting there—how many windows how high the chimneypiece; and then the nearest guesser won the pool. You see, Monsieur—you understand l -Margery and I, we will play this little trick. And so she will help me to all the measurements without sharing of my design quite simply."

Sir, I admire your cate of the younglidy ssimplicity, said M. Varbarriere, sardonically. "You will procure all this for me as quickly as you can, and I shan't forget my pro-

mise.

Jacques was again radiantly grateful.

"Jacques, you have the character of being always true to your chief. I never doubted your honour, and I show the esteem I hold you in by undertaking to give you five thousand frames in three weeks' time. provided you satisfy me while here. It would not cost me much, Jacques, to make of you as good a gentieman as your father.

Jacques here threw an awful and indestribable devotion into his coun-

tenance

"I don't say, mind you, I li do it -only that it I pleased I very easily might. You shall bring me a little plan of that room, including all the measurements I have mentioned, if possible temorrow the seemer the better, that to be an with. Enough for the present. Stay, have verhad nev talk with Sir John Marlowe you must be quite frank with ne has be noticed year

"He has done me that homour."

"Frequently;

"One bookly, Monocur."

"Cane, let us hear what passed." M. Varbarriere had traced a slight

suppose nothing of the fact that it is embarrassment in Jacques' counten-

So with a little effort and as much gaiety as he could command, Jacques related tolerably truly what had passed in the stable yard.

A lurid thish appeared on the old man's forchead for a moment, and he

rang out fiercely

"And why the devil, sir, did you

not mention that before!

"I was not aware, Monsieur, it was of any importance," he answered, deferentially.

"Jacques you must tell me the whole truth-did he make you a prerent!"

"No, Monsieur."

"He gave you nothing then or since !"

" Pasun sous, Monsieur - nothing." "Has he promised you anything I"

" Nothing, Monsieur."

"But you understand what he means!

"Monsieur will explain himself."

"You understand he has made you nn offer in case you consent to transfer your service.

"Monsieur commands my allegian re."

"You have only to say so if you

wish it.' " Monsieur is my generous chief. I will not abandon him for a stranger never, while he continues his good-ness and his preference for me."

"Well, you belong to me for a month, you know, by our agreement. After that you may consider what you please. In the meantime be true to me; and not one word, if you please, of me or my concerns to any-lasty.

"Certainly, Monsieur. I shall be found a man of henour now as

always.

"I have no derbt, Jacques; as I told you. I know you to be a gentle-

man. I rely upon y n.

M. Varbarriere booked rather grimly into his eye as he uttered this complanent; and when the polite little gentleman had left the room, M.Varbarriere is to agait fam how very little he had to be tray how little he knew about him, his men lew, and his plans: and aith ough he would not have liked his negative to be either banked or disclosed, he could yet mentally snap his fingers at Monageur.

A GROUP OF NEW NOVELS.

UNDER existing circumstances circulating librarians may claim the commiseration of a good-natured public. A branch of business always attended with peculiar risks must, at present, be prosecuted with almost a certainty of loss. When books were fewer, especially novels, and when readers had more critical taste, it was comparatively easy to provide by anticipation for a demand that obeyed some sort of ascertained law. There were a dozen books or so every season, of which the caterers of the literary commodities girlhood delights in-and older folks, too, men and women, are not guiltless of an occasional hankering after, a hankering gratified with a decorous caution as to time and place-were obliged to have a substantial store; but now-adays the generous distributor of hotpressed volumes is fairly at his wit's end. We are not in the secrets of the trade, but have witnessed the rapid growth of new shelving in our favourite morning resort, and the lengthening array of gaudy fiction, with "sensational" titles in attractively quaint gilt lettering, and marked the growing voracity of subscribers, and their caprices and impatience, and reflected as solemnly as if our own money were at stake in the concern on the unprofitableness of this compulsory extension of premises and of stock. The librarian is, in fact, assailed by a conspiracy of unhappy influences. The newspapers never reviewed so much or so promptly. People never before read the journals so extensively. The public learn just so much of the new novel before it is a week out as to be fretful at a day's delay in procuring it. Ten to one when obtained it is only glanced at, and returned next morning, with a fresh demand for a newer excitement. We wouch for the fact

that one young person of our acquaintance (we shall not mention the sex) drove the Mudie of our locality (nor say we where it is) to the verge of lunacy by the incessancy of his, or her, applications for all the tales whose names hit the tormentor's fancy in a regular daily examination of the advertising columns of the *Times*. By an assiduous dunning which applied to the worst pay in Christendom must have succeeded in ultimately reducing the amount of his "indebtedness," a fabulous number of quite-new books were extracted from the impoverished lender, to be toyed with an hour or two, and flung aside. The story is told of a hotel-keeper who paid a regular allowance to a man of enormous appetite, in consideration of the pensionary's not dining at his table d'hôte, and there are librarians who would find it an economy to bribe certain of their patrons with a considerable sum to transfer their favours to a rival establishment.

The trade of fiction-writing, however, flourishes apace, and there would be no good reason for attempting to restrict it. Many very worthy and very clever people are benefited by it in pocket, and the harm done to youthful readers, even by the most exciting plot or incident, is not such as philosophers of the severe school represent. But for our novelists, indeed, in this hard and practical age, we should become more selfish and much less social. The story-writer's influence is softening always, if not always elevating in a rigidly moral sense. He brings us into an ideal world, and even his exaggerations in matters of sentiment ought to cultivate, and generally do, tenderness and fidelity. The clever author of a recent lecture on the "Nationalities of the United Kingdom," a Scotch-

[&]quot;Sedgely Court;" A Tale. By the author of "Fanny Hervey." William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

[&]quot;Yaxley and its Neighbourhood." By the author of "Myself and my Relatives." London: T. C. Newby.

[&]quot;Tony Butler," 3 vols. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

man, moreover, who, from the character of his mind, would be to east to go astray in a fasty approval of an unwhole some class of books, remarks that, "In these utilitarian days there is an unspectionable tendency to swall waip the portical in traptactical, and to extingue he all that suveries of Teasity or sentiment, by giving on unquicated posterency to bare, bald matter of fact, " "Surely," Mr. Set a continues, "we have all a sufficient supply of that lagray to voured element in the daily lets to se of life, and I trust the day is far distant in which the cultivation of the imagination will be entirely say a so led by second form a gale and but it books of useful knowled all. And a the novels produced with a the last five years, there are a goodly namber fit to take place with the lost works of magnification are some tool walk no dense, live for a gineration at least. But then it must be entire soil that many bull stay dominations been really thrown by the and compain a structure property of portaine, that the properties has been debauched by them, and the this year has witness dia more rapid succession of these districtly common place performances, whitein as a suit of clothes is made, to order, and indebted for the rock tense entirely to the englishing library denoted Among the exclude to differ below. in a blift in to the force section (1996) mertwh little rve view or consisthere is to test to the service the way of 2 distribution of the service of the s

"Sedzely Cenal" we shall say at once that, I i a long time, we have read no tale that has so charmed us, We know nothing of the author, and the dedication to "her dear meees," when our eye lit up noit, after we had perused the greater part of volume L. ration surprised us, tenthe whole concept: n of the story is bold, and the working out in visite is keeping with it. To these who in eistand the See to she fracing and least appropriate genuine Scottish humour, this volume wai afford most interest. In spite of Sidney Smith, Dr. Johnson, and whosoever else may have defined to the So teh the possession of humour, we maint on that our northern friends are by no near soletiment in appared atom of wit and 100. The "solonia Highlardican is not the true type of a Social in this respect. Nor should we be maked tone this hondle Lymoni et such a er e men, in Seetish interature, as Christopher North, but what the thoughts for Poly. Let Get, and South she cannot be dere is a more state of the quality people is very true aspired to deny her brown so very true we have a Captain Bert of Pullbatten, a rethed military other and Soutch land, I ving near St. Armew's, brave, spirited, and well descended, but Mower to do not the security of the real length we, who hadors to e "Union Problem, where some vigors of providing the Captain's I have a least maken arrest to a lady to a least y Mass Armalel, at Spillely Court, and has an only the way of z is a volume of the decision of Solids Country and Las an ofly between zero as of their sections of the and decision. Kathanise for an excellent profit. The entire of the section of the section and the section of the se the tracker was a second to the second tracker than the tracker was a second to the second tracker was a second tracker to the second tracker to the second tracker tracker to the second tracker trac

volume the photographically true and engaging pictures of Scottish domestic life occur, which are to us, we confess, the characteristic feature of the story, and which, doubtless, will render it popular north the Tweed at all events. One bit we shall venture to extract, where the dialect is not so broad as to cause any reader to lose the curious humour of the passage. Katie Gourlay, an old retainer, discourses on the religious "servantgalism" of St. Andrew's, at the time when free kirks began to get a footing in the town, and the heresy of each man and woman maintaining his own minister, became rife :--

"There's an unco change,' said Kate, 'in the morals of servants noo, as there is in a thing else i' the warld; and I'se warrant the present set o' lang-tongued hizzies 'll hae plenty o' raesons to render, wha heard them at it!'

"There's abundance of religious profession among them, that I know, said Mrs. Ramsay, who was herself the very pink of moderation in all things. "This Betty, now, is a strict Secoder."

" I ken that, mem,' said Kate, gradually subsiding into her usually philosophic moderation of tone, 'and I canna help lookin' that way sometimes to account for the cheenges I referred to. Ye see, mem, few to them are a thegither content noo to gang to the auld kirk as we did ave sae willingly langsyne; an' really, mem, considerin' the milk-and-water discoorses blattered aff their papers by some 'o the present Establishment gentlemen, and the cauld, careless ways 'o maist 'o them, it's no to be wondered at if even sic a ranter as Jonathan Wilson (Betty, I ken, 's ane 'o his folk) should draw them till him. No that I can bide the body mysel'; it gars my very flesh creep to hear him as I'm gaun by his kirk-door roarin' and skriechin' a mile aboon his breath, as if his folk were ane and a horn deaf; but he's strong, the body! there's some fushion in Jonathan l and that taks wi' mony ane. But what I wud be at is, that, for bye dressin' themsels up like leddies, which is 'a the faushion amon' them, they've their meenisters to mainteen noo-set them up! and no end o' collections wi' greedy ladles and itherwise for this, that, and the tither thing, till, as I hear, some o' them, puir things! 'ill hae gien up, between minister and dominie, as muckle as three or fowre pounds in a year.'

"Mrs. Ramsay held up her hands and

As shure's death, mem, it's true,' said the sagacious Kate. 'Noo, it's certain that a' that cannut be dune without nippin' and scrapin' to dooble o' even the lairge wage they get aff their maister and mistress, in some shape or anither; and it's shurely a cryin' sin to put it into ignorant folk's heads that gi'en' awa's sic a fine thing, as if sic deevil's parin's as I drither maist o' their gi'en's maun be, are ony way fit aither to be lent to the Lord or to mainteen his Kirk!'"

Katie's picture is complete. The respectable milk-and-water sermons of the State churchman, the pulpit roaring of the dissenting Boanerges, the collections in long, greedy ladlesnone but a genuine Scot could have written this. Likewise in the sketch of the ball in Andrew Ramsay's hospitable house, as boldly painted as Mr. Trollope's account of a much similar party in "Rachel Ray," but more characteristic of peculiar manners and customs, having much that is engaging in them, the author justifies her title to our generous respect. Of course there is a good deal of love in "Sedgely Court." Towards the close of the second volume, a respectable maiden lady, Becky Primrose, delivers certain very sensible observations anent marriage, as the Scotch would say, in answer to Mrs. Ramsay's desire that her daughters should wait until they had reached the years of discretion, and for these, also, a place may be found. Miss Rebecca is not partial to the divinity students of St. Andrew's, and exposes clerical failings, in general, remorselessly.

"' Mind ye, my leddy—and ye ken I speak from experience-on the ither side o' the question, this is no a place where what the French ca' passe young leddies gie muckle price, or, what's waur, are owre contented themsels, and therefore hae aye yer een aboot ye; and when a wiselike, sponsible man like your ain gude Mr. Ramsay looks the way o' ony o' them, dinna let them flout him awa' for the sake o' ony o' thac whipper-snapper student lads I see them careering up and doon wi' sae often. Depend upon'd they're ance awa' and ave awa' as sune as the end o' the session comes; so dinna let them go owre far wi' ony o' them. And, 'deed, I fear the divines are little mair to be trusted. There's no end o' stories against them; and there's aye some water, ye ken, where the stirkie drowns. Some o them are gude enough, nae doot; and I like that young Duff's look that they say's after Miss Anne, and he's come o' decent folk. His fawther's a most respectable weel-to-do farmer, and his mother was quite a lady-for that part of it, a far-awa' cousin o' my ain, so it's likely he's been weel brocht up at ony rate,-far mair to be trustit than them that come from the dregs o' the earth, as heaps o' them do. I fancy they come to their kingdom owre sulfauly or something, the cretury and at turns the rebeats; for no source do they got a kirk than, forgetting attogather what they came out of they think, who but them! and look out, nost of them do, for a gude connexion, as they cald, which means a wife will baw-bess."

These volumes have neither a murder nor a hair-breadth escape. There is not a case of almost drowning, or a conflagration, or a duel, or a flight of horses towards a vawning chasm, or a mystery, earthly or supernatural. There is this compensating peculiarity, however, that the authoress manages to make all her characters amouble, and to marry them all happaly. Sedgely Court is festooned with enduring orange blossoms. It is the very type of what should be the principal scene in a novel-a paradise of lovers a soil where all ars of the heart in ver failed of fruit. Kathe Beaton as repts George Temple; Miss Harland, the rector's sister, Harry Levison; the mild and clever rector immself, the Anglaran counterpart of Miss Hope; Arcinbaid. Millie Rams by. In the progress of these courtships there are the usual entanglements, but all comes right at **Inst.** The writer has this advantage, too, from their number, that the recurrence of a proposal every chapter or two keeps up the entiment wonderially. In the single attempt to paint a metalemaking, designing woman, the good hearted authoriss fails. There is everything common place at at Mrs. Temple, but nothing could be better than the accompanier t of that have shorted, when she had attempts it so a sakate Peaten Lyacruel suggestion to it to orga Temple had ingles aspect one

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of Maria Long Lower back of the design of Barron State of the control of the state of the second of

of any hope Katherine might have entertained that do would ever five in his vowaon here in, for her to be new for the first time surprised that there should be another candidate for the honour of his regards. She looked anguly and inquiringly at her for a satisfactory account of here-start of amazement at the name of Lady Florence. Katherine was colleting her wits, which were certainly rather once s, and was tolerably soon to by to explain her cause of won forment.

1931 have only heard of her, she said, in a letter which Mrs. Arms of some little time a so happened to show the one day from Mr. For phe horself, and which made me think such an event acyon so in to anticipate so very unlikely trivial recay could not help to be a quite aston said when you mentioned of.

"And w' it might that be?" she asked, in a slare, al rimed tone. "I was to taware that is not some on her; I know he never mention of for men to me; what did he say to Relence. You need not look so mysterious, at could be nothing very much a land to her. I suppose to I hepe you remove it to each two describings are no up to each a version and in the repetition."

will be a liber in to well what he said, and shall cortainly not a vaggerate it, said Katherine composedy. It was, that on the day is simel with Lord Norberry in Barbeley printed half struck him that the larger sections are they are before section starts. there that, the to a front with whom to wood to ear in it. I may party, he had expliced that his limitap was not forth of in Essiomestic afforts, that lette his or was very wild, enjoyley extravagont and care expet their fitter, and toat his mix is of terman annually and highly as not show ark had most underfunct is be not by with one of her lest so entre v turn them as to have promost complete himselves in Bartabara very dear a triginati which can be an other cower the transmitted berrey element dense their rather. should not be a process of some another tiretin-** • 54 As or to exact their earliests which was a second of the seco

Merchants or while thally discording to the feet of the feet the whole received with respect to the conference of the co

be concluded that very few of them either room, her face and hands cleaner than usual, squinted or had a club-foot."

Taking up next "Yaxley and its Neighbourhood," for sake, partly of contrast, we have a story which owes more to its incidents, and much less to its style. A very different sort of interest attaches to Meiklam's Rest than centres in Sedgely Court; but it, too, becomes finally an Eden to the good and faithful. There might be parallels found in these two tales. Dillon Crosbie and George Temple are characters that run pretty much in the same groove, and Lizzie Stutzer is something like Katie Beaton, only that she has more force of character. Mrs. Pilmer, also, and Mrs. Temple, are in essence the same. But the Scottish story has no ruffian like Luke Bagly, no "Meg Merrilies," no weird sights and sounds, no sudden catastrophes, no awful poisoning, no startling case of lunacy. "Yaxley" is, in fact, what some understand by sensational; but we do not use the word to imply a vulgar effort to excite by the painting of improbable horrors. There is not an occurrence in it that does not minister fairly to the working out of the plot, and no melodramatic exaggeration is chargeable against the She is even a strongerminded person than the author of "Sedgely Court," and has a clear view to a moral. From the outset she is determined to bring the evildoer to a bad end, and the violent way in which this is contrived in the case of the wicked steward, has the sanction of the reader's conscience. In like manner the recantation of the curse pronounced on Bessie Pilmer in her early life by the withered hag, Jenny Black-when the thoughtless girl had returned to die at Meiklam's Rest, the broken-hearted Lady Bend -not only satisfies the demands of justice, but adds vastly to the force and vigour of the closing chapter. The removal of this old malediction is a fair specimen of the writer's powers in a difficult line.

"Just then some altercation sounded from below in the hall, and on requesting to know what it arose from, Lady Bend was informed that the crazy fortune-teller, Jenny Black, was wishing to come up and see her.

" ' Let her come,' said the lady, gently.

"And so she appeared within the red

and a fantastic bonnet shielding her matted locks from observation. She had dressed herself with care before venturing to demand an interview with the great lady.

" 'I came here this day to bless you, Miss Bessie, she said, abruptly, when the first salutations were over and she had wrung the small, slight hand of Lady Bend mournfully enough. 'You remember I cursed you once, and now I'm going to give you my blessing. Long ago I had a dream; it was in the summer time, and the hay was cutting in the fields, and I chose to sleep that night away out among the sweet grass of the meadows, all dry and crisp round me. I chose to stay there, you see, because it's out in the night that spirits descend and whisper to you the things that are coming to pass. So, Miss Bessie, I slept, and I dreamed that you stood before me, worn and fleshless, nothing but a skeleton, and your hair had grown white, and yet you looked young in the face; and says you, 'Jenny, you cursed me long ago, and see now what I've come to. I'm blighted sore indeed, and my heart's broken, and my health's gone, and I'm come here to die at Meiklam's Rest; but you must bless me before I die, and pray for me.' There was more that you told me, too, but says you, 'Jenny, you mustn't ever tell mortal being what that was. On the day of judgment all will be known.' So I won't speak of it here, before Captain Crosbie and Miss Lizette.

"The singular agitation that the old woman's words produced in Lady Bend, passed for the natural nervousness of her delicate health in the eves of Dillon and Lizette, who were both present. They wished to persuade Jenny to leave the room, but Bessie preferred to let her remain. Raising her withered hands upwards, the old woman closed her eyes and pronounced solemnly these words, standing beside the sofa where Bessie was reclining :-

" ' I bless you here this day; I pray that you may have peace outwardly and inwardly; that all grief and pain may pass away; that your Father in Heaven may take you to Himself.'

"'Thank you, Jenny,' said the lady, extending her hand to her once more, 'forgive me for all my hasty words in old times; we

are good friends now.'

"Jenny said nothing; grim her face looked; no tear was in her eye, yet she was murmuring all the way back to the halldoor, and all the way down the avenue, and all the way through tangled conses and

"'Oh, poorthing!-poorthing! Withered and worn indeed; she going and I staying behind; she with gold and servants, and food and fire-everything in plenty and to spare—dying there, more heartbroken, more humbled than Crazy Jenny—half

naked, obliged to eat the hu-ke and the castaways, and gather brambles for the winter's fire!"

To learn what the "that" meant to which the fortune-teller referred so mysteriously, the reader of "Yaxley must go back to the time when Lady Bend, at Darktrees, had made the terrible discovery that her husband was a bigamist, and that she had no right either to her title or the place of wife. The villain, Bagly, had discovered the marriage register of the real Lady Bend, and appears suddealy in the library at Darktrees, where the blighted Bessie Pilmer is broading over her wrongs. She attempts to bribe Bagly to take an onth not to disclose the secret he has become possessed of.

" Exense me, ma'am, 'he said, after a pause, that what good would my taking that oath do you? I might close my his umn this terrible misfortune, but would others be equally silent? I might, of course, take your money, and swear what you wish, yet you would find yourself still in danger. That woman in Paris will speak out without delay. She has threatened as much."

" Leave all the rest to me, Bigh; all I require of you is this oath, that register of marriage, and a protein that you will instantly leave Darktros, and never hold communion with any of its inmates aft r

your departure.

"La ly Bend are so to get a pen and ink. and as she delise a small pheal dropped from her lap where it had re tod. Bully storped to pick at up trum the spect to it has fort where it had relled. He gave enered his quick glaness at the leb I round it, and then, without betraying the dightest change of count name, the obstractionly on the mantel process the hely was to thur as he deline some of their nely and their free the writing materials near to list

mistay, machine, said Books, tide not write anothing now, to mirrow will do latter to make any arrangement than now in the bull tangett. Independency or

proposal

Ney, Luke, I cam at delay this matter. If you had tagged at a set of the earth and believe in to in that married remeter you will a ver have the eggertunity of

dontal se alla in-

will you would be me than that of his more into the treathere, lidelest will agily. maland he replied at preaching the gride with a sudden movement, and in citic unaccountable manner in king th phiel from the mantel pass with his arm. It fell on the fender at I boke att that-

ata. Lady Bend rushed forward with a In that destruction she saw the ran Il that she had at this time to hope for.

" It's no great mischief I've done, anyway, said Bagly, stooping low to push the pieces of shattered glass farther under the grate, ' for I believe it was only poison was in the bottle."

" Stay, shricked Lady Bend, as Bagly stooped over the fender, where the subtle and deadly fluid was lying in a fearful pool;

you are imprudent to go near it!

"The words were spoken too late; that most frightful of parsons - the swiftest, subtlest of all nextous death-fluids-had done its work. The deadly vapour stole insidiously upwards; Bagly staggeredstared wildly, feresionsly round him. Was it possible that this was the feeling of coming death? Then giddiness-stuporvain to en leavour to shake it off. He shook like some great forest animal suddenly struck with a fatal blow. To save her, he had killed himself unwittingly! Av. in that moment of horror, the thought occurred to him."

This is sufficiently horrible for the in secretar lover of highly-wrought fiction. But it would be unfair to leave the impression that the author of "Yaxley" rests the success of her tale on scenes of the sort. She is capable of a great deal of pathos, and displays much curious insight into character. There are traces of haste, however, in the novel, and we do not think the author has yet done full justice to her powers. "Yaxley" is too long for the materials worked up, and the same might be said with much truth of "Sedgely Court." The greater part of the second volumes, in both instances, might very well be spated.

There has been some speculation as to the authorship of "Tony But-A certain Cornelius O'Dowd. whose goosippings on many things have had hosts of admirers, has been considered not guiltless of a paternal knowledge of the story. Our own opinion has, we confess, changed again and again on the want. and to be safe, we say not now how it me ares. But this must be added. that if the author be not the magician we suspect, he is worthy of the master he follows. "Tony Butler" has manifest faults, which have induced the criticism that it is the har i work of a legither. Those faults charly relate to defects in construction. A want of compactness and continuity seriously dimanshes the general effect. An experienced writer, too, would

have made much more of Maitland. and even of Tony himself, unless he felt under no compulsion to expend his strength upon the work. opening chapters are not its least attractive portion. We prefer the scenes in Ireland to those in Italy. The cottage beside "the Causeway," and "country home-life in Ireland," are admirably described. But the author is not strongest, here at least, in landscape or sketches of manners; nor does he shine in the interjection of sage reflections, or passages of overcoming pathos. The character-istic of his tale is the bustle kept up. The rapidity and energy of the conversations allow attention nowhere to flag. And this quality recalls again the earlier novels of the suspected penman. We confess that the loveinaking of the novel does not allure us, but the misadventures of Tony, the unique portrait of "Skeff," and still more the remarkable delineation of M'Caskey, compensate for the insipidity of the Lyles. With all his absurd self-importance, Skeffy had not only a heart but good sense besides. There is nothing "contrary to nature" in the same man who conceived himself the "political genius of Europe," and was rather Dundrearyish in all things, rushing off, in disregard of every caution, to recover his friend from the perils of associa-tion with the Garibaldini. Here is Skeffington Damer linned at full length, having more virtues than brains :-

"Tony laughed, and laughed heartily, at the air of offended dignity of the other; and Skeff was himself disposed at last to smile at his own anger. 'That's the crying sin of your nature, Tony,' said he. 'It is the one defect that spoils a really fine fellow. I tell you frankly about it, because I'm your friend; and if you don't curb it, you'll never be anything—never! never!'
"'But what is this fault? you have for-

gotten to tell it.'

"'Over and over again have I told it. It is your stupid animal confidence in your great hulking form; your coarse reliance on your massive shoulders-a degenerate notion that muscle means manhood. . It is here, sir-here;' and Skeff touched his forehead with the tip of his finger; 'here lies the godlike attribute. And until you come to feel that, you never will have arrived at the real dignity of a great creature.'

"'Well, if I be the friend of one, Skeffy, it will satisfy all my ambition,' said he, grasping his hand warmly; 'and now what of M'Gruder? how did you come to know

" Officially; officially, of course. Skeffington Damer and Sam M'Gruder might . revolve in ether for centuries and their orbits never cross! but it happened that this honest fellow had gone off in search of you into Sicily; and, with that blessed propensity for blundering the British subject is gifted with, had managed to offend the authorities and get imprisoned. Of course he appealed to me. They all appeal to me! but at the moment, unhappily for him, the King was appealing to me, and Cavour was appealing to me, and so was the Emperor; and, I may mention in confidence, so was Garibaldi!-not in person, but through a friend. I know these things must be. Whenever a fellow has a head on his shoulders in this world, the other fellows who have no heads find it out and work him. Ay, sir; work him! That's why I have said over and over again the stupid dogs have the best of it. I declare to you, on my honour, Tony, there are days I'd rather be you than be Skeff Damer!'
Tony shook his head.

"'I know it sounds absurd, but I pledge you my sacred word of honour I have felt it.' "' And M'Gruder?' asked Tony.

"'M'Gruder, sir, I liberated! Free him! and, like the fellow in Curran's celebrated passage, his chains fell to the ground, and he stood forward, not a bit grateful-far from it-but a devilish crusty Scotchman, telling me what a complaint he'd lodge against me as soon as he arrived in England.

" ' No, no; he's not the fellow to do that." "'If he did, sir, it would crush himcrush him! The Emperor of Russia could not prefer a complaint against Skoff Damer and feel the better of it!

". He's a true-hearted, fine fellow,' said

Tony.
"'With all my heart I concede to him all the rough virtues you may desire to endow him with; but please to bear in mind, Master Tony, that a man of your station and your fortune cannot afford such intimacies as your friend Rory here and this M'Gruder creature.'

"'Then I was a richer man when I had nothing, for I could afford it then,' said Tony, sturdily; 'and I tell you more, Skeffy—I mean to afford it still. There is no fellow living I love better-no, nor as well-as I love yourself; but even for your love I'll not give up the fine-hearted fellows who were true to me in my days of hardship, shared with me what they had, and gave me-what was better to me-their lovingkindness and sympathy.

"'You'd bring down the house if you said that in the Adelphi, Tony.

In the Italian.politics of "Tony Butler" there is little interest. The events themselves were stranger than fiction, and the remembrance of their romantic incidents is fresh. The polities of the story, however, give it a flavour of reality, and keep up that stir which is its best quality. Taking into the fullest account the artistic weakness shown in the character of Alice Trafford, and a certain rawness in various parts, "Tony Butler" must, in justice, be assigned a high place. If the author be not an "old Land." his accession to the ranks of the novelists may be welcomed as a real gain. If the tale be an excursion in a new direction by a "familiar spirit, it has all the greater claims on a publie under acknowledged obligations to one of its best entertainers, whose powers have improved with the cfflux of time.

In "Luttrell of Arran," the last of Charles Lever's stones, the versatility and extent of his powers are more remarkably displayed than in perhaps any other of his previous works. There is a maturity in the style that at once convinces the reader, unfamiliar with Lever's works if there be one such person that he is in hands very different from these of the ephemeral novelist of the day. The old, curious hum car, chastened and elevated, lends to these pages a charm only looked for among authors standing in the same rank as the late Mr. Thickeray. Since the death of that guant we have, in feet, recognised more fruly low similar to him in his last qualities Mr. Lever is. In both, not only is there the same fellerty in sketching character, the same fidelity to notate, the same avaidance of the tricks resorted to by meaner was to sustain excitement, but the same fine touches of the master, the same compareness and variety, the same even flow of narrative at the meter patch of contimes rates to Lose Thackeray, too, as might be shown did opportunity offer for parsing the palacel. Mr. Level has expendenced the same sort of selecting influences with the same result. Beginning with treezes-Sesque and control, he has tisch as Thackeray doi: to the highest order of novel, and has shown by no stoody success that the public are still prepered to a copt what is superior when offered by one whose hame is guarant. tee for its genuineness. There is no

novel of Lever's in which he has shown more of his strength than in "Luttrell of Arran." The proud re-"Luttrell of Arran." cluse is inimitable. In Kate O'Hara a character appears for which there is no match in fiction—a character which no one but Lever could produce. The peculiarity of "Luttrell of Arran," however, is the number of its first class portraits. There are no minor actors merely occupying the stage to make a show. Mr. Herodotus Dodge, the good natured American skipper, whose interview with Luttrell and purchase of the "gimeracks is unique; Mr. M'Kinlay, the middleaged man of love and law; the sybaritic Sir Within Wardie; Grenfell; Ladaselle: even O Rorke and Dan braiche almost all equally display the author's powers. We are constrained when the curtain falls to demand that the whole company shall appear to receive the reward of an approving theer. Charles Lever's so iv has this additional good feature, that he represents the native virtues of the Irish so deheately and justly, that no Englishman is suffered to scoff at the poverty or ignorance of the people. Irish novelists are blamable for much of the reproach cast up in Ireland in other countries. But Lever is not citargeable with citler careatine or concealment. Though long out of Ireland, he still has the feelings of an Irishman, and whenever be has to deal with the good qualities of a race much mangued, shows that I caser riged in a labour of level. "Lattice of Arran" will be read on both soles of the Channel with the size livery interest and unand the safe test, in Here is the legal and the Latterlie, on which the stock to as related by Kitty O Hara, unor, the score wet Caub na D houl, or the Deva's Night and

There was a conference of the Introduced of the reservoir of the Introduced variety was a followed out to be received and the came at last to be received to be received and the came at last to be received to be recei

potatoes all the year round. Well, one day, as he was wanderin' about very low and sorrowful, he came to a great cave on the hill-side, with a little well of clear water inside it; and he sat down for sake of the shelter, and began to think over old times, when he had houses, and horses, and fine clothes, and jewels. 'Who'd ever have thought,' says he, 'that it would come to this with me; that I'd be sittin' upon a rock, with nothing to drink but water?" And he took some up in the hollow of his hand and tasted it; but when he finished, he saw there was some fine little grains, like dust, in his hand, and they were bright yellow besides, because they were gold.

"'If I had plenty of you, I'd be happy yet,' says he, looking at the grains.

- "'And what's easier in life, Mr. Luttrell?' says a voice; and he starts and turns round, and there, in a cleft of the rock, was sittin' a little dark man, with the brightest eyes that ever was seen, smoking a pipe. 'What's easier in life,' says he, 'Mr. Luttrell?
- "'How do you know my name?' says he. "'Why wouldn't I?' says the other. 'Sure it isn't because one is a little down in the world that he wouldn't have the right to his own name? I have had some troubles myself,' says he, 'but I don't forget my name, for all that.'

"'And what may it be, if it's pleasin' to you?' says Luttrell.

"'Maybe I'll tell it to you,' says he, 'when we're better acquainted.'

"'Maybe I could guess it now,' says Luttrell.

"'Come over and whisper it, then,' says he, 'and I'll tell you if you're right.' And Luttrell did, and the other called out, 'You guessed well; that's just it!'

"'Well,' says Luttrell, 'there's many a change come over me, but the strangest of all is to think that here I am, sittin' up and talkin' to the ____' The other held up his hand to warn him not to say it, and he went on-'And I'm no more afeared of him than if he was an old friend.

"'And why would you, Mr. Luttrell?and why wouldn't you think him an old friend? Can you remember one pleasant day in all your life that I wasn't with you some part of it?'

"'I know what you mean well enough," says Luttrell. 'I know the sort of bargain you make, but what would be the good of all my riches to me when I'd lose my soule ?

"'Isn't it much trouble you take about your soule, Mr. Luttrell?' says he. 'Doesn't it keep you awake at night, thinking how you're to save it? Ain't you always correctin' and chastisin' yourself for the good of your soule, not lettin' yourself drink this or eat that, and warnin' you, besides, about many a thing I won't speak of, eh? Tell me that.'

"' There's something in what you say, no doubt of it,' says Luttrell; 'but after all,' says he, with a wink, 'I'm not going to give it up as a bad job, for all that.

"'And who asks you? says the other. 'Do you think that a soule more or less signifies to me? It don't. I've lashins and

lavins of them.

" ' Maybe you have,' says Luttrell.

"'Have you any doubt of it, Mr. Luttrell?' says he. 'Will you just mention the name of any one of your friends or family that I can't give you some particulars of? "'I'd rather you'd not talk that way," says Luttrell; 'it makes me feel unpleasant.

"'I'm sure,' says the other, 'nobody ever said I wasn't polite, or that I ever talked of what was not pleasin' to the company."

"'Well,' says Luttrell, 'supposin' that I wanted to be rich, and supposin' that I wouldn't agree to anything that would injure my soule, and supposin' that there was, maybe, something that you'd like me to do, and that wouldn't hurt me for doin' it, what would that be?'

"'If you always was as cute about a bargain, Mr. Luttrell, says the other, 'you'd not be the poor man you are to-day. "'That's true, perhaps,' says he; 'but you see, the fellows I made them with wasn't as cute as the .

"'Don't,' says the other, holding up his hand to stop him; 'it's never polite. I told you I didn't want your soul, for I'm never impatient about anything; all I want is to give you a good lesson-something that your family will be long the better of and you want it much, for you have, all of you, one great sin.'
"'We're fond of drink?' says Luttrell.

"'No,' says he; 'I don't mean that."
"'It's gamblin'?"

"'Nor that."

"'It's a likin' for the ladies?' says Luttrell, slyly.

"'I've nothing to say against that, for they're always well disposed to me,' says he.

"'If it's eatin', or spendin' money, or goin' in debt, or cursin' or swearin', or being fond of fightin' -

"'It is not,' says he; 'them is all natural. It's your pride,' says he; 'your upsettin' family pride, that won't let you do this, or say that. There's what's destroyin' you.'

"'It's pretty well out of me now,' says Luttrell, with a sigh.

"'It is not,' says the other. 'If you had a good dinner of beef and a tumbler of strong punch in you, you'd be as impudent this minute as ever you were.

" 'Maybe you're right,' says Luttrell.

"I know I am, Mr. Luttrell. You're not the first of your family I was intimate with. You're an ould stock, and I know ye

"'And how are we to be cured?' says Luttrell,

- ** Easy enough, says he. ** When three generations of ye marry peasants, it will take the pride out of your lones, and you'll behave like other people.
 - " We couldn't do it, says Luttrell.
 - " 'Try,' says the other.
 - " Impost ble."
- "So you'd say about livin' on potatoes and drinkin' well water"
 - "That's true," says Luttrell.
- 2. So you'd say about ragged clothes and no shoes to your feet."
 - " Luttrell u dded.
- o 'So you'd say about settin' in a cave and talkin' over family matters to-to a stranger,' says he, with a high,
- "I believe there's something in it,' said Latte dl; 'that are some of as might like to turn back loss."
- don't want them to do it one after the other. I'm in no hurry. Take a hundred years take two, if you like, for it." "Done," says Luttrell. "When a man
- Done, says Luttrell, 'When a man shows a fair spirit, I'll always meet him in the same. Give me your hand; it's a bargain.'
- my tail, 'twill do all the same,' And though Mr. Luttrell didn't like it, he shook it stoutly, and only let it go when it began to burn his fingers. And from that day he was rich, even till he do I, but after his gold, nor ever will till the devit tells the an."
- "And did his family keep the bargaindid they marry the peacants?" asked Gronfell.
- e Iwo of them. One before, John Luttrell of Arran; and another must do it, vidsion too, for they say the two hundred years is near out now."
- "And is it said that the remely succesded?" asked Vyner; "are the Luttrells cured of their family probe;"
- They can't be till the third marriage takes place; but of, my grae fighter says they'll be were than ever just of or they're cured; "for," says in the very one that makes a bargain with the dead thinks he has the best of it."

The cure was ultimately effected, but how this came about it is not for us to reveal.

For no sufficient reason discoverable by us Mrss Praddon is still taken by critics as the representative of modern sensationism in tale-writing, using the term in its most object, usable sense. Upon this subject we have two things to say—first, that the novel which abounds in starting crises, however false to nature, and faulty as a work of art, may be less mischievous to morals than the more

staid and elegantly conceived "story of the affections," having nothing in it to offend the educated taste of the drawing-room, but making light of vows, reducing the most solemn obligations to matters of convenience, and disguising treachery in sentiment. Such is the style of fiction whose effect is the more depraying from being subtle and respectable. These tales abound, and no one exposes their pestilential operation, while the purists are in full cry against the writer who seeks to quicken the course of his duil fancies by a catastrophe. The elopement of a lady, who has discovered a more congernal partner than was accepted with the church's sanction, is a peccadillo, if not, considering the incompatibility of disposition between the original contracting parties, a virtue. But the writer whose interest is sought in merely "moving accidents" is of a low type, a fosterer of a variety of evil influences. There is neither justice nor common sense in this dealing. The sensationism of striking situations is not mischievous. We have it every day from the newspapers in the shape of generally unexaggerated reports of actual facts, and it harms holody. But the sensationism, properly complained of, which attracts and surprises by the mingled audacaty and ingenuity with which excuses are suggested for breaches of the commandments by engaging sinners, is the real curse of our fictional literature, and more commonly lucks in the Belgravan novel than that written for the population east of Temple Bar. The second thing we have to say has more especial reference to the authors so aready named, and it is, that she has, in her later stories, displayed powers so unexpected, and some him advance of her first efforts, that the unfarress of speaking of her a if the had not done anything better to an expedierent from "Loay America Secret," is flagrant. Even in "lien y Dankar" there were tokers of a stronger flight. "The Doctor's Wife, however, we take to be Miss Braddon's first povel preper. She extricts quarties in it that bring her forward into the forms strank of our living fiction writers ; and as it would be uncersonable to wish her to expend all her strength upon any one work, it may be expected that even better tales are to come from her prolific pen, cast more in the mould of Dickens and of Thackeraytraces of whom, combined, appear in the "Doctor's Wife"—than in that of "Lady Audley's Secret," or any of the would-be mysterious, or the screaming tales which followed it. the production of authors of less resource, who vainly emulated its marked success. There must be something uncommonly effective in the stories of an author who enchants so wide a circle of readers. Say what depreciators will, there is a rapidity of style, a variety of incident, even a naturalness, and worldly insight, in Miss Braddon's "Doctor's Wife" which justify its popularity.

By her minute description of the "Sensation Author" Miss Braddon seems to wish to show how different that literary monster is from those to whom the epithet has been unjustly and carelessly applied; and as the portrait is admirable in itself, and a good specimen of the writer's more dashing style, it may be reproduced.

"Mr. Sigismund Smith was a sensation author. That bitter term of reproach, sensation,' had not been invented for the terror of romancers in the fifty-second year of this present century; but the thing existed nevertheless in divers forms, and people wrote sensation novels as unconsciously as Monsieur Jourdain talked prose. Sigismund Smith was the author of about half a dozen highly-spiced fictions, which enjoyed an immense popularity amongst the classes who like their literature as they like their tobacco-very strong. Sigismund had never in his life presented himself before the public in a complete form; he appeared in weekly numbers at a penny, and was always so appearing; and except on one occasion when he found himself, very greasy and dog's-eared at the edges, and not exactly pleasant to the sense of smell,-on the shelf of a humble librarian and newsyender, who dealt in tobacco and sweetstuff as well as literature.-Sigismund had never known what it was to be bound. He was well paid for his work, and he was contented. He had his ambition, which was to write a great novel; and the archetype of this magnum opus was the dream which he carried about with him wherever he went, and fondly nursed by night and day. In the meantime he wrote for his public, which was a public that bought its literature in the same manner as its pudding-in penny slices.

"There was very little to look at in the court below the window, so George Gilbert fell to watching his friend, whose rapid pen

scratched along the paper in a breathless way, which indicated a dashing and Dumaslike style of literature, rather than the polished composition of a Johnson or an Addison. Sigismund only drew breath once, and then he paused to make frantic gashes at his shirt-collar with an inky bone paper-knife that lay upon the table.

"' I'm only trying whether a man would cut his throat from right to left, or left to right,' Mr. Smith said, in answer to his friend's look of terror; 'it's as well to be true to nature; or as true as one can be, for a pound a page; -double-column pages, and eighty-one lines in a column. A man would cut his throat from left to right: he couldn't do it the other way, without making perfect slices of himself.

"' There's a suicide, then, in your story?' George said, with a look of awe.

"'A suicide!' exclaimed Sigismund Smith; 'a suicide in the Smuggler's Bride ! why, it teems with suicides. There's the Duke of Port St. Martin's, who walls himself up alive in his own cellar; and there's Leonie de Pasdebasque, the ballet-dancer, who throws herself out of Count Cæsar Maraschetti's private balloon; and there's Lilia, the dumb girl,-the penny public like dumb girls,—who sets fire to herself to escape from the—in fact, there's lots of them,' said Mr. Smith, dipping his pen in his ink, and hurrying wildly along the

Paper.
"The boy came back before the last page was finished, and Mr. Smith detained him for five or ten minutes, at the end of which time he rolled up the manuscript, still damp, and dismissed the printer's emis-

"For very lack of employment, George grew to take an interest in his friend's labour, and asked him questions about the story that poured so rapidly from his hurry-

ing pen. "What's it all about, Sigismund?' he demanded. 'Is it funny?'

"'Funny!' cried Mr. Smith, with a look of horror; 'I should think not, indeed. Who ever heard of penny numbers being funny? What the penny public want is plot, and plenty of it; surprises, and plenty of 'em; mystery, as thick as a November fog. Don't you know the sort of thing? The clock of St. Paul's had just sounded eleven hours; —it's generally a translation, you know, and St. Paul's stands for Notre Dame ;- 'a man came to appear upon the quay which extends all itself the length between the bridges of Waterloo and London.' There isn't any quay, you know; but you're obliged to have it so on account of the plot. 'This man-who had a true head of vulture, the nose pointed, sharp, terrible; all that there is of most ferocious; the eyes cavernous, and full of a sombre fire-carried a bag upon his back. Presently he stops himself. He regards with all his eyes the quay, nearly desert, the water, black and slimy, which stretches itself at his feet. He listens, but there is nothing. He heads homself upon the border of the quay. He puts aside the bag from his shoulders, and something of dail, heavy, slides slowly downwards and falls into the water. At the instant that the heavy barden sinks with a dull noise to the bottom of the river, there is a voice, loud and piercing, which so ms to clean itself out of the darkness: 'Philip Launay, what dost them do there with the corpse of thy victim?'

"That's the sort of thing for the penny public, said Mr. Smith."

"" Why, you see, the penny public require excitement, said Mr. Sin the fand in order to get the excitement up to a strong point, you're obliged to have recourse to bedies, Say your here murders his father, and buries him in the coal-cellar in No. 1. What's the consequence? There's an undecorrent of the body in the coal cellar running through every chapter, like the subject in a fague or a synchrony. You drop it in the treble via earth it are in the bases and then it was all line up into the treble again, and then drops down with a melodious group into the loss; and so on to the end of the story. And when you've once had recourse to the stimulant of loolies, you're like a man who's as ustomed to strong liquors, and to whose vitiated palate simple drinks wern that and wishy-washy. I think there ought to be a literary temperance-pledge, by which the votaries of the ghastly and melodramatic whool might hind themselves to the renunciation of the bowl and dagger, the midnight rendezvous, the weret grave dug by lantern-light under a black grove of express the white robed figure childing in the gray gleaming athwart a lonely churchward, and all the about dielements of fitting. But a user, theorye, it isn't so easy to turn to total r. alted Mr. Smith, dubtfully; and I warrely know that it is so very wise to make the experie et t. Are not reformed druckards the dullest and most moserable of mankend? len't it better for a man to do his best in the style that is natural to him than to do bally in an ther man's the fibusines? But and the is to the algorith work when entered mention a reflete fitting enthalf will be our enthalf with return a the authorist E-r and the and hear my at tome a region; with lyighter from the rise of the cortain to the fall there for their write a dull fiveact travels in the existence to whole Aristotle hanself og tipel to fi wobut from whose performance para etroken electafore should simk away or are the sect I act came to its dreamy does I think I should like to have been Golbert de Pinerecourt, the father and prime of molidrama, the man whose dramas were acted.

thirty thousand times in France before he died and how many times in England?); the man who reigned supreme over the playgoers of his time, and has not yet ceased to reign. Who ever quotes any passage from the works of Guillert de Pixerecourt, or remembers his name? But to this day his drawns are acted in every country theatre; his persecuted heroines weep and tremble; his murderous scoundrels run their two hours' career of villany, to be dragge lost secwling to subterranean dungeons, or to the impendent and groaning at the feet of triumphant virtue. Before nine o'clock tonight there will be honest country folks trembling for the fate of Theresa, the Orphan of Geneva, and simple matrons weeping over the peril of the Wandering Boys. But Guilbert de Pixeresourt was never a great man; he was only popular. If a man can't have a niche in the Walhalla, isn't it something to have his name in big letters in the playbills on the boulevard? and I wonder how long my friend Gudbert would have held the stage, if he had emulated Racine or Cornelle. He did what it was in him to do, honestly; and he had his rewar l.

These passages charmingly suggest the writer's position, and we do not see why it should be quarrelled with. She writes to please. That she succeeds in pleasing large numbers the general circulation of her books establishes.

The reward that follows is fairly carned. There is a service done. It is not given to everyone to be "great" in the high sense, even in novel writing. These are not the days, in fact, for aiming at, perhaps not the days to appreciate, greatness, in this as well as other walks. But a goodly number of more than respectable writers beheld their names, in huge coloured letters, on the advertising boards at radway terming and have the satisfaction in addition to the gain of rendering thousands of firesides agreeable. Occasional sage reflections and experienced hints, however, tause the "It actor's Wife" above the rank of mere stories of annisement; and here is one of the former;

O'They had very little to say to each other. We to the inistent and who who discover the forth and the woman is more lively than all the hours in Mahomets Paralle fough the man is in bler and more equal by the man is in bler and more equal by the man is in bler and more equal by the forth one of red smed to be weary of one anoth represent, and to leathe the lonely hour with brings them fare to face with redesting resource than to

stare blankly across the desolate hearth, and talk about the weather. Speech, the electric telegraph which unites the widest regions of thought and fancy, is useless for them, or can only convey polite inanities more wearisome than silence. Together day by day, they live as much apart as if an ocean rolled between them; united by a hundred bonds, they want the subtle link that would have made them one; and, at the best, are only two separate creatures chained together. Year after year they drag the chain, and are good to each other, and esteem each other, and are patient, and wonder why they are not happy."

Apropos of an observation dropped above, the reader of the "Doctor's

Wife" will note that it was not from reading what are, in the cant of the day, called "sensational novels," that the defects of the heroine arose. Her favourite novels, after she left the Albany-road Seminary, were all of the orthodox class, and yet they left much to be amended. It must have been from some of these fashionable fictions that she gathered that intimate acquaintance with the West End, and the attractions of its interiors, which Miss Braddon, at one point, rather inconsistently credits her with, considering her origin; but this is a small slip.

SONG.

ı.

Let us leave the modern sages
To the trial of the ages,
Let us quit the waves and tread the firmer sands;
And with hearts our guides for ever
Pace the path beside the river,
Floating festally along the summer lands;
Let reason rationally rest from speculative wars,
Let others seek to sound the sea that spaces past the stars;
The while we feel the life we own may change but cannot die,
Let evermore the dogma flout,
That earth's a tomb and heaven a doubt,
And, spirit-conscious, rest secure amid the shocks of destiny.

TT

When we measure all the present,
Be it sorrowful or pleasant,
By the bright eternal standard of the skies,
Then our cares, like clouds above us,
Though they shadow, cannot move us,—
There's a hand and heart that shapes our destinies;
Beyond us in the space that widens with the death of light,
Rich universes cudlessly range down the infinite;
And while the soul flames in us, independent of all time,
All that years and death can bring us,
All that ficriest fate can wing us,
Sinks to ashes in the presence of its alchemy sublime.

III.

Though we tread the worm unseeing,
It is raised to brighter being,
In a wider sphere of joyance and acclaim;
Death is but the spirit's changing,
Ere through richer heavens ranging,
As the mortal shall immortally proclaim:
Strike the harp, and melt amid its toning all our sorrows,
Voices from the sunset chaunt of bright eternal morrows;
Light with wine the nerve that forms with starry shapes the suture,
Clear the eye and nerve the hand,
That strengthens for a high command—
For all are working in the present to be masters of the future.

STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY.

THE revival of a taste for the Essay is the one hepeful sign in these days of diffuseness and dilution. It seems to show that there is a growing class of readers, outside the circle of the most refined, and belonging to the general community, desirous of having as much information and th aight as possible, packed up in the smallest space, and in the most clegant attainable form. This new demand has already produced writers of whom the country has no need to be ashamed. An examination of what they have done, the style in which they have done it, and the tendencies it exhibits, would itself be an admirable subject for an essay. At present, however, it is not intended to engage in such a task. The narrower design of these perceits is to notice a be withfully dinner of Essays, which owe their or r n, for the most part, to the Dublin University MAGAZINE, in whose pages the greater number first appeared. Mr. Trotter s thoughtful and discriminating papers form d'an attractive feature in several of our v dames, and, in their present shape, will take that more jermanent pursue the literature of the time to which they are could do on account, equally, et the extrat of reading they display, the originality and independence of the writers views, and the nervousness and printy of his Style.

For these familiar with the necessation and lear twons of coliteral matarathe into the way be unnecessary to premise that Mr. Treatter's current and last rice, of the sweet into the time reserved in every partieurar. We had to in every partieurar. We had to selves at perfect free lear to deal with them just the same as if they had reached the public originally through another channel. A magazine is, and, in the matrix of theirs, must be, much more the exhibit groups gof a number of papers, exhibiting varied mental gifts and characteristics, in dependent judgments, and storigly marked individual hass, than a complete work, bearing the stamp of a single mind. The editor who should tempt, on all, or most subjects, to

crush his contributors within the area of his personal knowledge and convictions, would have a task of enormous labour and difficulty, even if endowed with the candour, and breadth, and empition which alone would warrant the assumption of an office so exalted. But it is not practicable that editors should be always producies of learning. Nor are the most crudite necessarily possessed of that judicial clearness which would lead to an invariably just application of such resources. Those intrusted with the responsible function are necessarily men of large acquirements and experience, who find tact as much required for the duty as genius. And this fact is lest displayed in selecting collaborateurs who have really something to say worth the world's hearing, and can be depended upon to treat whatever they discuss conscientionsly. It is quite possible we might be found at the opposite pole to a special critic on matters not of leading importance, as to which, nevertheless, it would not be our duty to deny him a voice, or attempt to correctly opinions.

The remark will save us from Liby mpood to sympather with everytaing in Mr. Tretter's Essays to with we do not take this opportua ty of exopting. Our purpose is no bely to speak in a coveral way of compositions which countries us time to compressing work of resog-1 to 9 in their town spect. Them a the source of Mahomet, Fromas Posker, Frederic H. of Germany, Savonarola, Baron, William Patt, and Rehard Livery Speralan Mr. Merivale subscribing volume of "His formal States, just a hed, views history discusses of instruction at the same way from the stardp not of the leading characters as and whom the events gather. The essays of the latter writer on Joseph tie Second, Catherine the Several Passes, Paoli. Voltaire, Rousseau, and Goethe, "A Few Words on June us at deep Marat, on Penjamin Franklin, and Joseph " Masstre, may very b after the

been laid down. The "Historical Studies" have a wider range, and a fresher interest, perhaps, but the "Studies in Biography" has more of the elements of a popular book. Mr. Trotter aims at simplicity and directness of style, and eschews everything verging on the ornate. There is a rhythmical flow in his sentences which never becomes a weakness. Sententious, well knit, and energetic, they prove the writer a man of matured powers, and much practice with the pen. He is perfectly free from the looseness of the day. His language is always accurate—English undefiled. It too seldom rises, however, above the level of attractive respectability, and is too evenly unadorned. Mr. Trotter is not defective in imagination, as his conceptions of character establish, but he is too severely superior, as he would probably consider superiority, to illustra-tion and figure. Of curious felicity of phrase there is very little in these pages, and trifling affectations occur which really sin against the law the writer seems to prescribe for himself.

The best of the essays is probably that on Mahomet; the liveliest that on William Pitt. The author's estimate of the prophet's character is, on the whole, more favourable than our judgment allows, and somewhat in-consistent. If "the early nobleness, stern simplicity, patient earnestness, can bé and unworldly yearnings,' spoken of, of the faith with which he started-if, at his closing hour, he declared the Koran, "Heaven's miracle, not his own"—if the "grand simplicity of heart and habits" in the Saint of Mecca is restored eventually to the Sinner of Medina, the germ of good having been never ex-tinct, are we to suppose that it is the same man who loses, for a great period of his career, the "power of distinguishing between right and wrong,' and assassinates unfriendly critics, massacres his prisoners, and murders pious travellers. Such a theory makes too little account of the calculating love of power which led him both to simulate fanaticism and practise cruelty. Nor is this style of parallel free from objection:—
"Prophet, priest, lawgiver, all in one, he gave way to the lower promptings of his Arab nature—to the lustfulness that stained his lat-VOL. LXV.-NO. CCCLXXXVII.

ter years—to the revengeful spirit. which, erewhile breathed forth in verses of the Koran, was now leading him straight up the path of warlike conquest that looks so glorious to eyes of flesh. Mahomet fell at the point where the Christian Saviour rosehigh-From the time when he married Ayesha, and sent forth his followers to lie in wait for Koreishite caravans, he wandered further and further from the great example set by Him who, for all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them refused to fall down and worship the evil spirit.' Nor, again, do we see justification for the remark that "his worst crimes will meet their match in the lives of great men, dear alike to Christian and to Jew." The writer's final conclusion, thus expressed, "Say what we like, Islam is neither dead nor likely to die," is also open to question.

The essay on Becket is a masterly piece of historical biography. It is a paper every young student of our history should read with care. Principles it is every wise man's wish to see perpetuated are here illustrated and justified. The significance of a struggle that has recurred again and again in various countries, and is not yet fought fully out in Christendom, is admirably marked. We have still Roman prelates who carry their crozier like a fighter's bludgeon, and carn canonization by the violence of their attempts to subjugate civil government to the Papal authority In these days of a new Encyclical, when it is, for every reason, desirable that the British people should have the history of former conflicts, which run parallel in so many points to that now going forward, brought vividly to recollection, the appearance of essays of this character is especially This remark is still more timely. applicable to Mr. Trotter's paper on Frederic II. of Germany, the prince who did not fear to brand a political Pope, who sought universal dominion, as "a frantic prophet, a man of falsehood, a polluted priest," and to declare that as he held his crown "from God alone, neither Pope, nor Council, nor Devil should tear it from him;" and would have made good his defiance of the Papacy had the times in which he lived been as favourable for the struggle as our times are. In the course of this maspower a land eterror last perure of the second terror Hosel rath. Nor ston function over though there For the highest control to this constraint storing a canonic the the art lett Swings as worked so plays, in even greater heasure, the

to by Fessy, also, the author draws at historical insight, the start gams pof great principles, and, batting a few pomountas, tre nervensara pella di style of a writer wrose tenne will Assayists of the period.

STABLE OF FANCY'S LANTEEN.

A - 78 ひかりまん きかいわた 47 Diver要。

Ir was a Charles as a first towards the entered the fast contains, and the gas to category of sooms on Lawkich Let bern 2 the speaking the day. e habits big to be cate bisets a really Lev the kind to the hair and diswinsantage the value on the north clast of Frence, year which steed the cettage of a year marker. Acta is Dament, who a year before adventuring on a long X vice, had quarted are mative short, become his Your 2 wife and infant bearn i ham. Adverture us and intelligent, As as least robbed, I ke many of a sugar finel I we true to furally, the principles of the Revolution the effect of which con-List lively but all of parted mind, was to render Landa south with respect not a more than plateachur noigh us systems which is there it is I sway in the country, below the attle in ought the milite that in hasown energies, and treate pro-d love and after thin exists a between those I and his poetry. Annette, for where and his of I be had undertaken the A variable of the proportion with the speciality in the text its results well-denoted but render his per-betteen to empty decard its conpouts hoper. Moth after moth Less Laway Leavily, rather returned het, at he beauty one, just as the hetival of worter was approaching, his of tell as he and in this very Construes to the woods had

The Property is a constraint in a book was a distance to be the born It is the activity of the shope, When e the Will hard wind New per habit bered with the derse So wided that twitters there's rathe to flet the writer souther south of Walse great waves to utime the j i odostkardrozustat og through is wetter noticed with the remote hum of the horizontal waters. None were about in a night so desolate as I well, but while the windows of the toldhiering volume, immed by Journal thes, ar and which sat many a harry 21 superiors in 2 the festo a time, so he a morey glow over the white waste around, the candle burning in the dama set is fithe voyager, shed its no and by glimmer on the find to confittee very a mother, when being ing ever her intant, seemed the lone's coment of level and of despert, , .. for, some hours before the village private an had year of the little sufferer. and on non-inis nexts condition, after giving a few finar date tions, had left Annette silent herebes.

Al no, forl in, in the silent winter meanight, she hared ever her infant. whomeleath was cach no ment tearing from her, her tears resting on her cold angui-hed cheek, here disterninger now jets usly be many with the call t of noth the toye. To reves now stern y darkened by the shad we at denone and despair. As the wind swept past, dritting the show against the win low panes, and the rear of the so the tenth broke desolately on her three bing care as to her wire all time. garage to every sound and aspect of nature became the express moderne dark power, one mexerable decrease r. Kuz to and to there we exist and with in one, visited the transport of her despairing a tile to the temporal of the mountain chamber.

"Yes, you are dying, dying in y pretty one, my district of a race the Least prayers I have pourout officaven for your restoration from a finny avail-To Heaven, to be I'm so In them taught that He was 've Noted the terrible Pewer's Heighten in the tolove but to tear the actions are com-Love by His hatties who were dithus rend a mother's heart like to at new binned Oh which never hr.

is mine! alone, this desolate night. with my dear one dying-alone, with my dying infant and the awful unseen presence of the Destroyer! Ah (weeping), how changed has my nature become-would that it could change to stone! How I prayed when you, poor pretty one, were born; how I poured thanksgivings to the God of Love I then adored for giving you to me—prayers now turned to curses?— Yet, come what will—and, alas! alas! I see the hour approaching—I feel in my heart that when you die, I, too, shall perish, my heart breaking with

your final breath."

Still, rocking to and fro, moaning over the dying child, the mother exhausted by thus uttering the sorrows of a soul that already verged toward insanity, and lulled, may chance, by the monotonous murmurings of wind and sea, sank for a while into the transient torpor, rather than sleep, resulting from an over-wrought mind and many nights' wakefulness—a sleep visited by transitory dreams and impressions—now of a voice from the sea, whose accents she well knew, lost amid the roar of the billows-now by a vision of her childhood-now, by one in which, happy with her child, she thought herself walking of a summer Sunday through the green cornfields by the church, while the prayerbell chimed cheerfully and hopefully from the gray steeple in the valley, flooded with the cheerful sunshine, and the white clouds, like pure angels, floated in the blue heaven above heruntil blankness once more possessed Folded to her heart, her brain. meanwhile the child was breathing away its little life, its thin hand twitching amid the folds of her cloak; and at intervals a shudder passed through her frame as some thrill vibrated from the heart whose pain, even in forgetfulness, knew slumber.

The dismal night was turning toward morn-the snow was ceasing to fall, and the weary wind sinking into inconstant calms was passing out to sea, when a light suddenly broke on the mother's sleeping brow, for a Figure of divine aspect, whose pre-

sence seemed to fill the cottage chamber with a hallow of peace and glory, stood before her. And, suddenly, her heart losing its pain and trouble beat holily and joyfully, for she knew the divine Form was He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and again, "Come unto Me, all ye that sorrow and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And while her lips murmured involuntarily the awe and love with which her being was permeated, the gracious Godfigure, resting now a shining hand on the helpless head of the child, and one on that of the mother, smiled, and whispered, "Peace!" And the chamber was lonely, save for herself and her child, when she awoke.

Awoke-it was already light, and by the pale glimmer of the winter's dawn breaking over the white snowy hills, she saw her child, not, as a few hours before, with the death dews on its poor forehead, breathing its feeble life away, but with a flush of returning health and beauty on its cheek; for it, too, had slept, and in that kindly pause from pain its strength had been restored. And as it turned its bright eyes beaming with innocent love on her face, and clasped her neck in its arms, a while smothering it with kisses and fondling her treasure, she burst into sobs, crying passionately—"Yes, you will live; will live, my own one, live and not die, live, for it was He, Christ, the Saviour, who came to us in our sleep from heaven to drive death away and restore us to himself and to one another.'

Lost in ineffable joy, alternately uttering some broken playful rhapsody of affection to the little one, and a thanksgiving to the Great Soul of love for the hope and happiness with which she was inspired, many minutes passed, and the golden rays of the sun streaming through the casement like an opening in the heaven of heavens covered them with its glory; when suddenly the lullaby of the child was broken by the sound of a step, and a figure—it was Achille -appeared hurrying along the snowy garden walk to

the cottage door.

THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED OF TORQUATO TASSO."

Above all epic poems "Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata" displays the happiest choice of subject and the most artistically perfected design; the characters are drawn consistent with their ideal, and strikingly contrasted, and a strong and various inventive power is shown in the incidents and scenes which accelerate and diversify the action of the story. But as a great and original work of imagination, it is alike inferior to the epies of Greece and England, and to the poems of the author's country-men, Dante and Ariosto. To depict the herole grandeur of Christian km2hthood is Tasso's forte, to paint the sentiment and passion of love his element. Pre-eminent in tender and beautiful conceptions, he had hardly any idea of the sublime in its highest sense, as we find it in the "Prometheus," the "Inferno," and "Paradise Lost," Witness his Tartarus and fields, the latter of which are more grotesque than awful, and more bizarre than grote-que which, in its proper sense, he had no ficulty like Pu'er and Dante, humour ous and termole. The Italian Virgil of the Crasides is an artist like the Latin, with more fancy, indeed, and a greater sense of beauty; but upon the whole, scatterly more original than the ambitious limitative composer of the universal Energy for while he per all bet de lam as needels the cycle of antiquity, he took taken embedded to the first pend from to make so the decay, the rank decits and characters, and the most generally, though not reason us y, winote I port in or one want the garden of Articla, to letter Appropriate an estand, in the Whiselfford Commence As in Virginia tree easy less are the most post part of the epot in which hararas play a greater part than in any other, in the socies in which the minia, C. rinda, and Armi tyappear, form its finest produced which with raidy on to said to be not near the stance. The art are the art of the art are specific which has a terme of the Corne an inthe Lorenta Trest, option crata ter-

of Tasso, which was excited to a pitch of morbidity by the incidents and misfortunes of his life, is everywhere apparent throughout his poem; and few bards have idealized objectively their loves and sorrows more effectively than he. All his Christian heroes, with the exception of Godfrey - that more noble pious. Encas of the "Gerusalemme" and even some of his infidel knights, are lovers; but while such delineations confer on the work. contrasted with its forerunners and succedents, a distinctive individuality, the preponderance thus given to this sentiment and passion, may be regarded as by no means inconsistent in an epic of Christian chivalry.

Though in selecting and painting his warriors and women, Tasso had Homer and Virgil constantly in view

Achilles, being the model of Rinaldo : Agamemnon, of Godfrey : Cloanthes, apparently of Tankred; even Turnus, of Argante; Calypso, of Armida; Camilla, of Clorinda; the former are ali strikingly delineated, while embell-shed with traits suitable to the modern spirit of heroism; and the latter so fully developed as wellnigh to conceal their Greek and Latin origin. Great inventive power is manafested in the incidents which mark the current of the fable, the niternate successes of Christians and Pagans holding the interest in talance until the final victory of the arms of Christendom. The most accry, also, is well managed, to firstl the purpose of that department of epic structure; the angels and demens coming to the assistance of extier force at such times as the attractiveness of their separate adventures terminating requires to be maintained by supernatural accessorres. The speeches, also several of which display a grand and not be spirit, such as Golfrey's address to the army, in the first carrie, are never carried to an exerbitant length, as in Homer, but concentrated within the limits here sary for advancing the action. Tasse excels in description, and several of his battle pieces are

Professor Delay social Legiste Law 2. Trindated into Eq. (9) verse. By this Kill of a Composition of Arca at 2 yellom will London. Longman, 1966.

full of force and animation. In such scenes, however, neither he nor Ariosto have produced anything so varied, pathetic, and imaginative as Pulci's battle of Roncesvalles.

The supernatural element enters largely into the poem, but with the exception of the effects produced by Ismenio's arts in the enchanted forest, several of the other scenes are comparative failures. The stanza in which he describes Pluto, marshalling the demons of Tartarus, has long been admired as an instance of the rough, sonorous strength which Tasso has given to the soft Italian by selecting a number of words abounding in aspirates.

"Chiama gli abitator dell' ombre eterne Il rauco suon della tartarea tromba, Treman le spaziose atre caverne,

E l'aer cieco a quel romor rombomba,"

a passage which Milton did not attempt to emulate; though, as usual, when describing the effect of sound, he works it out in a more imaginative manner, as, in the passage where the angels are marshalling in his Pandemonium, which, unlike the narrow Tartarus of Tasso, is an infinite with an infinite beyond—

"All the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds,
At which the universal host set up
A shout that tore hell's concave, and
far off

Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night." As, however, the description of the infernal regions and their demons continue, they fall far short of the The devil's eyes commencement. strike terror and death, but their brows are twined with serpents. Pluto's stature is as Calpe and Atlas to a little hill, but his eyes stream with poison, his mouth with black blood; and, embellished with horns and tail, he is no longer a sublime monster, but an abourd hobgoblin—the raw-head-andbloody bones of vulgar mediæval fiction. The best, indeed, that can be said of the hell of Tasso, who imitated the monstrosity of Dante without his sublimity, is, that it is terribly absurd. The account of the enchanted forest, which Ismenio fills with demons, to prevent the Christian soldiers cutting wood for making machines to attack the walls of Jerusalem, has been much praised; it is a striking incident in connexion with the siege, and in the romantic spirit. That Tasso may have read Lucan's description of the Druidical wood at Marseilles, is likely; but though he introduced the demoniac adjuncts to intensify the horror of the scene, he has failed to produce the effect of overwhelming gloom and awe which impresses the reader of this famous passage:—

"Siqua fidem meruit superos mirata vetustas Illis et volucres metuunt insistere ramis, Et lustris recubare—feræ; nec ventus in

Incubuit silvas, excussaque nubibus atris, Fulgura; non ullis frondem præbentibus auris

Arboribus suus horror inest."

Here the silent gloom indigenous to the place is enough; while in Tasso the flamesthat oppose Godfrey, taking the form of castellated towers and instruments of war, is a bizarre fancy.

The most beautiful scenes in the "Jerusalem," as we have said, are the episodes of Clorinda and Sofronia, which charms by its unexpected ending; and the combat of Tankred and Clorinda, and death of the latter—a scene managed with exquisite dramatic art, and leaving an impression of the finest sentimental pathos, still heightened by the conclusion in which, after his despair at causing her death, the spirit of his slain mistress appears to the lover in a dream, to offer him forgiveness and consolation. We characterize this passage, which is perfectly worked out, as an instance of the highest reach of sentimental pathos of which Tasso was a master; but may add, that in none of his poetry of this order can we find those imaginative touches of nature, which turn the blood to tears in the pathetic pictures of Dante or Shakespeare.

The description of Armida, her enchanted island, and love scene with Rinaldo, is one of the most favourite and charming parts of the "Gerusalemme Liberata;" and the voyage of the knight thither, interesting, but more geographical than poetic, with the exception of the allusion to Carthage, and the fine reflection—" Muojono le citte, muojono i regni"—and the prophecy of the discovery of America by Columbus:—

"E la terra misuri, immensa mole Vittorioso ed emulo del sole."

The thirty-six stanzas describing the island is little more than a translation of the charms of the Fortunate Islands in Horace's epode. The glimpses we are given of the bathing nymphs is presented in Tasse's most poetic manner—a picture of graceful and chaste voluptuousness; and the rising—of their humid brows and beauties from the crystal lake, illustrated by a charming simile—"Qual mattutina stella esce dall' onde," &c.—a picture which Fairfax has improved, and Spenser imitated, as he has the entire lifteenth and sixteenth cantos.

Tasso has described, not painted, the garden of Armide; the effect is produced by accumulation of detail, and is deficient in the sense of beouty and tone which give a halo to the depiction and landscape of more maginative poets, such as Keats and Tennyson. The introduction of the singing kind—a halo y cultivated parrot and perfect metric streetandy

has been reprehended as a concept : but considering that the gredens are under the power of an enchantress, it tresposes less upon participate than the mirror which the so has himz on Rinable's neck, and in which he and his mistress amuse themselves by reflecting then solves and the surrounding scenery. But of su lefa set meresticce are nearly to this cpic promise a species of employing into which, above a I others except thazely, they shall never be permitted to enter. The amorous half above of the levels, but for this, is, however, it when he years travel, is are also the constant with which they are surround, such as the process with Morriza la punity dense a Norte plant. of the few particles, and vicess, his in-Tasso, as i say surpressed by the descripts next the hovement of the serpeta was to "so believes than Tain ones to a content the co this of Arraya there theleof from Homer, at first the vely nature of the constitution of the velocity in the charges it the cave see. The sat declarate care of the wireless days 2 3 2 1 4 Norway to receive the sekg Palago sa Sasar Artay Police ngan their attentions to grant at emprise, and apply a dead 17. 11. 5 the chart, we call to have Reads entimal of the Stylenger Using pres-1 (12 fee than feet 1) the law some to one of hatron and reverse, and the reached terr is were because,

There are in my admirable descriptive presses on the "Oren a chance

Liberata," among which, as contrast pieces, may be mentioned, the pieture of the burning autumn drought with which the Christian army are afflicted canto 13, stan. 53 to 64 , in which every verse serves to heighten the description an abnormal state of nature, in which a dim and bloody sun looks through the feverous air on the perishing lost; and of which the effect is as though the demonrac powers had brought her nearer to the cartin. Another exquisite passage, of a different character, is that in which Erminia is described flying to the banks of the Jordan, where she resides with an old shepherd, and passes a lonely I fe annid solitary pastoral scenes. The picture of 7, s. 5, is exquisited Awaked by the song of birds she saintes the pare dawn, but takes no pleasure in their joy, the river murmurs in the arbotage, the waves play with the air and the flowers; she opens her languid eyes and beholds the solitary dwellings of the shepherds, and a voice seems to addiess her from the waters and the branches which answers to her sighs and her tears. The battle before the walls of Jerusalem between the crossibing losts and the Egyptian acmy is a varied and magnificent page of description. The most agreetween Arnolds and Raddo then course for Tasso cannot wind up w thout recomming his favourite hero with his en hantress. The poem concludes by Godfrey entering Jerusalem, and offering thanks to Heaven for his success in the Holy Sepulchie. From beganing to end, therefore, the a tion, digretical and varied to its conclusion, realizes the nature of erical conception, ending happily. As far as structure is concerned, andred, that of Tasso has the advantage of all others; and had be possessed as high in condition and nicture as invertible and design in which former respectively not to be compared to Mataron Stakespeare hawark ward have been wards of a place on the suprement stammat of the Obsulate of oper postry.

Of the several Begissi translations which have appeared and in this category we are additionable the latest, that from the period Ser John Kingston James - we cannot say that any have done until justice to Tasso's grand, interes logs, and pathetic opic of

Though the task of rechivalry. flecting in our language the beauties of the romantic poets of Italy is far less difficult than that of producing poetic translations of the classics of Greece and Rome, no adequate rendering of any of them, in toto, has yet been accomplished. Sir J. K. James appears to us to have possessed several of the fundamental requisites for the execution of the extensive labour he has essayed: a sound knowledge of Italian, considerable mastery and ready application of the vocabulary of the English, a love of his subject, and much scholarly and poetic taste. His version of the "Gerusalemme Liberata" is perhaps the most literal yet produced—indeed to render it so seems to have been his primary purpose; but this, though meritorious in the main, has led him into a number of metrical inaccuracies, which, as they are possibly the result of hasty composition, will demand a rigorous excision before he again sends his work through the press. The writer states in his preface that he was induced to adopt the alternate elegiac couplet in his translation from the difficulty of sustaining the ottiva rima of the original; and it is no less certain that the labour would have been greater had he adhered to that form of verse, than that by its adoption the verisimilitude between his rendering and the Italian poem would have been more approximate. Deficient, however, as the English may be in rhymes compared with the Italian, the obstacles alluded to have been overcome by many poets, among whom it is only necessary to refer to Byron, who, throughout his longest work and masterpiece has managed that metre with a facility which should explode any objections to its use on the score of inaptitude. A good number of false rhymes also require correction; and here and there the idiomatic turns and picturesque phrases of Tasso might with effect be literally produced. An instance of the total omission of one of the latter is found in his rendering of the stanza in the 15th canto, descriptive of the serpent which guards the paradise of Armida.

Or rientra in sè stessa, or le nodose Rote distende, e sè dopo sè tira.

Of this the writer merely translates the first line, and first half of the second"Into himself now coils, and now distends
His knotty rings, and glides along to
guard;"

excluding altogether the striking image, "draws himself after himself;" and passing to the succeeding line. Again, of the stanza about the famous cestus of Armida, in painting which Tasso has selected the choicest words, the writer has given a partially inaccurate and coarse rendering:—

"Teneri sdegni, e placide e tranquille, Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci, Sorrisi, parolette, e dolci stille, Di pianto."

He translates :-

"The coy refusal, the voluptuous leer!!

The feuds and truces, the heart-piercing
eves.

The tender kiss, the sympathetic tear, The playful raillery, the broken sighs."

While, remarking that in the Italian there is nothing about voluptuous leers or heart-piercing eyes, we may suggest how much more poetic a closer adhesion to the wording of any finished passage, like this catalogue of charms, renders a translation, than the most flowery paraphrase.

Passing over these and other defects, chiefly metrical, a tendency to inversion, &c., we must compliment the writer on the general fidelity and spirit with which he has turned the twenty cantos into English verse. The combat between Tancredi and Clorinda, and her death, the entire of the 16th canto, are particularly well rendered, while many shorter passages, of the most varied poetic character, exhibit a congenial adaptability of poetic power and versification, and a choice of diction by no means common. Take as a specimen of the fidelity in which the work is executed, the picture of the enchanted garden, in the 16th canto:—

"But when they had passed those labyrinthine bowers,

In gay aspect the lovely garden opes: Still water, springing crystal, myriad flowers.

All kinds of herbs and plants, rich sunny slopes,

Grottoes and groves, dark vales' inviting shade,

Were grouped together in one fairy scene;

And what more beautiful the picture made, Art, that did all, remained herself unseen. "So blent was waste with ornament, you'd deem

All strictly natural: the art of Nature Was such, that she, in frolic mood, would seem

For sport to imitate ber imitator.

The very air was formed by magic powers That caused perennial spring: undying fruit

For ever bloomed amid undying flowers, And one was ripe when the other 'gan to shoot.

"On the same stem, and 'twixt the selfsame leaves,

One fig is ripe, while 'neath, another blows;

To the same bough the golden apple cleaves,

As that on which its green successor grows;

In rank luxuriance the meandering vine Creep to the sunniest aspect you hehold; Here flowering buds their tortuous ten-

drila twine; Here, big with nectar, rubies form and gold.

Beautiful birds, among the frondous boughs,

Vie with each other in seductive spells; O'er wood and water gentle Zephyr blows, And them to murmur as she strikes compels.

When cease the birds, loudly the air replies;

When sing the birds, more soft its tones appear;

Or chance or art the voices harmonise, Or in alternate numbers charm the sar.

" One bird there was, that mong the others flew.

Of variegated plane and purple heak, Whose untied tongue such sounds artisulate drew,

That like a man he almost seemed to speak;

And with such art continued to prolong His sweet discourse, he seemed a marvel rare.

The others passed to listen to his song, And the wind husbed the whispers in

"'Ah, see,' he sang, 'the blushing maiden

Peop from her green, in modesty arrayed,

And still half open, still half shut, disclose The greater loveliness, the less displayed. Lo! she, grown bolder, barus her bossen

But have been been trafficulty.

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" So passeth in the passing of a day Life's bloom and verdure, as April's showers

Return with promise of another will it roblessom or again been Call we, then, roses while life's m

Pranked with that prime will soon remove;

Cull we Love's rose, and let us

Still loving, meet with for

"He ceased; as if approving Of tuneful birds take sloned strain;

The doves kiss fendly, desire; Nor is there creature

refrain : The vestal laurel, the And all the varia

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the -J spe and to pleasu warminrosman of a polimagrish into out ctures I a severe eason, nrushing however, terful clasy after the best years generation by a merciful and 1863, are alon in the plentiful must be another a prospects really natory harvest in no agriculturist to the position he held two the railway and tow feeling the effects mable seasons. It may 1 But during 1861 and ways were benefited by m upon the farmers, who to hurry their young or to 1803 and 1864, although were receivering a little, ive did not share in the a) no the agriculturist had old to replace the stock od, or to carry on the otte-rearing and selling refere to the All that Vicisor in a matie

coin.

from Spain or elsewhere, are not to be feared. They are merely alarmists who prophesy that as free trade in corn destroyed Irish tillage, so free trade in beef will reduce Irish pastures to a waste, and depopulate the island. The moment home reared meat enough is supplied to place the price to the consumer at a reasonable figure, it will cease to be remunerative to import inferior beef from the Continent for the English or Irish market. It is the fact that Irish farmers have failed to meet an increasing demand which has made an open for the foreigner. The position of Ireland as the great meat-andbutter-producing region is unaffected. The mine which these trades consti-tute is as yet hardly opened. There is as much reason to fear its failing as there is to fear that the coal of England will fail its manufacturers. On this head some very wise observations were made a week or two ago by the Earl of Erne to his tenantry in Fermanagh :-

"They must alter their system of farming from this out. Oats and corn could never command the prices that they had hitherto done, and for this simple reason, foreign countries were sending to us corn which we could not grow cheaper, as they had a better climate than we have. Unless there was war, which he hoped there would not, there could not be letter prices for corn, but, as a general principle, they could not make corn pay. The only thing for them to do was not to grow more corn than they were able to consume on their own land, to feed their families, to feed their beasts, to give them straw for manure and for bedding their cattle. Corn was every day coming from new ports. Every day it was getting cheaper, and for this reason; expeditious modes were adopted for the purpose of bringing it into this country. Screw steamers were employed in this business. It was found that they were cheaper for this trade than sailing vessels. The screw vessels made use of sails if the wind was favourable, and if it was adverse they made use of the surey, at the way they effected a very favor.

They carried back from the country they fore it was that the intry of corn would get told them this advise them to am well, and peretser prices for it.

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a late debate on the motion of Mr. Hennessy, the Member for King's County, that the condition of Ireland is the "question of questions" for

England.

The apprehension of this fact has doubtless been quickened by the imminence of a General Election. But the motive matters not. The statement of Mr. Lowe was literally correct. Every thoughtful Englishman sees that he will be mexcusable if he have not clear notions as to the state of things in Ircland, and do not exhibit a real concern for her welfare. There are many pleasing evidences that the desire to understand and to help this western island has become conscientions and general among the people of England. The changed tone of the London press, not less than of the recent Parliamentary discussions, indicates that a ready audience will henceforth be found for any temperate and wellintended essay on Ireland and her interests. The subject, if, until a short time back taboord, possesses now a fresh and acknowledged attraction. Besides the speeches referred to, which bear traces of careful preparation and earnest purpose, numbers of pamphlets have appeared during the last few months, some marked by considerable ability, showing that the recent vitality of the topic is no accelent, but the craim inting effect of out of doors openion up in the Legislature. It is just, however, because the English mand is turned upon Ireland that a 6-w eanti mary lants so in required. The British a flar act promptly, often impassively, and it mount happen that in their new zeal to remove supposed impoliments, they would commit mistakes, and retaid the work they meant to further. There are detrimines and there are purty. men ready to draw them better and thither. If they would serve Ireland, they must beware of invistor ing to the influences that have been her hane, out of any emile sleathat they are completing the plate pie of equanty, or permanent's satisfying

considerable so from of her people, desire to benefit her must be under the control of reason, and sid by the teachings of experience, sy goed is to be done. There have quack political as we'll as quick

pecuniary concessions; and both, by drawing off attention from what is sound and abiding, would engender fresh evils.

In treating this topic there is no occasion to travel back to the bitter Past as the Abbé Perraud did, and as persons of his class always do. If the object were to perpetuate animosities, and destroyall poss, bility of a prosperous future, that course would be pursued; but if, on the contrary, the wish of the inquirer is to know how the case of Ireland stands to day, and what should be the policy adopted under present circumstances, he will see the wisdom of leaving bootless references to penal laws and ancient strifes and inequalities to the apostles of ill will, literary or clerical, There are no political or religious differences in the position of Irishmen before the law non-to speak of the sentimental grievances occasionally started as such would be to subject oneself to general ridicule and whatever may at present interfere with advancement, the most fanatical cannot pretend that the "intelerance of a Protestant government" bears at v share of blame. For many years the government of Ireland has been mid and liberal to the extent of suffering many forms of meigeent sedition to pass unchastised, but exer e might seem to be given to agatators for declaring that the spirit of perseention survived. What, simply, are the faults, bindragers, needs, and prespeets of the Irish people in 1865 ! At the outset of the important or quiry there is a difference of epine n encountered as to the actual position of affairs. Is Ireland returned a There would went to be little to m for containersy on a point win h ascertain able facts and figures should determine, and yet, within a few weeks, at an Irish table where a fair representation of the intelligence of the country was assembled, it was instated as positively by non-of-one party that stark Rum was hastening over the island, as by the other that "the crier was turned again," and

that a period of Prosperity had begun.

In Ireland, if anywhere, the maxim

applies as to matters equally of fact and opinion, that the middle course

14 safest. If an individual be pro-

fessionally employed to make out a property case for the Covernment,

his imagination, stimulated by the circumstances, will cause him to see statistics in a poetic light, and to present them in colours more pleasing to the casual observer than warranted to bear the test of "microscopic criticism." The chairman of a relief committee with a strong political tinge, on the other hand, magnities the destitution of a parish into a national calamity, and manufactures capital for his faction out of a severe winter, or a wet turf-saving season, insisting that the country "cannot possibly survive this last crushing "The country," however, blow. somehow possesses wonderful clasticity. It was very shortly after the Potato Famine that the best years witnessed by the present generation of men were vouchsafed by a merciful Providence; and the three bad harvests of 1861, 1862, and 1863, are already all but forgotten in the plentiful one of 1864. There must be another good year before Irish prospects really brighten. A satisfactory harvest in 1865 will restore the agriculturist to somewhere about the position he held in 1859, and revive the railway and other interests now feeling the effects of the unfavourable seasons. It may be mentioned that during 1861 and 1862 the railways were benefited by the pressure upon the farmers, who were obliged to hurry their young stock to market for the support of their families and the payment of rent. But in 1863 and 1864, although the farmers were recovering a little, the railways did not share in the improvement, as the agriculturist had not been able to replace the stock upon his land, or to carry on the business of cattle-rearing and selling as actively as before 1560. All that Vicisis wanting, really, is patience. situdes must ever be looked for in a country subject to adverse climatic influences; but a check is not "ruin." The material source of wealth remains in a soil fitted as none other is for the nurture of cattle--in these times the best-paying of all occupations for the farmer. He may invest his capital in this department of effort with the utmost confidence; it is not possible for any competition to beat him from the field. The demand for such beef as is prepared in Ireland will continue so great as to keep the price at a paying point. Cattle imports,

from Spain or elsewhere, are not to be feared. They are merely alarmists who prophesy that as free trade in corn destroyed Irish tillage, so free trade in beef will reduce Irish pastures to a waste, and depopulate the island. The moment home reared meat enough is supplied to place the price to the consumer at a reasonable figure, it will cease to be remunerative to import inferior beef from the Continent for the English or Irish market. It is the fact that Irish farmers have failed to meet an increasing demand which has made an open for the foreigner. The position of Ireland as the great meat-andbutter-producing region is unaffected. The mine which these trades constitute is as yet hardly opened. There is as much reason to fear its failing as there is to fear that the coal of England will fail its manufacturers. On this head some very wise observations were made a week or two ago by the Earl of Erne to his tenantry in Fermanagh: -

"They must alter their system of farming from this out. Oats and corn could never command the prices that they had hitherto done, and for this simple reason, foreign countries were sending to us corn which we could not grow cheaper, as they had a better climate than we have. Unless there was war, which he hoped there would not, there could not be better prices for corn, but, as a general principle, they could not make corn pay. The only thing for them to do was not to grow more corn than they were able to consume on their own land, to feed their families, to feed their beasts, to give them straw for minure and for bedding their cattle. Corn was every day coming from new ports. Every day it was getting cheaper, and for this reason: expeditious modes were adopted for the purpose of bringing it into this country. Screw steamer- were employed in this business. It was found that they were cheaper for this trade than sailing vessels. The screw vessels made use of sails if the wind was favourable, and if it was adverse they made use of the screw, and in that way they effected a very favourable passage. They carried back with them a cargo from the country they came into. Therefore it was that the transit into this country of corn would get cheaper every day. He told them this because some persons would advise them to try corn, as it stood to them well, and perhaps they might get better prices for it. It was the opinion of every one he had spoken to that corn could not be a good crop to pay the farmer. He would advise them to increase their stock as much as

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ment, as briskly as ever. The persons who predict a paucity of recruits, as Ireland's quota, on the occasion of "England's difficulty," in short, only remind us that Emigration has done the Empire the service of removing from this country that portion of the population which was really "England's difficulty"—the portion, namely, which was ever ready to become the instrument of rebellion, and formed the material of impoverishing agitations.

It is probable that the population of Ireland will be reduced within ten yearstounder Five millions -at which point emigration is likely to keep it. But that will only be the re establishing of a normal condition, disturbed many years ago by a forcing system which culminated in the empty boast —"We are eight millions" of Daniel O'Connell. As this reduction of the total number will be accompanied by an enrichment of the remainder, the shopkeeping public will not suffer to the extent supposed. Five of every six of those who emigrate never purchased anything. Those left behind have been the buyers, and under more rational systems of farming will have more to spend. At the same time, there is truth and force in the remarks of the writer, who, on this point, expresses his opinion as a practical man are full own:

" I am fully aware that an extensive reduction in the number of our farmers and working men will during the consumption of a manufaction, and will then by entail embarrassment up in many of our traders and a few of our manufacturers, but the true remedy for this is not that the fermer atombi condomn themselves to perpetual moves by non-anglat home, but rather that a corresponding proportion of the latter should follow in their feetsteps, and emigrate. I have no doubt that I am giving expression to a very general conwitten, when I state that there is abquesgood they are excessed should be been at that is, of more distribut to of hims and foreguproduce in Indiatathepresent to such There are probably very few towns throughout the country the condition of which would not be wreatly approved by a considerable reduction in the number of its amail tra lery.

Now, it must be perfectly obvious f existing cycle are being thus By redressed, Iroland needs to a in the shape of Tenant right, Education scheme, or the abolition of the Established Church -all which are regarded by the party called Ultramontane as casential to her welfare. What she really wants is to be let alone. Don't interfere with the working of the remedies Providence is applying to a vicious condition—that is the sum of our advice. The projects of Agitators have one consistent design -to fix the surplus population upon the soil, and retain them in the power of alien plotters for a mischievous supremacy. Their success would perpetuate the poverty of the people, and subject them anew to a tyranay which they shook off at the time of the Young Ireland movement in 1848.

The capabilities of Ireland for the maintenance of an abnormally large population have been always exaggerated. The amazing fertility of the soil, celebrated in song, and proclaimed on a thousand platforms, has been more the language of poetry than of fact. The proportion of land of superior quality to the total area of the country is not by any means so great as is popularly imagined. Besides the extensive districts which figure in the Registrar General steturnsus" log and waste, there are vast spaces wholly unfit for the growth of cereais. When the population was much over seven millions, and Protection existed, the people would have starved had they tried to live on bread, instead of the potato. No one will say that the Ireland of 1841 or 1842 wes "all that she ought to be." No intelligent man wishes to see the era of potato picity restored. "First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea," we are bound to consider the is, and, but the greenness of her soil does not show her to be the fittest home for a dense population. It rather suggests that she had done letter to have remained a sparsely rehabited country a pastoral region a musery of flocks and herds. The evil lay in a system which multiplied men beyond the powers of the soil, in competition with other soils, to sustain them. They merely existed, upon a precarrous rest, the bountiful produce of which was their curse, producing lazuese, and contentment with a miserable lot, and establishing tipe to the cated a population ad last jumpers in the best of years, who

47%

could only be torn from it by a universal calamity. The continuance of Emigration saves from the fear of a recurrence of those evil days, and has hitherto been the removal of a source of poverty, and a sign of higher aspirations for the comforts of

Under these circumstances nothing

life among the people.

could be more gratuitous or unwise than to give even a hearing to the Three Points of a malcontent and sinister confederacy. The "people" are beginning to understand that it was a mistake to quarrel with the landlord, and that more is to be got by fair bargaining with him than can be expected from coercive legislation directed against him. Practical fixity of tenure will be enjoyed by the peaceable and industrious, and no description of tenant-right will keep a man in his farm who cannot pay his rent, from want of character, of industry, or of capital. If every farmer in the country were presented with the fee of his farm, there would still be bud seasons when corn would not ripen, occasional distempers among cattle, winters doubly trying from deficiency of firing, changes in the occupation of farms from the improvidence of one and the thrift of another, and emigration coming in as a remedial instrument. The weak and the worthless would go to the wall as at present; and the careful and laborious would be made little better by the funcied boon, for to such persons rent is a stimulus to exertion. and not a burden. And, now that these common-sense views are beginning to prevail among tenants as to their relations with their landlords, the Agitators present nothing clse that inspires the populace. Repeal is a word cheered ironically at every provincial gathering. "Free Education" is a cabalistic term the people do not understand: it is a shibboleth by which they will never be influ-enced. To the more intelligent its hypocrisy is obvious. "Freedom" in education may be secured in a day by abandoning the grants obtained under the National system. But this is not what is meant. The State is to give the money and consent to denude itself of all right of supervision

not appreciate it. He does not see how his circumstances would be bettered by a Charter for the "Catholic University," or by the destruction of model schools. If every stone of down, if a plough were driven over their site, what advantage would be derive from a triumph purely ecclesiastical? Some would have occasion to rejoice, but not the tenant-farmer. Then again, as to another point, the feeling of the Irish people towards the Established Church is better understood by those who mix among them in rural districts than by persons indebted for their impressions to the platform or the press. It happens in unhappily very many cases that the Protestant clergyman is the only resident gentleman who gives either employment or charity. As there are few Protestant poor, it is the Roman Catholic labourer who is the recipient of these benefactions. Instances, not fanciful, but within the writer's own cognizance, might be cited, in which Church clergymen expend a considerable proportion of the rent-charge on the duties of benevolence neglected by absentee Roman Catholic landlords. It is natural that the people should be affected by a circumstance of the kind; and it may be boldly affirmed that if a stranger should accost a farmer or peasant in any part of the country, when no one is within hearing the man addressed need be afraid of, and should ask his opinion of the Established Church, the answer would be dictated by sincere respect for the individual clergyman locally settled, and an honest sympathy with the institution of which the incumbent is a part, although in religious matters the speaker is at an opposite pole from his employer. The confiscation of the revenues of the Established Church might be a gain to the landlords. It might in a certain event be a benefit to the priesthood; but it would be injurious to the peasantry—and of this they are perfectly aware.

It will be useful to reproduce in the briefest form, the opinions expressed on a variety of points during the late Parliamentary controversy, accompanying them by such comRoebuck, for example, speaking half-truths, said,--

"The country is divided against itself. The first party in the country is that old party that for meany continues domineered truelly over Ireland—I speak of the great Protestant party. The next party is the Cathelic party, who were brought into political history in the year 1809. And then there is a third party, which is also represented in this House, the Republican party or Ireland, who call the neededs. Formula and who what to separate Ireland from Ingland, and to separate Ireland poveniment for them lives."

This has the appearance of being a comprehen we stotement of the character and relations of Irish parthes, and yet any one who should take the Member for She held as his car as would fall into a serious mistake. He would inregate that the "great Pro-te that party" is intolerant in spirit; that the R in in Catholic "party" is a section of Liberal politicians norm sinned against, and deserving of commiseration and assistance; and that the "Fenians" are the only real disturbers of Trefand's peace at diretarders of her pre-perity. And all this would be wrong. The P. destart perty has no deshe to repeal the Engine pation Act, and no desire to diminion. What it also is all imparthat administration of existing laws, It would be the two soft explict ca-joved by R man Cathous. It has combined in the interity and con-stropment rotyes of soil Recor-Catholic officials as personally claim. regard, and desires to live at peace with that community. With respect to the Penlans, Mr. Rodon by Collecin error from deficient me anatom He wal only proposed structure likely distance of "speech" the tree is a and some consigners if your loop e produkturespolity yet mendale. But he was nerware to it venet to Fenings sometimes good on the said. Amid the an arms of Lash's acty there is not end place at there to marks alde, and in some respects here more cheering than this, that the pipular party, that will hanswers to the Young Tablet is of twenty wars ago, is as disaffects I to the Ultramontane hierarchy as to the Crown. Penlandsm inspires extension of Lamen with no such moderate thas Mr. Rochuck eviness. Tray know that as an agency of revolution it is [a Wet-

less; they also see that it is doing a useful work in breaking up the influence of the Roman Catholic episcopacy in temporal matters. It has helped to defeat an agitation which would be serious if only the people could be induced to give it their sympathy. The Member for Sheffield, therefore, who proposed to crush the Fenians with the sword if necessary," may put up his blade, Trishmen do not want its aid. He was most seriously astray, however, in emitting to describe how the Roman Cach are porcy is now divided. | Finglisimen ought to know that it is composed of two sections differing as widely from each other as Protestantism from Catholicism. One consists of the consisted Roman Catholice in . mutaty, and includes all who are satished with British laws and principies who enjoy perfect equality with their fellow subjects, and seek no more. But they are, unferturately, the minority of their creed. It what be information to Mr. Roebuck to learn that per, ons of the class desoubed have a strong affinity with that "great Protestant party" who h be impountly identifies with reaction, and are off few found approximating to it in their public relations than to that Roman Catholic section of where characteristics the speaker manifestly. knew noch begand which would be a more cargerous element than the Penians if it received encouragement from the State. Reference is readto the faction which is essentiany Roman, whose political and social creed is the late Encyclical, who de test the principle of freedom of wor ship, and do not care to cone al their hape of establishing an ascendancy in Ireland on ultra Papal principles. These persons, led by the more lately appenite i Roman prelates-bisheps not of that we choose himse no knowledge with the Linglish Liberal party. Such is the nature of the Catholic party which Mr. Rocbiek considers as hach entite i to the sympathy of liberalminded men as were the Roman Catholles of 1 - 20.

The author of "The Real Wants of Ire and his letter informed than Mr.R. chuck. Speaking of this party of a sectionary seeking Ultramoutanes, he says?"

"Bigge bar blittelerant men, whether Protestant er Catholic, are always personnels



come Tax every man in Ireland, as in England, is assessed according to his ability if poor, paying less; if rich, more. What is complained of is, that in the arrangement of taxation English interests alone are regarded, and that the effect is to throw an undue proportion of the public burdens upon Ireland. Suppose it be asked that the Chancellor of the Exchaquer, in framing his next Budget, should consider what remis-i us or readjustments of taxation he can devise which would have the effect of extending any important department of Irish enterprise, will Mr. Lowe give him support? If he desired to act with perfect fairness, be ought, but instead of being guided by earry, he is found declaring that "it is not the incidence of taxation that and ground down the people of Indiah . Has it been for their benefit that special taxes should have crushed important industries !

On two other poors the terms of land in its effects up in the property of the country and the influence of operational souther in Uister, Mr. Lowe's hints were more striking.

this said if you had the pover of rereasons, for improvements made as to terantit' twenty released to be a const yet, in the same breath, we are tell that areat coverty preymbers in the tribleton. antry. It appears to move to misses the to attribute to the absence of a fixity of territo, which an honorable member seems to think exists in Lingbard but which is quite unknown here out is a town. I to transfer that w. w.t. -- it. the state of the 28 William In tad. The honor of Montard S. S. relations the alternative as is extra oraint in that it is their words and divides in that country which make the received f capital seesmal that it is harry and to maintain its population. We have seen other countries torn by the most freetral contests who Republished South America. for instance, the I noted States of these our own country as former clayed at care to all these periods, mailtained out of well-there was the miles of the out of the contract Godgest tal white consists with ligation went on developing, with a letter progress, and without the onward correct being arrested. Restricts are not by disc to Ireland. Even the Irishi, en who et a grate to Australia keep up the practice. I prodlect they used to send challenges to early other to meet, not a hard to the berge numbers, and fight it out, and we were d to introduce the Party Process. y Embleme Act on the other sale

of the world. Yet, I am bound to say that though that was so the Irish in Australia were eminently prosperous."

Mr. Lowe's principal theory was that "climatic influences are the cause of Ireland's distresses," and the suggestion, as relieving statesmen who are conscious of having made blunders from restous-bility, was eagerly caught at. The Lord Advocate, however, who delivered an address characterized by strong Scottish good sense, showed that that was not the real difficulty:

" Scotlant had a climate almost exactly similar, and she had a large Celtie population, which in descent, in language, in manners, and in general tendencies, were very similar to their brethen in Ireland. What struck him in the debate was the utter inadequacy of the causes to which the distress was attributed. The valuation of S offind amount I to about £14,000 (NW); the valuation of Iroland was £12,000,000; from which it fell oved that land in Scotland was more valuable than land in Ireland. But how had it become so? Simply by dur of the labour of the people, for the had had originally a more fertile will. And what was the return which was made to the the countries. Taking the sams from the to vit Service Patienates, which afforded only an approximation, but a pretty accuraapproximation. So that I received about 24(0) 000, and Ireland, ore than £1 (60) 000 a y ar. As to public works did any mon may in that a subsity to drain the Stammer of for arterial drainage in Ireland. would too the title of emigration? Did any one may be that the carse of the real as he of Included denot be lover then that Late the roof bor foliad acquired regard for all a herehan coall such dividing ord too hang or the courtry would cause produce mours. He did not though that empration was a thing to be regretted. The populaton of the West Highlands, a cognate rate, tell entigrated by large numbers; but he felt pet regret congrutes there. It was out to see old the not off associations by kent but in these close enogration was s to regar of as the operate mof a social and common law which in itself was teneficial."

Subsequently a spirit of concess in was exhibited by Sir George Grey on behalf of the Government

of the idea, and the Right Hon. Barnet, some to be that a france should be made from the public treasury to the landlords for the improvement of their estates, and the employment in that way of the people. Instigate would be free from the objection applied to the two-rums at undertaking



large public works under their own management. But if advances were made to the landlords, the Government would, at the same time, have to step in and enforce a fixed rate of wages. If you do not give more than the ordinary scale of pay the labourers will still go to the quarter where the remuneration is higher (and emigration continue.) If, on the other hand, you do give higher pay, you displace labour in every other part of the country and tempt it away from many occupations where it is being paid for at the ordinary market rate. No system of that kind can cure the evils of Ireland. It may be a palliative, it may mitigate the sufferings of a particular time, and as a temporary measure it may, if a carefully prepared plan were laid before Parliament, be entertained."

Lord Palmerston's confirmation of the pledge was generous and precise:

"The Hon. Baronet, the Member for Stamford, suggested that the Committee of last year should be re-appointed for the purpose of inquiring how far reproductive advances from the public funds might be extended in Ireland to purposes of local improvement. It is a proposal fairly entitled to consideration. I can only say that the Government fully share the feeling of deep interest and sympathy that has been expressed towards Ireland by all who have spoken in this debate. It is impossible for any man to know anything of the Irish people without wishing them every happiness which can be conferred upon them. They are a light-hearted and a warmhearted race; they are most industrious too, wherever they can see the prospect that by industry they will get the reward to which industry entitles them. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Irish are an idle race, unwilling to labour, and not prepared to make great exertions for the sake of accomplishing any legitimate object. They are a people for whom every man who knows them must entertain the utmost sympathy and must feel the strongest desire that they should enjoy every advantage which can be conferred upon them by legislation or by any artificial arrangements which it is in the power of the Government or of Parliament to make. Therefore it is unnecessary for me to say that the Government of this country would be most auxious to consider any proposals that were founded upon a reasonable prospect that they would tend to improve the condition of Ireland."

This analysis is presented to the reader on account of the comprehensiveness and candour which characterized the discussion. Happily it was very unlike former debates on the State of Ireland with which political students are familiar; and the

altered tone is a token for good. The English public may depend upon it, no matter what a flippaut class of writers assert to the contrary, that there is a very large and increasing number of the Irish public as averse to political agitation, of as practical a spirit, and as reasonable in their expectations from the Imperial Government, as any section of the British people. Accustomed for many years to sneer at everything Irish, the writers referred to find it hard to rise above their old level, if they even perceive that a change for the better has occurred in this portion of her Majesty's dominions; but the liberal-minded public of the sister country, whose fairness the late debate reflects, will see the propriety of frankly admitting a fact which is so cheering, and of offering every just encouragement to the element of loyalty, industry, and enlightened feeling, which is steadily overcoming that of party strife and clerical reaction. All the encouragement, in fact, that is expected of the wisest Irishmen is, that the authorities on both sides of the Channel should strictly abstain from courses calculated to quicken the hopes of agitators. This idea cannot be repeated too often, or marked with too great emphasis. Every legislative concession to baseless clamours is a mortal thrust at the new life of the nation. Every "place" given to the leaders in turbulent movements is a fatal stimulus to discord and faction. Palam mutire plebeio piaculum est, says a classic writer, but in modern days, and amongst us, the grumbler against authority, who made himself specially offensive, has been the first and most liberally rewarded! A little boldness in throwing finally overboard all who gratuitously minister to discontent, and in turning an absolutely deaf ear to their plaintive hypocrisies. would be followed by the rallying of all true men, without distinction of party, to the support of the Government. There are a few journals in Ireland in whose columns this policy is honestly expounded, rather as a result hoped for than yet secured, and to their representations all who have it in their power to influence the character of the Irish administration would do well to pay attention. Formerly there was no large body of the people of moderate views, to sustain the Legi-lature or the Executive in an impartial and fearless line of action, and, accordingly, there was a continual oscillation between extreme parties, but now no excuse of an evil necessity is afforded, and the changed circumstances bring with them a serious responsibility. Even the

¹⁶ Immortale odium, et nunquam sanabile vulnas,"

of the religious gradges of ancient date, which no lenients have heretofore assuabed, will yield to the treatment prescribed by those who would
have the law equal in itself and
equally vindicated, at whatever cost
of apparent risk at the moment. The
riots of Uister have been fed by partiality, now to this side, then to the
other, and the Government and administrators of the law have not been
guiltless of stimulating by their acts
the evils which they condemned with
their lips.

It appears from all this that the present condition of Ireland, if former e,r as in ad cinistration do not again int up so to mar a hopeful state of things, offers a fair basis for future prosperity. Let it be assumed that the Government intend to follow out the policy indicated in the foregoing coservations, and let the question be asto I, what they can do of a practical not the to aid the country I. No one need be alarmed at the interrogatory, for there is no plea entertained of anding large grants of money. What is expected, however, in this respect is, that the advantages which it is just and extendent to other should be come led fixely. For example, it is additted that one great drawback in Ir and is imported drainage. This seems a work which the Treasury should not only aid the landed proprocessly in accomparabing by a system of have on easy terms, but should adjust the norms of carrying out, in so far as the larger works of after d drainage are on errod, with hit looks is a to be report. Report the sums. to be seen anned from horrd gratdeales of the for his terrse, there is not my h Irelan i can fan y ask for. To an equality with I'm, did as regards the charges of a low kind defrayed from the Consolidated Fund, she is and abtedly entitled; but special grants to promote manufactures, or aubsolies to ever in fictitious enterprises, would prove mischievous by perpetuating the spirit of dependence which has hitherto paralysed the energies of the people. In the ar rangement of taxation, Ireland has a better right to special consideration and if compensation can be given to her, by allowing Irish interests to in fluence the approaching modification which Mr. Gladstone may propose, it distributing his surplus for 1865, the proceeding would be taken as an indication that a real and not a merely nominal and deceptive assimilation of the countries is henceforth to be the aim of the imperial financier There is every wish in Ireland for the most perfect union with England both in Church and State; but, just as this union does not prevent Parliament from consulting the wisher of the Scotch members with regard to their country, so neither can it h ovever close, relieve Irish representatives from the duty of insisting that Chamerlors of the Exchequer shall not take it for granted that what is good for England is good for Ireland also.

On whatever side, however, this subject is viewed, the conviction cames back upon us that Irishmer must exert themselves if their country is to prosper. Relieved from the incubus of a surplus population; relieved also, to a large extent, from the depressing effects of agrariar crume; relieved, it may be hoped from the impoverishing influence of social convusions; howing nothing to draw them uside from their practical everyday concerns the people have a good start for the count; time.

a good start for the count; time. With respect to Irida crimina statistics, it may be mentioned, for the jury se of disabusing the mindi of Large-hanen of any largering false impossion that may remain more there, that one of the Irish journale was able, during the Spring Assizes just on luded, to remark, under the herel . A. "Table raty as it was and is, the stribe goes unstance that it the New York, and termeray notorions for a title broaders of the law caused by turbalence and festered discontent earlit hours were sufficient for the discharge of the criminal business, and there was but one sentence of im prisonment for two years :-

"The population," said Sunders's News Letter, "even diminished as it has been

amounts to upwark of 11% on any offset the lapse of seven intuits there was not an offence to be investigated for each of the months. It may be self that in a vision months. It may be self that in a vision months. It may be self that in a vision months. It may be self that in a vision months in the attributed to the province of the people being sublined by the province and through the fail in the value of any or a produce; but there is no invited the trail in a wonderful improvement in the above of the peasantry. Called by the because the peasantry. Called by the because festivation. Such a first a large that it is a month of the peasantry. Called by the because of the peasantry. Called by the because of the peasantry. Called by the because of the self-th of the self-th of the wind this almost the self-th of the self-th of the wind the wind that a cuttoff of self-th of the wind that a cuttoff of self-th of the wind the self-th of the self-th of the self-th of the wind the self-th of the self-th of the week in the self-th of the self-th of the wind represents the self-th of the self-th

It has been proced in an corlier paragraph that the fir to rep towards a sold improvement hotel for the willing adoption by the namer of the new system, not brid new cry by the importation of a second at a price with waich to ye mill hardly compete even if they public rent at all, no matter what changes in the size of farms, or displacements of population that system may involve; and the next inquiry is how Ireland's " meat manufacture can be supple-mented by manufactures more properly so called. It is known to crose observers that she is stealing into manufactures, but with slow steps. The question of greatest moment is how this movement can be promoted. The writer will not be supposed to allude, in the use of the last word, to any "patriotic" attempt to induce the people to prefer home-made goods. There is no danger now of Irishmen falling into the old foliles on that subject. But Irish manufactures may, nevertheless, be promoted, as it appears to us, in several ways. First, by introducing coal into the country at a cheaper rate than at present. The coal trade in Ireland is in a most unsatisfactory state. In large seaports on the east

seast, even in Dublin, the price to the consumer is much too large, from the want of enterprise among imperfere ; and throughout the country, wards fields one of the chief wants, and especially in places eligible for manufactures but deficient in wateryour the price of coal puts it a your the people to u : it for domestic purposes, or manufacturers to employ it, even in aid of water, as a means of working. Incalculable rervice would be a maded to the hish public if a e alpany, with a sufficiently large c that and extended plan of operathe toof screw steamship colliers beto en Dublin and two or three other L. a parts, and the English coalexporting harbours, and by means of court, at every principal railway it don, place the coal within reach or a liebal es, in both rural and urban d'irlete, at a moderate, and as nearly as purible throughout the year, unvarying price per ton. It need hardly besaid that this undertaking would return a large profit, and at a time when men are puzzling their brains to strike out new and feasible projects, it is strange indeed that it should have iver, so long neglected. Persons in the coal trade who have made a busi- ia the old jogtrot way will see, or course, a thousand difficulties in such a project, the favourite objection being the cost of storage in Daban and the other scaports. But it ought certainly to be cheaper to keep coal stored under sheds, where it would need no attendant but a watchman, than to retain the old wooden tubs which labour across the Channel with such unpunctual tardiness, as floating stores, and pay a corps of seamen wages whilst the process of retail selling is going on. It is matter for surprise that the leading Irish railway companies, which are complaining of a decline of traffic, have not endeavoured to effect some combination with the owners of the coal-fields, which would lead to a vast increase of the consumption of the produce of the mines, and give their railways remunerative employment. Possibly in this matter as in others, Irish railway directors are so blind to their own interestans to crush enterprises by prohibitory rates. To show the wisdom with which such

companies are sometimes managed, it may be remarked that one of them lately sought to charge the same per ton for the carriage of a certain class of goods seven miles, for which another was willing to carry the same

eighty miles.

This reference to railways in Ireland naturally recalls to mind the fact that a strong feeling exists with regard to their unmagement, a feeling which total expression lately in a petition to Parliament, adopted by the Limerick Grand Jury, and pro-pared and strongly advocated by Mr. Monsell, M.P., and the most practical proprietors of that county. In this document the ill success of many Irish lines, and the comparatively small service they render to the trade of the country, were very properly referred to high charges, and the want of a concentrated management. Pages might be filled with facts showing how enterprise is arrested by the conflict of rival lines which have it in their power to crush it. Let it suffice to say, that the most experienced in radway matters in Ireland, men bred to the business, and practically familiar with every part of the ease, declare that the great fault committed has been that the experiment of low fares has never had a trial. This e caviction is stealing even into radway beard rooms. and several important body s of directors are at this moment divided upon it. They there y perposed by the Lamerick Good July is, that the Government should take Irish railways into their own hards, trying first of all with Irish lines the scheme of parencies attracted to the is something to result to the suggestion Ireland has a truth to an the advantages here tallways official to confer up on her, and if, as experienced persome assert, one that het the present rates we rid pay, no meter than that, in fact, is in a charged on the Belgian lines, it is not lerable that such a boon as eloup each up of cattle and goods with its to a post constity should be defined to its people. The Royal County so how Harways mst appended, consisting of the Duke of

Lord Donoughmore. Devonshire. Lord Stanley, the Hon, F. Leveson-Gower, Mr. Lowe, Sir Rowland Hill, Mr. Roebnek, and Messrs. Horsfall, Dalgleish, Glynn, Acton Smce Ayrton, Douglas Galton, and Robinson M Lean, has authority to inquire into the whole subject of "the charges made for the conveyance of passengers and goods on the railways of Great Britain and Ireland, and the practicability of reducing such charges with a due regard to safety, punc-tuality, and expedition so that the case of Ireland will be considered, and will probably be regarded as claiming first attention. Mr. Galt, in his work on Railway Reform, puts the reasons in favour of a Government scheme thus compactly:

"The purchase of railways by the State does not necessarily involve other Government management or patronage; it may be a matter for discussion whether it would be desirable to have the head of the department a Manster of the Crown, removable on any change of administration, or have the appointment permanent, as that of Charman of the Boarl of Customs or Excise. The question of patronage would not in any case extend beyond a few appointmonts, and could very well be dispercent with. It radways become the projerty of the State, no essential change in the present in many ment major be necessary, and such cleings should be consided to there in cares increases to bring the mamagement under the etc. two as I menediate control of the log slat re-

will as a relative of the greatest and on all importance that a large rechestion should be made in our relativity times and charges, the amount post fact the areas of a time than the system of the interest of more than the system of the interest of more than the system of the interest of a manual increase of more than the system of the interest of system in a medicately leaded train, and a time of goods or in negative and become yellow, if there is a properties of that, is are interested appropertioned to the cost of a many more interested appropertioned to the cost of a many more interested as for from any likelihood or tors are rather depend to raise them, are a considerable rise has taken place only considered the great lines within the

last town and!

It a much next sees by of the State a superior to that of presents and that he ratio of next than long to three that credit ought to be made available, as continuplated by

^{* &}quot;Railway References Interpretance and Practicability, considered as affecting the Nation, the Shire of the few temperature T. By William Cott. Lendon Longman, 1865.

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the Act of 1844, for effecting an arrangement with the shareholders, and reducing the fares and charges by at least two-thirds of their present amount.

"Independently of the abstract right of the Legislature to deal with all property in the kingdom, there exists on the part of the shareholders a desire to have a well-secured fixed interest for their invested capital in preference to uncertain and fluctuating dividends.

"There would be a great saving effected by having all the railways in the kingdom under one consolidated management, and a great benefit conferred on the public by the adoption of a low and uniform tariff for passengers and goods, &c."

Mr. Galt has a project for making the management entirely independent of the Government. There would be a Central Board for England and Ireland, elective in principle; and to this Irish lines would return twelve members. But the matter is not ripe for detailed discussion. The principle at stake must first be decided upon. One thing, however, seems clear, that Ireland needs railway reform quite as much as, if not more than, England; and that a vast deal would be done to develop manufactures in the country, if the rates were lowered to the figure above-mentioned.

figure above-mentioned.

There is but one more consideration, in conclusion, the mention of which appears necessary to complete these notes. No country can flourish where there is anything fundamentally wrong in her educational agen-cies; and in Ireland, whilst the training of the poor is admirably provided for, and the upper classes enjoy only too many University advantages, the bustling middle classes, from which enterprise should obtain its recruits, have much to complain of. There are no schools in Ireland but classical schools and poor schools. This is stated, of course, as a general truth, and the exceptions are really few. A system of sound English commercial schooling, with just a spice

of classical instruction to elevate it, is required. This would educate a sturdy race of practical-minded men, who would prefer the activity and profits of trade to the precarious earnings of overstocked professions. It would, in time, have an admirable social effect in teaching the Irish people possessed of a little wealth, or placed in some station just above their fellows, that there is no stain in honourable industry, and that the successful manufacturer or merchant brings to the State by his career certainly as much advantage as the well-remunerated judge, who may have reached the bench by his pliability in politics. Fewer sons of prosperous traders would set up as idle "gentlemen" on a provision hardly sufficient for an ancient spinster, and would be found using their capital as a means of pushing onward by dint of laborious and intelligent effort to some real position. It is in the school that these habits must be formed, and when public opinion has become sufficiently healthful to produce the right description of seminary for practical education, it will have also created the feeling by which the social reform referred to will be brought about. This educational modification is hardly one the Government can do much directly to effect. It is not a quack scheme of "intermediate education" that is required to "feed" any college or colleges, but an independent class of schools—if founded by individuals on the principle of private adventure so much the better-aiming at the careful preparation of the sons of professional men, manufacturers, and respectable shopkeepers, for the higher walks of mercantile life. There is at last a demand springing up for such seminaries, the growth of which, it is to be hoped, neither the monastic educationist, on the one hand, nor University theorists, on the other, will be able to arrest.

WHO IS THE HEIR !

CHAPTER XX.

"Never jut your name to an anonymous letter."-J. Wilson Croker.

An anonymous letter, which is one of the greatest nuisances of modern civilization, may be received in two ways. Sensible men laugh at it; but foolish men, and all women, sensible or otherwise, permit it to trouble them. Woman is always at her weakest where there is any mystery. If there is a secret, she thinks it must necessarily be wicked. Man's wider experience teaches him that secreey is in many cases a necessity; but I suspect no weman, except an occasional Liely Palmerston, ever reached this result. An anonymous letter, sudden and untraceable as a flash of lightning from a cloudless sky, is to the feminine mind a painful perplexity.

But why this dissertation about anonymous letters, when a certain letter which Lady Vivian Ashleigh had received, and whereof she desired to take counsel with Guy Luttrel, was anything but anonymous. It was signed "Lucy Lattrei. It purported to be from ling Latted's wife! It had been left of Lord Riverdale's residence late on the previous evening so late that it had not come under Vivian's notice till Sanday morning. Let me do her the instice to say that it had not rendered her reluctant to go to charcia.

Vivian, throwing herself indobativ into an elevichant, handed to tiny this presents production, in which the was warred against marrying a man who had also six the wife, the writer. Lattrel, of the Lyndharst temper, has long given up being surprised at anything . he glanced careless's this ich the etter, and then 1...4

"Charles, out only.

"Carry means threwhow to it. and with what chief the she aske in

"Why has all takes me too suddenly. Hy and by, after smoking two or three Partagas, I may recoilect some lunatic who would do such an absurd

woman, of course. Men never

send anonymous letters, or letters with false signatures.

"Don't they! I remember a Privy Councillor who sent an anonymous letter, and betrayed himself by putting his name in the corner of the envelope. But this looks like a woman's doing."

" Have you many feminine enemies, Guy 1" inquired Vivian, archly.

"Really, I don't know. This let-ter is evidently the work of a person of imperfect sanity. Nobody who knew anything of either you or me would waste time on such an attempt to make mischief. Tis an enigma to which I have no clue."

"I suppose the handwriting is not recognisable."

"All women write pretty much alike, except you," said Guy; "and this is clearly a disguised hand."

"I don't think my handwriting would be much admired. I formed it on papa's theory, that upstrokes and downstrekes should be equally thick, and the letters as much like print as possible. I well remember how he horrified my earliest governess by insisting on this principle."

"A very good one, said Guy; "your love letters are charmingly legible."

"And yours are wonderfully sensible. Upon my word, Guy, I think I shall be jealous of that pretty girl you loved so long ago. You gave her

all you had to give, I verily believe."
Al., he said; "I like to be scolded. Go on, child. When one has experience of the "chill years that are thickening to forty, as Arthur Clough said, one is perhaps a trifle too unwilling to let one's feelings be seen; so they are hidden us der area y or banter; they are often suppressed at the very moment they ought to be uttered. But you know how to forgive this; and—the time

will come.
"Well," said the lady, with a flit-ting blush, "let me ask you if you call

this a love-letter."

And she read-

"DEAR VIVIAN

"We shall divide late to-night on the question of the Oolabaaloo war, so don't expect to see me. Ask the earl to send by bearer Memorandum D, 37. Pleasant dreams. "Yours,

"Guy."

"House of Commons, ten o'clock."

"Why, what could you have nicer?" laughingly answered Guy. "I was full of business-had to speak when Wishy had replied to Washy—naturally wanted to know something about Oolabaaloo. It's a queer place apparently, where we've been carrying on an expensive war for a good many years without seeing the enemy. Could you expect anything more poetic or sentimental from the House of Commons i"
"You have my orders to write

something more poetical from that prosaic region to-morrow evening.

"Of course I will. Meanwhile I have an idea in reference to this letter. What time did it arrive ?"
"Late at night. The hall-porter

was half asleep, and did not notice what sort of person handed it in."

"Most likely," said Guy, "if the writer has an extreme desire to make mischief, other letters will follow. Suppose we give the porter a holiday. and put some one more wakeful into that lazy-looking chair of his."
"Whom would you put, and what good would it be?"

"I have the very man for the work. He was a sailor for some years, and afterwards a member of the detective police, and lately he has been in my employ as a kind of confidential ser-vant. Severne, of Riverdale, recommended him to me. I wanted a man whose chief duty would be looking after other people."

"Can you rely on him?" asked

Vivian.
"Oh, yes, both morally and mentally. We'll put him in the hall for a week or ten days; and depend upon it there will be some clue to the mystery."

Luttrel's servant called himself Jack Manley. He was a wiry little fellow, tough and rapid, with a quick dark eye that perceived everything. He took to his new office with great

glee, proposing at once that there should be some one else in the hall, so that he might leave his post and follow the bearer of the letter.

The only communication that reached Lord Riverdale's house on Monday evening came from Guy Luttrel himself, in due fulfilment of his promise. Thus it ran:

"O subject for a boyish shout!

O theme for Tennyson or Tupper! Vivian, the House is counted out Guy Luttrel will have time for supper.

"Thanks to this opportune eclipse, A dozen bores have found oblivion. Ice your champagne, but not your lips, And smile a welcome, darling Viviani"

Which careless lines when the lady had read, she ordered supper in the library, and she and the Earl and Guy managed to forget politics for an hour or two that night.

A few evenings later, at about eleven o'clock, Jack Manley, sleepless as Argus, heard a cab drive to Lord Riverdale's door. The bell rang: a well-dressed man, of somewhat foreign appearance, handed in a letter. Manley fancied he recollected the man's countenance—at any rate he recognised the address of the letter as being in the handwriting which had been shown him. The bearer returned to his cab, a hansom. Manley darted after it. Lithe and agile, he easily kept the cab in sight. It turned into Charles-street, crossed the Haymarket into Panton-street, pulled up at the entrance of a court near Leicester-square. Here it was dismissed, and the person who left it turned suddenly into a café.

"I can't be wrong," thought Man-ley. "That must be the Frenchman I remember at Riverdale assizes. never heard of the fellow's getting

away.

At that moment stalked slowly by a stalwart member of the C Division. Manley saw at once that he was a raw recruit of Sir Richard's army in blue, from whom no efficient aid could be expected.

"When will your inspector be round?" he asked.

"In about half an hour, I should

Manley waited in a state of extreme impatience, fearing that the man whom he followed might leave the

e(gi). But at length the in pector.

appeared.

⁵ Do von teno mbor, ⁵ askoi Mano v. "a Frenchman, who was to deat Riverdale as izes for stealing Squire Tanleyers, so at the Dor Leget off, or get away, a what

"I slor I tank I d I renember I to. He gave those stupid Rivera lop lottne slip, and hasn't been ween so, w. There's fifty quads offered

to allo doctrations tain.

"God "sad Manley "Then you and I can be harves. He isn't many

Antis from he be.

"What in the Propolition 1. You

and I can take him. I should thank.

"But is there no there way end Com Yes, by Googel (Your Company) or proyear to the There's a collapse whistains. years to year after one or sea, and tor bea way through to ball, york Ill send a couple of mental area

This was done, and then tree of with and his courable extends the The last way and the last of the state of th one of word in the characters of the his case of conventional to keep the metric before the first transfer to the characters of the charac Delvisker Marrie wieth ster the Stellar minawater lates, with the lates that the transfer to the corp. The second section of the second

of Part 5 : '* 11. V: : ١

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ridiculous letters, employing so tracrough a souncied to deliver them? The problem peoplexed laim.

"Manley," he one day said to his showd servant, "that fellow, Chartier, whom you captured to eleverly, is going down to Portland in a few days. Before he is sent away den't you think you could squeeze some informat on out of him as to who sent these letters. I'd give fifty pounds to know.

Marky tried very hard, but the Frea, a takin was true to las employer. No it formation was obtainable. But it shows the council to the explotion tive that he had never ascertained the contents of that black bag which C. other carried away from the copte. His magnities on this point led to his discovering that, besides some linen and a few Uren hanewspapers, it contand I wout appeare it che a monusampt deary. Unly kny it was almost ad in a tame a all ciptar, thus

(4)7. 6 (2), 14 (4), 19 (6), 7 .

Moraley was in a special

It has pened that a passure of politimi leishers a mod several days to all posibit to cony huttre, hackt me to notice I something report as to the and recording to participate health per control the affair, and letters I to Monley's statement. Then he exa-1 to 1 the 1 a.v. It is almost unasessory to a leave that opher with r_{-} is a big of all out to the Porelan Other proportion by by led characters to S. Herry II. was east.
"Was to play other less kinethe

asselfin.

"Yes, so and French dictionary, I give a to the inspector for als and a transfer to the first of the first

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a think to t 1: 3 120 0 1 N W The second section of the New York Control of the Second Section Secti . . as the law and the leaves The second second section of the second

persons or places, and we shall have to guess at them.'

In about a week Chartier's diary was done into French, and supplied a most amusing and instructive auto-biography of the scoundrel.

Lord Riverdale and Guy had many a hearty laugh over it; but it did not completely solve the problem which Luttrel had at heart. For, as was anticipated, persons and places were indicated by solitary numbers, to which there was no clue. Thus:

"Because I hate 7, 8, and 9, 17

offers me a good situation.

"I go down to-morrow to 18, with

17 and 19."
"Left a letter late at night for 21." "18 is dreadfully dull; 19 is miserable, but cannot get away. Shall call at 3 when I am in London next.'

"If I were not passionately enamoured of 4, I think 17 would fascinate me. She is a beautiful and capricious creature, delightfully wicked. But I am weary of 18, and almost wish myself in 7 again. Another letter to 21."

Is lated entries like these, perfectly intelligible up to a certain point, offered no clue beyond it. Who is 17 t Where is 18 t Those were the questions with which, though he knew their futility, Guy Lattrel vainly per-plexed himself. One day, talking to Vivian about the affair, he said—

"I know no greater nuisance than

to be close on the verge of a discovery, yet to be unable to proceed further. If we could but find out who is 17 -where is 18—the whole problem would be easy. All that seems clear is, that you are 21."

"You must be patient," she replied; "some day or other the mystery will be solved. Meanwhile, what

can it matter f

"It is not," answered Guy, "so much from personal as from philosophical motives that I want to fathom the mystery. The question is this: what act of mine can have induced a person--probably a woman— to endeavour to prevent my marriage with you by the invention of a ridiculous falsehood? You know it's the sort of thing one wouldn't believe unless it actually happened to one."

"Your first theory on the subject," said Vivian, "was, that the author of

the letters was not sane.

"It is my theory still; but even an insane person must have some motive for his actions."

"Perhaps some lunatic lady is in love with you, and jealous of me,' said Vivian.

" It isn't at all pleasant to look upon oneself as a fascinator of madwomen.

growled Guy.

"Don't be cross," replied Vivian, and used the best possible means of driving away his ill-temper.

CHAPTER XXI.

" The lonely moated grange,"-Tennyson.

I AM quite aware that my perspicacious readers have long since solved for themselves any problems which this story may present. I am a poor hand at an enigma. I cannot, like Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu, perplex my readers with a mystery which shall be undiscoverable till I choose to reveal it. It is an art which I envy; but what is the use? It were as well for me to attempt the construction of one of those marvellous equation problems wherewith St. John's College loves to puzzle its alumni. "Who is 17 ! Where is 18 C--though a perpetual p rplexity to Guy Luttrel -are questions whose answers every reader, of course, can supply. 17 is Helen Fitzmaurice; is is the Grange.

And at the Grange the capricious widow strove hard to realize her early life. It was a curious fancy. She dressed herself as Nelly Withers used in the old days, in homespun stuff, her gowns tucked up in a fashion that savoured of both work and coquetry. She breakfasted at five, dined at twelve, went to bed at eight. · She played at rusticity, was a very Perdita of Wilts, a queen of curds and cream. A pity there was no audience to see the pretty comedy. A pity, too, that it was not all comedy-that there was a touch of melodrama in her proceedings.

Why di I Helen Fitzmanrice de fre to prevent Gny Luttrel from marrying Lady Vivian Ash could she imagine

forged letters would have any such influence! These are questions as yet unanswerable, but to which an answer may possibly be supplied hereafter. Anyway, she employed Chartier as we have seen; and, when that worthy abruptly and mysteriously disappeared, she was baffled and disappointed. How could she pursue her intrigue without this invaluable ally? Where could be be f Guy Luttrel seized him and discovered who was plotting against him I She was in hourly dread of a visit from Guy - of whose power, as a member of the Government, she had that exaggerated notion which often belongs to ladies of incomplete education.

Meanwhile Mrs. Herbert found it very slow. But this lady, as we have seen, believed that she was doing her duty, and in this belief bore her isolation nobly. She longed to know how Lily, whom she loved like a daughter, was getting on; but two letters to that young lady had received no reply chaving in fact been intercepted by Chartier, and poor Mrs. Herbert deemed herself forgotten. So she did her best also to forget, and to enjoy the simple occupations of the farm. She joined her whimsical companion in making bread, butter, cheese, but never ventured to milk the cows, which Helen Fitzmaurice delighted in.

Chartier had been missing almost a fortnight. Suppor was over, and the two ladies were sitting in the hall.

"What can have become of that man C explained Helen, impatiently, "Somebody must have murdered him?"

"Far mere likely that he has mandered some leady," is torted Mrs. Her bert. "Thever saw a more villaneus counten mee than his. I left perfectly a nainced, at first, that he would play you's me trick or other."

"He has played me no trick, she said. "Lowed in money. He would come back if he could

Which I take to have been perfectly true.

"And what am I to do without him? she went on "I am power-"shout him."

v cannot see what you He never seemed to but I unde about, and etter. Your bailiff manmin very well. "Pshaw, the man is a mere bullock. I want an intelligent person for my purposes."

"What purposes?" asked Mrs.

Herbert.

"O, I have purposes of my own, you may be sure. You will see, perhaps, some day, that I had more spirit than you all think—that I was not going to submit tamely, just like a child that comes meekly to be whipped."

Just then the outer bell at the entrance gates rang sonorously; and Helen, who had been talking with indignant rapidity, a flush of anger on her beautiful cheek, became suddenly pale, and fell back almost fainting in her chair.

"What in the world is the matter?"

asked Mrs. Herbert.

"O, there is someone coming to take me away, I know. Don't let the gates be opened - O don't!"

the gates be opened - O don't!"

"This is foolish," said Mrs. Herbert. "Probably the gates are opened

by this time.

They were ; and a blouzy maidservant ushered into the hall a gentleman - well, no, not exactly a gentleman but a man occupying that awkward strip of debateable ground which separates gentlemen from those who are not such. He was surprisingly well dressed, so far as quality of material is concerned; but his dress did not fit him, and its colours were badly chosen. He carried a black travelling bag and a small square case, with a leather strap round it. Any experienced eve would at once have perceived him to be a commercial traveller. He was a good looking fellow enough, with that plausibility of manner which men of his class obtain (y exercising their persuasive powers on tradesmen.

"Izolies, he said, "if you could hospitably give me a night's lodging. I should be very grateful indeed. I started to wilk to Salisbury; but I started to well, and I fear I shall hardly be able to get there to night."

Now this was quite untrue. The fact is that the follow, whose name was John China, was at that time out of a situation. Trade was bad, and he doin't hear of anything to do At Salisbury's merumour had reached him about two eccentric hadres, living at the Grange, one of whom was said to be a postly widow; and he

audaciously resolved to pay them a visit. To marry a rich widow had been for some years his ambition. Providence, he firmly believed, had created him to marry a widow. Why shouldn't he do it while trade was alack?

The ladies could hardly refuse his appeal, though neither of them was quite pleased. Mrs. Herbert instinctively detected his vulgarity, and was always afraid of any new connexion for Helen Fitzmaurice. Helen, on the other hand, was terribly alarmed lest he should be an emissary of Guy Luttrel's. But his plea of illness was irresistible; so he got supper and a

Nor did he go away on the following day, or for many days after. Helen, finding that without doubt the man was innocent of complicity with Guy, thought she might possibly find in him a successor for Chartier. Vainly did Mrs. Herbert remonstrate, saying, that it was hardly decorous to allow him to remain. Helen laughed at her arguments, and maintained her own perfect independence.

Breakfast at five did not suit the lazy bagman. He usually got down about eleven; until at last he found that he thereby lost many op-portunities of prosecuting his suit. For he was determined to marry the widow. She was rich, evidently, and nobody could deny that she was pretty. Astunner, by Jove! Wouldn't she just suit as Mrs. Curtis? So he actually conquered his indolence, and rose with the sun; followed her about to dairy and straw-yard; paid her all manner of high-flown compliments. She rather puzzled poor Curtis; she played her rustic part so perfectly, yet he never felt quite certain whether she was acting or not. It was a real comedy, this.
And Helen,

And Helen, wicked witch, was delighted. Of course her keen eyes saw through this man, and of course she plagued him mercilessly. rustic sauciness was charming. was especially delightful to hear her draw him out concerningthe ways of the world of fashion, with which he professed to be intimately acquainted. The man's stories became every day more and more amusing.

Imagine her in the dairy, her tucked up petticoats showing a perstockings, while with bare round arms she manipulated the yellow butter. Her wicked eyes occasionally turned upon Curtis, who watched her with a most languishing and love-lorn expression. The poor fellow had put his foot in it; the siren had ac-

tually bewitched him.
"Yes," she said, "I think I should like to live in London. It must be a charming place if all you say is true, Mr. Curtis. But I should be quite unfit for the fashionable places you go

He vowed, of course, that she was fit to occupy a throne. "Huginie"—he meant the Empress of the French, but his pronunciation was rather eccentric—"Huginie was nothing to her."

"O, Mr. Curtis, you do flatter so. And you really could take me to Lady Palmerston's Saturday nights, and Lady Waldegrave's strawberry breakfasts! Ah, how nice it would be.

Poor Curtis had been romancing considerably, it will be observed. She had drawn him on so subtly from one story to another, that he at last had become as mendacious as Munchausen. I suppose he consoled himself with the reflection that in love, as in war, all stratagems are fair.

So the flirtation proceeded, the commercial traveller making very little way. Once he tried to kiss her, but that small white hand administered so sharp a box on the ear that he never repeated the experiment. Meanwhile she had been casting about how to use this man for purposes of her own, and at last a brilliant idea occurred to her.

"Mr. Curtis," she said, "can you keep a most important secret?"

Couldn't he? His protestations were prodigious. If she trusts me with her secrets, he thought, I shall soon be her master.

"You are a man of honour and influence. Do you know a good lawyer?"

Didn't he? He had a brother, a solicitor of immense ability and probity. Mr. Robert Curtis had certainly shown considerable ability in contriving, more than once, not to be struck off the rolls for rascalities of the most outrageous kind. He was a bill discounting, pettifogging, advertising lawyer. Helen was a clever woman, fect leg and ankle in the whitest of but failed to reflect on the probability

that a legal brother of Curtis would be worse than Curtis himself.

"I am the rightful heiress to large estates, Mr. Curtis. They are now in the hands of the younger branch of the family of my great uncle, in fact : but I have the date of the will, which can be seen somewhere, I believe'

"In Doctors' Commons," said Cur-

tis, thinking of marriage licences also, "Yes. Well, I want somebody to take up the case, and proceed against the people in possession. Now, will you help me !

"Of course I will, my dear Mrs. Fitzmaurice," he said, eagerly. "My brother can come down here at once,

and take your instructions." No, "she said, "that won't do. You must go to London for me. 1 will furnish you with plenty of money for all expenses. Your brother must not know where I live, nor anything more about me than is absolutely necessary. May I rely on your keeping my secret f

"As a man of Lonour and a gentleman, my dear madam, ' he answered. " My brother shall act under my instructions. I believe, from reading a very interesting book called Ten Thousand a Year, written by a very clever lawyer, that the right thing to do is to serve a writtof ejectment on the holder of the estates, and notices to all the tenants not to pay rent."

"No doubt you are quite correct," she answered. "Let it be done at once. Will yett go to London to-

morrow (

"I will," he said. "But, most charming of ladies, am I to have no reward for my devotion to you. I love you-I adore you I am the slave of your beauty. May I not hope f"

Curtis was at this time on one knee, and by unlucky chance, that

knee was in a puddle.

"Mr. Curtis," said Helen, "I have known you so short a time that it is foolish to talk in this way. Besides, you are a man of fashion and of the world. I am a mere country girla milk-maid, you may say. Please please, don't say any more."

He didn't. Accidentally kneeling in a puddle cools a man's cloquence. He was almost cross when he got up; but the soft glance of her eyes restored his equanimity, and he reflected that the possession of her secrets and his devotion to her service would give him a claim upon her; besides, had she not said there was plenty of in over for expensive

Next day he went off to fulfil her

commands.

"I am glad that man is gone," said Mrs. Herbert in the evening. "I cannot imagine how you could flirt with

such a vulgar person.

"O, wasn't be fun!" exclaimed Helen, jump az up and elapping her hands. "Fancy les offering to introduce me to the Duchess of Sutherland and the Countess of Derby, and I don't know who else! And he is a traveller in the drug line 'O, those men, those men! But I shall have my revence.

CHAPTER XXII.

Let regues be fixed who have no habitation A gentleman may wander,"- Inners at a all Physics.

HARRY MALLEVEELE thoroughly availed kiniself of the privilege accorded him by the Elizabethan Genum of the drama. The archiba in had seen him at bilecloster, er joying the derival part and redesisting dinners for witch the Haif Moon was tamous; but where else had be been to And wherefore had he wandead sow delve

Well, let us first answer the see addeputy. There are times in the

wan let as far as possible from the special state of affairs wherein he finds himself, whom he longs to be far away from even his best triends, male and female. Let anyone who doubts this read, and if he can, decipler that marvellous poem of Mr. Robert Browning's, "Waring." The truth is, that to a man of the higher two tile order by ament of lumine two His wife tells him that he eight to Intoxy of any tran which his tay is the indicing at least twice as many worth anything when he do ires to hundreds a year the heartily wishes he was in Central Africa, where existence is not counted by hundreds a year. But suppose him wifeless and careless of coin—suppose him a Londoner, meeting the pleasantest of all possible Londoners at the Cosmopolitan or the White Cottage, the Arundel, the Cambrian—is it not dreary business! Questionless. There are times when one tires of the whole affair—ay, of the ceaseless wit and occasional flashes of brilliant poetry—and heartily wishes to be on the summit of a mountain peak, or in a lonely skiff upon some unknown sea.

We remember Waring, where the greatest of living poets writes:—

"I left his arm that night myself For what's-his-name's, the new prosepoet,

That wrote the book there on the shelf—How, for sooth, was I to know it, If Waring meant to glide away Like a ghost at break of day?

Never looked he half so gay?

Of course not. He was going to separate himself from your new prose-poets and the like. And was he not far happier when later beheld under the latern sail of a Midsea craft:—

"With great grass hat and kerchief black, Looking up with his kingly throat!"

Ay, happier than if, after dining with Chapman and Hall, or Smith and Elder, he and his poet had been walking arm-in-arm through Piccadilly or Pall-Mall homewards.

Next must we ask, where had Harry been? Almost everywhere in England. He had a theory—which we know to have been tolerably correct—that Helen Fitzmaurice was somewhere within these narrow seas. It was, perhaps, an instinct which led him to hope that some day or other he might meet the lady of his love—a lady who ill-deserved his love. Anyway, he had made up his mind that Helen had not left England, and that in England he should meet her. We have seen him - at least our orthodox acquaintance, Archdeacon Coningsby, has—in the quaint cathedral city of Idlechester. Let us trace him elsewhere.

A. met him at Carlisle. He had maurice. W rejected the County Hotel (to which I hereby give Kudos), and was staying at to the stat the Bush. The Bush is a fine antique southward.

hostelry, where Harry, I am sure, got capital dinners from my friend, Cowx. He wandered much in the vicinage, especially towards the river Eden; took a great liking to the village of Wetheral; bought of Arthur that marvellous anonymous romance, ascribed to De Quincy, "The Stranger's Grave;" and was greatly amused by making the acquaintance of Washington Wilkes.

B. saw him at Plymouth, where, not getting the wine he liked at the Royal Hotel, he went to Chubb's. I am afraid he was occasionally seen at Bewlay's, not to mention Willoughby's. William Derry and Edgcunbe Rendle were delighted with what little they saw of him. Harry Smith was his chief crony. He assured B. that if he had not a great search to make—equal almost to Sir Galahad's for the Sangreal—he should take Winter Villa, and settle down in that pleasantest of English provincial neighbourhoods.

C. met him at Nottingham, which he abhorred—though he found the George Hotel very comfortable. It is said that Lord Brougham thinks Nottingham the wickedest town of England, and that Cardinal Wiseman deemed it the most picturesque. I fancy the lawyer is more nearly right than was the priest. Harry Mauleverer soon came to the conclusion that Helen was not to be found at the Park or Sherwood Forest.

D. met him at Bowness, on Windermere, lodging at Suart's. Here, indeed, he remained longer than in most of his aberrations, for the tranquillity of those divine lakes calmed him a little. Moreover, he had real hope that Helen might have hidden herself in some lonely recess of those untraversed hills. So Harry wandered through them day by day, fancying that in some deep glen, beside some solitary farn, he might perchance encounter the lovely creature who had intoxicated his imagination. He did not. He knew by heart the whole divine region from wild We water to exquisite Keswick; he v full of glorious memories of at Elleray, Wordsworth at but he learnt nothing of Hel maurice. Whence it happened came across him just as he v to the station with intent w

E met him at Reading-stopping at Flanagan's. E. found him extremely surly, and asked him what

was the matter with him.
"Hang it!" said Harry, "how can
you expect a fellow to be amiable in a town where there's nothing catable

except biscuits f

F. came across him at the Crystal Palace, and marvelled what brought so fastidious a man to that fantastic edifice on a shining day. To those who have read my story thus far his reasons will be obvious.

But why should I go through the alphabet. I myself met Harry in the Burlington Arcade, There was a snowstorm, there was also a levee. Almost the only thing an injectiond oner could do was to smoke his Partagas up and down the Burlington, amusing himself by dodging the beadles,

A tall form showed itself high above the average mobiof that amusing areade. Far away I recognised the patrician head, the Saxon hair, the cool blue eyes, the shapely shoulders.

"Egal," thought I, "here's one of my learnes, whom I familed lost."

Why was I in the Burlington Arcade

Easily answered.

I had just been cashing a cheque for several theusands at the branch Bank of England in Burli gron Gardens rate. Ut the right I were depick up at Jeffs site in a volume of Napole legals with its to sar, to annue me while I has both

And so, by adding, I enumered

Harry Made wrea

It was half yest two. Let ", was the first also with us bethe sentiment could be postp to I till after-

We lunched at Prancatelli's, the St. James's Hotel. No one need be told that Charles Elme is a master of the cultury art; also, he hath ex-cellent taste in wines. Nothing could on this occasion surpass the divine dryness of his Manmailla sherry or the cyclamen bouquet of his Moselle

I wish I could repeat the pleasant

confabulation which Harry and I had over that light luncheon. There is nothing I so thoroughly enjoy as talking to a man with something on his mind. Fancy the excitement of breakfasting with a gentleman who had committed a murder at midnight! Now Harry had something on his mind, 'twas clear; and m all probability, not a murder. To the man who knew him well a change in his mode of thought was obvious; an unusual reticence here, an unusual loquacity there; altogether something entirely different from Horry's previous easy lazy style. What was the cause! Imagining myself, as is the way with most of us, a good judge of human nature, I began to speculate. I tried to draw our friend out. He was fiendishly abusive of women.

"Crossed in love," thought L

But every delicate attempt to obtain a little farther information caused him to shrink into himself like a snail into its shell; and at last I gave him up entirely, as a miracle

er catal entineme.

However, we went into the smoking room, and here by absolute accident a clue was turnished. We were talking over the numerous pleasant fork who, after a short appearance in London, suddenly vanished. There is no limit to people of this kind. You frequent their houses for a season or two, cat their dinners, enjoy their private theatricals, and suddenly they are lost. Seldom enough does anyone inquire what has become of them. Trace are platy to fill their places. Twere felly to care whence they came or whither they go. Still shall we done and dance, thirt and sup. whatever the fate of Amphitryon.

But Harry and I talked of such matters; and by and by I said,

"I wonder what's become of that pretty little widow in Piccadilly Mrs. Fitz-Fitz-what was her name, Harry

He started. "Bah, who cares !... Give me a Whence it came that this novel

CHAPTER XXIII.

"No greater gulf man ever saw Than that 'twixt equity and law."-Mrs. Harris.

HUGH MAULEVERER was lounging in his chamber in the Albany over a moderately early breakfast. The hour was eleven. Everybody knows how delicious is this lazy lounge to a man who can afford it. You are, say, a man of many acres. You have to see your lawyer at eleven, your You agent at twelve, and the like. don't. Possibly you turned in about two or three, after an evening which, if not pleasant otherwise, was pleasant by its varieties—for even a succession of different dulnesses is amusing. It is rather nice to look at a series of pretty girls, even if you care for no one of them. Well, you dress and bathe; eleven is here; you are promised in the Temple you go to your breakfast-room instead. You dally with you broiled fish, your larks or wheatears, your kidneys aux fines herbes, your curried lobster; you sip your coffee, and call for some Lafitte; you thoroughly enjoy that indolent independence of the morning. Little chance is there that any man of business (confound the atrocious abominable word!) shall have an interview with you. It is much the same with the successful man of literature. Pleasure and work together have pretty well fagged him; sleep has recruited him; but he brings from between the sheets a clinging laziness; so he coolly ignores the existence of publishers and editors. and turns over his morning paper as languidly as if it were absurd to imagine that he by any chance could have a share in its production.

Now Hugh Mauleverer was in the lazy state of the man who has nothing save pleasure to tire him. Ah, but pleasure tires: what somer? Hugh was lounging, as I have said, over his breakfast. By his side lay a heap of letters to which he did not vouchsafe a glance. Every one was un-opened. Hugh was abominably lazy.

Hugh called his valet at last. "Rodolf, what have I to do to-

I know of nothing, sir," he replied. "There may be something in vour letters.'

"Confound my letters," said Hugh, lazily. "I won't open a letter for a week. Bring me the Morning Post." "I won't open a letter for a

Hugh adhered to his resolve; whence it happened that a day or two later, as he again sat over a lazy breakfast, a visiter was announced. "Mr. Parker, Riverdale."

"Well, Parker," said Hugh, "I'm

deuced glad to see you. Breakfasted ?"
"Three hours ago," said the worthy lawyer. "I want to see you on important business, Mr. Mauleverer. I have written you two letters, to neither of which you have replied."
"By St. George!" said Hugh,

"this is amusing. Being in a lazy humour, I gave up opening letters about a week ago. They are here somewhere, doubtless, but you can

tell me what they contain."

"I can," said the attorney, looking "As agent for your relugubrious. spected father, I have just received a notice that the rents of the Mauleverer estates are no longer to be paid to him, but to a lady who claims to be the heiress. And a writ of ejectment has been served."

"Egad," said Hugh, taking a glass of claret, "this is very fine. Who is the lady l"

"By some strange accident," replied Parker, "her name is not mentioned. We shall soon hear, of course. She claims under your grandfather's will."

"Who is her lawyer?" asked Hugh. "A man named Curtis, of Moor-A mere pettifogger, I gate-street. suspect; but ladies seldom know how to select a good lawyer.

"Have you an hour to spare just

now?" said Hugh.

"O, yes. I came up specially on

your business."

"Thanks, my friend. I'll go and dress, and we'll drive to Moorgatestreet at once.

He rang for his valet.

"Rodolf, order the mail-phase Half an hour later Hugh verer and his faithful legal were driving down to Moorgate There was a dead lock in F of course. They crawled nown to the Faringdon-street crossing, Hugh admiring the dome of St. Paul's, with that slender spire in the foreground, dark and distinct. Just opposite the office of everybody's familiar friend, Mr. Pauch, the phaeton overtook a splendid specimen of the human race when taken young Harry Maulevere. It was he who first recognised his brother.

"What news, Hugh the exclaimed,

coming close to the near horse.

"By Jove, Harry!" said Hugh, amazed at so opportune a meeting with his missing younger brother, "Wonderful news, my dearboy. Come into the city with us."

They were both in the city then, if Temple-bar be a city-gate; but the real city man seems to acknowledge nothing really clvic till St. Paul's is

past.

When the end of Cheapside was reached Hugh pulled up at the European. The groom went to the horses heads

"Come in with me a minute," said Hugh to his brother. "We won't keep you long," he added, to Parker.

Going back to the very end of the room, Hugh called for a couple of glasses of sherry. Then, after a moment's thought, he said

"Harry, there is a claimant for our estates, under the wear. You remember all about it. What's to be

done :

"Give it up at once, if the proof is all right," answered Harry, quietly, "I don't think either you or I should care to keep anything not our own."

"By Jove not exactly," answered Hugh. "I knew deviash well what goo'd say, my dear Harry. But I'm glad I happened to cat h you just as I was going down to see the feel w."

At this moment Guy Luttrel happened to drop in. Business had brought him to the city; pale sherry, to the European.

"You two fellows look serious."

gaid Guy.

When up in Hugh briefly told libra-

what had occurred.

"Parker's your lawyer," replied Guy; "and Parker's as sate as the Lord Chief Baron, and a good old safer than the Lord Chan one T. I think you two enthusastic and useful hyoung gent chief can be trust I with Parker. My impression as that you will find the affair a swindle."

"Why " exclaimed Hugh and Harry simultaneously.

" Curtis, of Moorgate street " re-

plied Guy, like an oracle.

The biothers proceeded with Mr. Parker to the attorney's den. It was at 27a, or 5-b, or something of the kind. Narrow were the stairs, steep the ascent, dirty and unpleasant was the lawyer.

Parker, of course, took the initiative, and learnt that Mr. Curtis's client was a lady who claimed to be the lineal descendant of the elder branch. The wary old attorney of Riverdale was presecuting his inquiries when Hugh Mauleverer in-

terrupted him.

"That will do, Parker. Look here, Mr. Curtis: prove that this girl is my great uncle's heir, and the thing is settled at once. She shall not be kept out of the estates a day. Furnish the proof to my friend Mr. Parker's satisfaction, and the affair is settled. It is a mere affair of birth and marriage certificates. Good morning."

Poor little Curtis

He knew pretty well, or at the least could guess, that the whole affair was a "plant." That venerable country attorney, Parker, booking quite as respectable as the Bish plot London, would alone have floored this wretched legal swinder; but when he beheld the two young inheritors of Mauleverer, strong, staiwart, pattician, careless of money, ready to surrender anything they possessed the moment it was shown they had no right to it, the lattle lawyer's heart sank within him. There was no chance, he said. These men were for the right, and the right must come to them.

However, he wrote to his amiable and honourable brother, requesting such proof of heirship as was neces

BULY.

What proof was there !

It is the fairing of spiteful and malificiers women that they magne they can make the laws and customs of the time time work out their ends. Not so. Mon make the laws. In law there is no spite or malifier. Law is simply just, or, if unent, or you such a degree as to deter men from going to law. Law eight to be dead, on precisely the same principle that beef ought to be cheap. Law is un-

wholesome; beef is wholesome. And so the cost and annoyances of laware, I think, perfectly justifiable as deterrents.

But women always regard the law as a servant whom they ought to be able to command for any possible purpose. With delicious lack of logic, when they find themselves wronged, they absurdly fancy the law must have a remedy.

And they have some justification. For the law actually does, in cases of breach of promise, and in other similar cases, in which the woman is at least as much in fault as the man, determinately take the woman's side.

And I heartily hope lawyers may, for this chivalry of theirs, get a more comfortable place in a future world.

THE MYTH OF PROMETHEUS SOLVED.

Many a general has perforce led his army to battle in an unjust, or in a weak cause. Many a counsel has struggled to his utmost for the defendant, although he may have had secret doubts as to the innocence of his client; and many a theorizer has created and upheld a theory, ingenious but uncertain of foundation, until, as it may be, in a few months, or in a few years, it has proved no match for the wind of words—the floods of ink that beat upon its baseless fabric.

We, too, have a strange theory to propose, and this possibly may be its fate.

It is our intention to attempt to identify the Titan Prometheus with Noah's ark. "Absurd!" you exclaim. "Only give us a fair hearing," we reply, "and, if we do not make a convert of you, at least we shall oblige you to confess that, 'after all, there are a number of points of similarity between the ark and the giant."

Let us first be sure that we know the story of Prometheus Vinctus.

Prometheus, according to mythology, was a son of Iapetus by Clymene, one of the Oceanides:—"On the occasion of a strife between the gods and men it is said, an ox was slain by Prometheus at Mecone. He rolled the fat and flesh up in the skin and placed it on one side, and the bones covered with some fat on the other, and then desired Zeus to Enraged at the choose attempted deception, Zeus deprived mankind of fire; but Prometheus stole it from heaven, and conveyed it to carth in the stalk of the ferula. Zeus finally chained Prometheus on a rock in the remote regions of the east, where an eagle evermore preyed on his inconsumable liver, till at length Hercules shot the eagle with his arrows, and delivered the suffering deity."*

Lempriere differs from Keightley, as to the cause of Jove's anger against Prometheus, in the following particular. According to the former, after the Titan had stolen fire from heaven, "Zeus ordered Vulcan to make a woman of clay, and after he had given life to her, sent her to Prometheus with a box of the most valuable presents which she had received from the gods, being in reality the

'Nova februm

Cohors'

of Horace. Prometheus, who suspected Jupiter, took no notice of Pandora or her box, but made his brother, Epimetheus, marry her. On his opening the box which his bride presented to him, there issued from it a multitude of evils and distempers, which dispersed themselves over the world, and which, from that fatal moment, have never ceased to afflict the human race." Thus it was that Prometheus avoided becoming the introducer of evil upon the earth. The story of the box brought by Pandora is of more recent date than that stated by Hesiod. The elder fable is as follows: "There was a cask or large box in the house of Epimetheus, which an oracle had forbidden to be opened. Pandora, full of curiosity, lifted the lid, and immediately all evils issued forth, and spread themselves over the earth. The terrified woman at length regained sufficient presence of mind to close the lid, and Hope on this was